NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE

TRENT UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PRESENTED BY

MISS LEONORA PARK

Pamilla H. Park
Varsity '15-

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/universityhymnbo0000unse

THE UNIVERSITY HYMN BOOK

COMPILED BY A COMMITTEE OF MEMBERS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

OXFORD
PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

PREFACE

THE endeavour of those who compiled this Hymn Book has been to select hymns that are representative of the Christian faith, catholic in spirit and likely to appeal to the generous youth of the University and Colleges. Of the tunes, most have approved themselves by wide and varied use, and no pains have been spared to avoid both the commonplace and the severe, whether in old or new.

The members of the committee wish to acknowledge their great indebtedness to Professor W. S. Milner of University College, Toronto, and the Rev. Alexander MacMillan, Toronto, on whom has fallen almost the entire burden of preparing the book. They desire also to make mention of the valuable service rendered by Mr. Ernest MacMillan, Mus. Bac. (Oxon.), F.R.C.O., who has revised all the music and contributed several original tunes.

TORONTO,
September, 1912.

328819

LIST OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Hymnal Committee of the members of the University of Toronto acknowledge the kind permission of the owners of copyright pieces to include the following hymns and tunes in their book.

An asterisk denotes that permission has been granted on payment of a fee.

HYMNS.

AUTHOR OR TRANSLATOR	HYMNS	OWNER OF COPYRIGHT
Argyll, Duke of	No. 79 . . .	His Grace the Duke of Argyll.
Baring-Gould, Sabine . . .	Nos. 184, 209	*Rev. S. Baring-Gould, Lew Trenchard.
Bickersteth, Edward Henry .	Nos. 162, 206	Longmans, Green & Co., London. (From the *Hymnal Companion*, 3rd Edition.)
Brooke, Stopford Augustus .	No. 159 . .	Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, London.
Burton, Henry	No. 248 . .	*Rev. Henry Burton, D.D., West Kirby.
Butler, Henry Montagu . .	No. 6 . . .	Rev. H. Montagu Butler, D.D., Cambridge.
Chope, Richard Robert . .	No. 54 . . .	Rev. R. R. Chope, London.
Ellerton, John	Nos. 12, 33, 226	Rev. F. J. Ellerton, Ellesmere.
Gannett, William C. . . .	No. 65 . . .	Rev. Wm. C. Gannett, Rochester, N.Y.
Gill, Thomas Hornblower .	Nos. 8, 189 .	Rev. Canon E. Compton Gill, London.
Hatch, Edwin	No. 131 . .	Miss Beatrice Hatch, Oxford.
Havergal, Frances Ridley .	No. 185 . .	Rev. A. Havergal Shaw, Southampton.
Hopps, John Page	No. 245 . .	Mrs. Hopps, Shepperton-on-Thames.
Hosmer, Frederick Lucian .	Nos. 217, 244	Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Dorchester, Mass., U.S.A.
Kipling, Rudyard	No. 268 . .	Rudyard Kipling, Burwash; and Methuen & Co., London.
,, ,, ...	No. 270 . .	Rudyard Kipling, Burwash; and The Macmillan Co., Toronto.
Lewis, Howell Elvet . . .	No. 195 . .	Rev. H. Elvet Lewis, London.
MacDonald, George . . .	Nos. 19, 20, 21	*Chatto & Windus, London.
Matheson, George	No. 173 . .	Miss Jane G. Matheson, Edinburgh.
Monsell, John Samuel Bewley	No. 7 . . .	Mrs. Monsell, Exeter.
Murray, Robert	No. 257 . .	R. H. Murray, Halifax, N.S.
Palgrave, Francis Turner .	No. 48 . . .	Macmillan & Co., London.
Plumptre, Edward Hayes . .	No. 239 . .	Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester.
Pollock, Thomas Benson . .	Nos. 97, 132 .	*Lt.-Col. A. W. A. Pollock, Godalming.
Pott, Francis	No. 106 . .	Miss M. F. Pott, Tunbridge Wells.
Smith, Isaac Gregory . . .	No. 210 . .	Rev. Canon I. Gregory Smith, Woking.
Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn .	No. 46 . .	Mr. John Murray, London.
Symonds, John Addington .	No. 247 . .	Smith, Elder & Co., London.
Tennyson, Alfred	No. 225 . .	Macmillan & Co., London.
Thomas, David	No. 147 . .	D. Morgan Thomas, Caterham Valley.
Twells, Henry.	No. 150 . .	Mrs. Twells.
Whittier, John Greenleaf .	Nos. 164, 222	Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, U.S.A.
From the *Yattendon Hymnal*, Nos. 29, 83, 63, 92, 74	Nos. 15, 23, 50, 227, 267	The Editor of the *Yattendon Hymnal*.

TUNES.

NAME	NO.	COMPOSER	OWNER OF COPYRIGHT
*Abends	28	H. S. Oakeley	E. M. Oakeley, Dover.
Alcester	60	Harm. by S. S. Wesley	Rev. F. G. Wesley, Winchester.
And didst thou love the race?	111	A. T. Cringan	A. T. Cringan, Toronto.
*Armageddon	185	Arr. by J. Goss	Nisbet & Co., London.
Arthur	46	E. C. MacMillan	E. C. MacMillan, Toronto.
Beatitudo	158	J. B. Dykes	The Proprietors of *Hymns A. & M.*
*Bedminster	9	S. S. Wesley	Rev. F. G. Wesley, Winchester.
Benedicite, Omnia Opera	87	E. C. MacMillan	E. C. MacMillan, Toronto.
Blanchard	268	G. F. Blanchard	Can. General Synod, Toronto.
*Bury	32	S. S. Wesley	Rev. F. G. Wesley, Winchester.
Campfields	164	M. J. Monk	*Church Hymnary* Trustees.
Carrow	171	A. S. Sullivan	A. M. Bramall, London.
*Church Triumphant	247	J. W. Elliott	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
*Cœna Domini	162	A. S. Sullivan	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
*Colchester	175	S. S. Wesley	Rev. F. G. Wesley, Winchester.
Colwyn Bay	174	T. J. Linekar	*Church Hymnary* Trustees.
Come unto me	138	J. B. Dykes	The Proprietors of *Hymns A. & M.*
*Commonwealth	269	J. Booth	Josiah Booth, London.
*Cross of Jesus	101, 176	J. Stainer	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
*Crossing the Bar	225	J. Barnby	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
*Day of Rest	14, 178	J. W. Elliott	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
*Deerhurst	253	J. Langran	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
Deus refugium nostrum	267	E. C. MacMillan	E. C. MacMillan, Toronto.
Dies Irae	124	Set by B. Harwood	Basil Harwood, Almondsbury.
Eden	212	O. M. Feilden	Rev. O. M. Feilden, Oswestry.
Ellingham	39, 146	S. S. Wesley	Rev. F. G. Wesley, Winchester.
Epiphany	90	S. S. Wesley	Rev. F. G. Wesley, Winchester.
Eton College	35	J. Barnby	The Proprietors of *Hymns A. & M.*
*Evening and Morning	210	H. S. Oakeley	E. M. Oakeley, Dover.
*Feniton Court	201	E. J. Hopkins	Weekes & Co., London. On behalf of the Exors. of Dr. E. J. Hopkins.
Forest Green	91	English Traditional Melody. (From the *English Hymnal*)	R. Vaughan Williams, London.
Galilee	115, 270	P. Armes	The Proprietors of *Hymns A. & M.*
Genevan Psalm 6t	227	Set by H. E. Wooldridge	Editor of the *Vattendon Hymnal.*
*Gower's Litany	132	J. H. Gower	John Henry Gower, Denver, Col., U.S.A.
*Gouda	133	B. Tours	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
*Hartland	148	E. J. Hopkins	Weekes & Co. On behalf of the Exors. of Dr. E. J. Hopkins.
*Harvington	63	C. E. Kettle	W. Crofton Hemmons, Bristol.
*Hawarden	234	S. S. Wesley	Rev. F. G. Wesley, Winchester.
Hazel	226	B. Harwood	Basil Harwood, Almondsbury.
Herbert	13	R. R. Chope	Rev. R. R. Chope, London.
*Hesperus	141	H. Baker	The Editor of *Worship Song*, London.
*Holy War	197	J. Booth	Josiah Booth, London.
Irene	130	C. C. Scholefield	Presbyterian Church of England, London.
Israel	199	G. C. Martin	*Church Hymnary* Trustees.

NAME	NO.	COMPOSER	OWNER OF COPYRIGHT
*Jerusalem . .	235 . .	T. W. Staniforth	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
*Jubilate . . .	274 . .	H. Smart	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
Kingsfold . . .	143, 192	English Traditional Melody. (From the *English Hymnal*)	Miss Lucy E. Broadwood, and R. Vaughan Williams, London.
Laus Deo . . .	65 .	E. C. MacMillan	E. C. MacMillan, Toronto.
*Martyrs . . .	107 . .	S. S. Wesley	Rev. F. G. Wesley, Winchester.
*Maryton . . .	169 . .	H. P. Smith	The Editor of *Worship Song*, London.
*Meditation . .	98 . .	J. H. Gower	John Henry Gower, Denver, Col., U.S.A.
Meirionydd . .	238 . .	Harm. by B. Harwood . .	Basil Harwood, Almondsbury.
*Mendelssohn . .	88 . .	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. (Adapted by W. H. Cummings)	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
Miscricordia . .	144 . .	H. Smart	The Proprietors of *Hymns A. & M.*
Monks Gate . .	190 . .	Adapted from an English Traditional Melody. (From the *English Hymnal*)	R. Vaughan Williams, London.
Moredun . . .	7 . .	H. Smart	Praise Committee of U. F. Church of Scotland.
Moscow . . .	251, 258	F. de Giardini. (Harm. by S. S. Wesley)	Rev. F. G. Wesley, Winchester.
Newcastle . .	4 . .	H. Morley. (From the *London Tune Book*)	Edwin Moss, London.
*Noel	86 . .	A. S. Sullivan	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
*Ombersley . .	58 . .	W. H. Gladstone	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
Orisons . . .	30 . .	S. S. Wesley	Rev. F. G. Wesley, Winchester
*Patmos. . . .	159 . .	S. S. Wesley	Rev. F. G. Wesley, Winchester.
*Pax Tecum . .	162 . .	G. T. Caldbeck. (From the *Hymnal Companion*, 3rd Edition)	Longmans & Co., London.
*Pentecost . . .	183 . .	W. Boyd	Rev. William Boyd, London.
*Pilgrim Brothers	209 . .	C. H. H. Parry. (Arr. by J. F. Bridge)	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
*Radford . . .	33 . .	S. S. Wesley	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
Ravenscroft's 104th	50 . .	Ravenscroft's Psalmes. (Set by H. E. Wooldridge)	Editor of the *Tattendon Hymnal.*
Requiescat . .	226 .	J. B. Dykes	The Proprietors of *Hymns A. & M.*
*Rest	164 . .	F. C. Maker	The Psalms and Hymns Trust, London.
*St. Agnes . . .	155, 263	J. Langran	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
*St. Anatolius .	31 . .	A. H. Brown	Arthur Henry Brown, Brentwood.
St. Andrew . .	140 . .	E. H. Thorne	The Proprietors of *Hymns A. & M.*
St. Catherine .	139 . .	R. F. Dale	Rev. Reginald Francis Dale, Oxford.
*St. Christopher .	156 . .	F. C. Maker	The Psalms and Hymns Trust, London.
*St. Chrysostom .	231 . .	J. Barnby	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
*St. Clement . .	33 . .	C. C. Scholefield	The *English Hymnal* Committee.
*St. Gertrude . .	184 . .	A. S. Sullivan	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
St. Margaret .	173 . .	A. L. Peace	Miss Jane G. Matheson, Edinburgh.
*St. Olave . . .	150 . .	J. Barnby	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
*Sanctuary . .	228 . .	J. B. Dykes	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
Sebaste	24 . .	J. Stainer	The Proprietors of *Hymns A. & M*
Seelen Bräutigam (Rochelle)	208 . .	Adam Drese. (Harm. by S. S. Wesley)	Rev. F. G. Wesley, Winchester.

LIST OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

NAME	NO.	COMPOSER	OWNER OF COPYRIGHT
*Skelton	250	C. L. Naylor	Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Department.
*Stowe	17	C. H. Morse	C. H. Morse, Hanover, N.H., U.S.A.
*Submission	214	A. L. Peace	L. R. Peace, Sutton Valence.
*Supplication	260	G. F. Vincent	G. F. Vincent, London.
Undique Gloria	61	G. J. Elvey	S.P.C.K.
*Veni Spiritus	131	J. Stainer	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
*Venit Hora	95	J. Stainer	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
Walden	166	J. E. Jones	Jas. Edmund Jones, Toronto.
*Waltham	256	J. B. Calkin	Novello & Co., Ltd., London.
Waltham	246	W. H. Monk	The Proprietors of *HymnsA.&M.*
*Winscott	68	S. S. Wesley	Rev. F. G. Wesley, Winchester.
*Wroxall	147	E. J. Hopkins	Weekes & Co., London. On behalf of the Exors. of Dr. E. J. Hopkins.

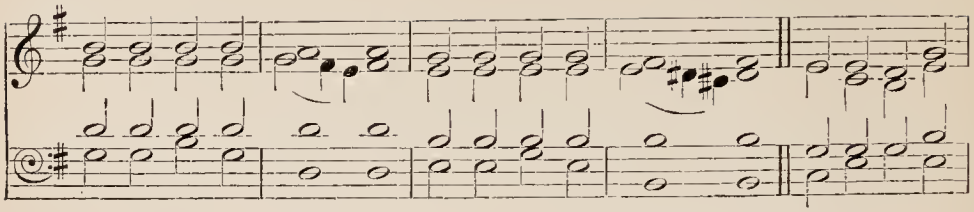
CONTENTS

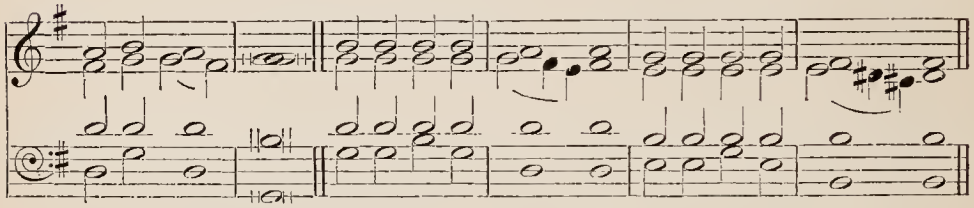
	Nos.
Opening Hymns	1–13
Lord's Day	14, 15
Morning Hymns	16–19
Noontide	20
Evening Hymns	21–36
God: His Adoration, His Attributes	37–74
The Son:	
The Revealer of the Father	75–79
His Advent	80–91
His earthly Life	92–94
His Death and Atonement	95–103
His Resurrection and Ascension	104–108
His Intercession and Eternal Reign	109–119
His Second Coming	120–125
The Holy Spirit	126–133
The Word of God	134, 135
The Christian Life:	
The Gospel offered	136–141
Penitence. Forgiveness. Peace	142–165
Joy. Love	166–176
Discipleship and Pilgrimage	177–210
Trust and Resignation	211–222
Death and Resurrection	223–233
The future Life	234–238
The Church, The Kingdom, Missions	239–262
Communion Hymn	263
Anniversaries and National Hymns	264–271
Ancient Hymns and Canticles:	
Te Deum Laudamus	272
Benedictus	273
Jubilate Deo	274
Magnificat	275
Nunc Dimittis	276
Doxologies	277, 278

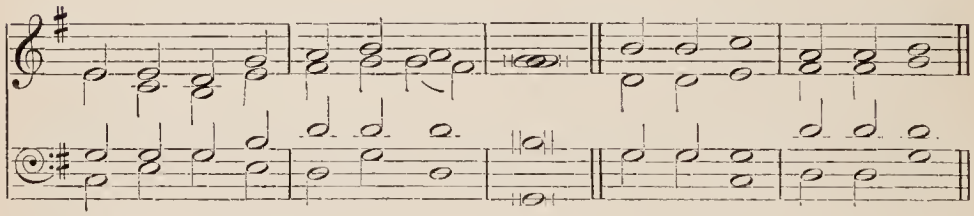
'Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his Name.'

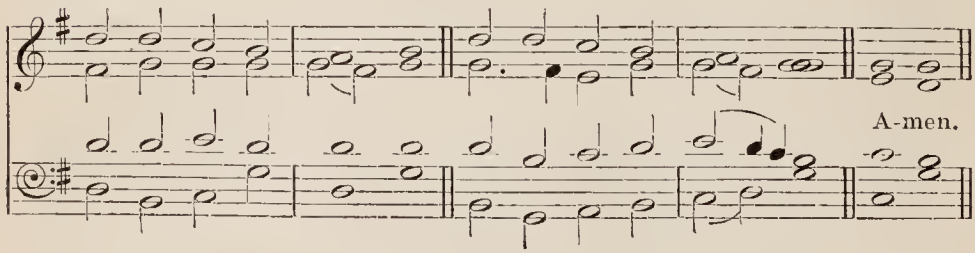
ARNSBERG. (668. D. 3366.) 𝅗𝅥 = 60.

JOACHIM NEANDER (1650–1680).









1

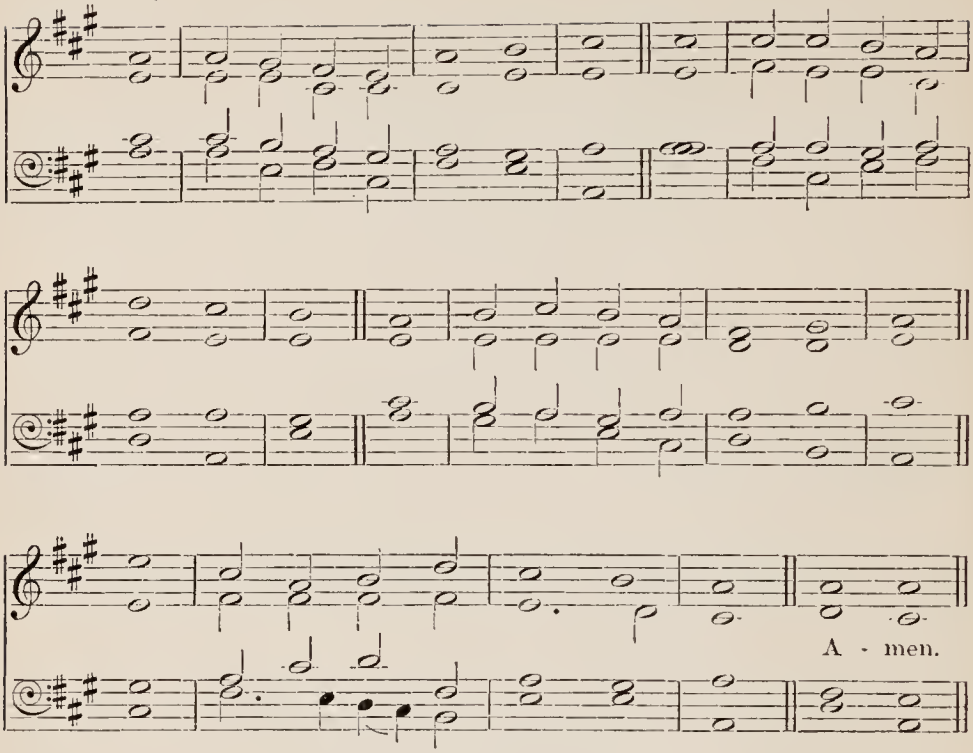
GERHARD TERSTEEGEN (1697–1769).
Tr. FOSTER and MILLER, *altd.* MERCER.

GOD reveals his presence—
Let us now adore him,
And with awe appear before him.
God is in his temple—
All within keep silence,
Prostrate lie with deepest reverence.
Him alone
God we own,
Him our God and Saviour:
Praise his name for ever.

God reveals his presence—
Hear the harps resounding!
See the crowds the throne surrounding!
'Holy, holy, holy,'
Hear the hymn ascending,
Angels, saints, their voices blending!
Bow thine ear
To us here:
Hearken, O Lord Jesus,
To our meaner praises.

O thou Fount of blessing,
Purify my spirit
Trusting only in thy merit.
Like the holy angels
Who behold thy glory
May I ceaselessly adore thee.
Let thy will
Ever still
Rule thy church terrestrial,
As the hosts celestial.

OLD 100TH. (L.M.) ♩ = 72. *Pseaumes octante trois*, Geneva (1551).



For another version see No. 49.

WILLIAM KETHE (d. *c.* 1608). Psalm c.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with eheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

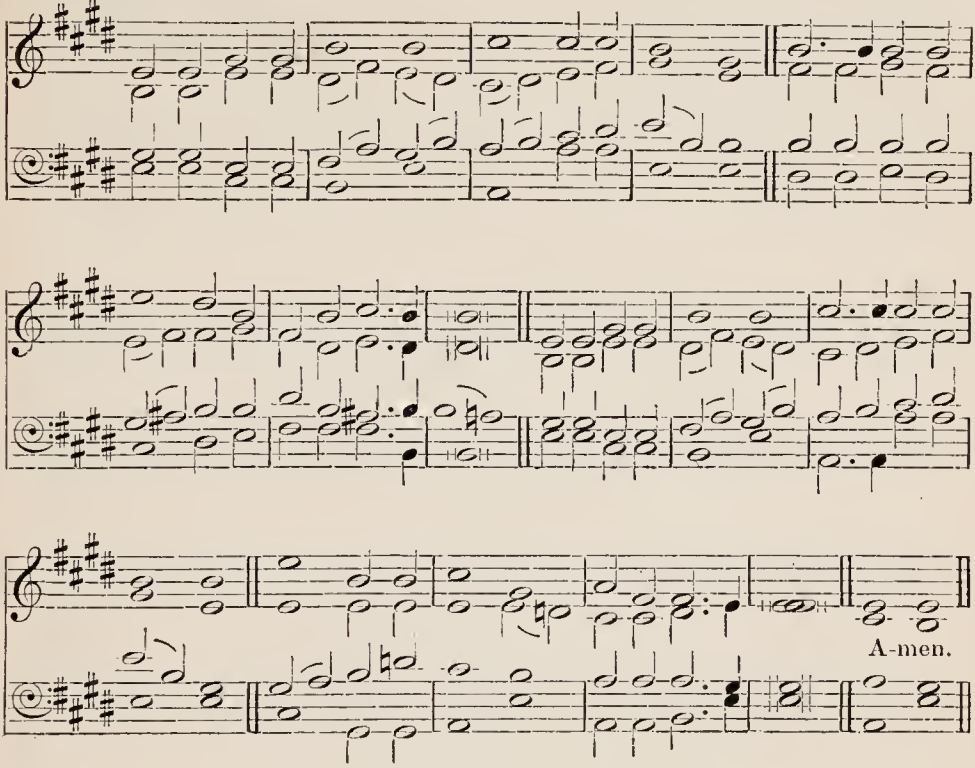
The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

Oh enter then his gates with praise,
Approaeh with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why, the Lord our God is good;
His merey is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

3

NICAEA. (11 12. 12 10.) ♩ = 80. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823-1876).



REGINALD HEBER (1783-1826).

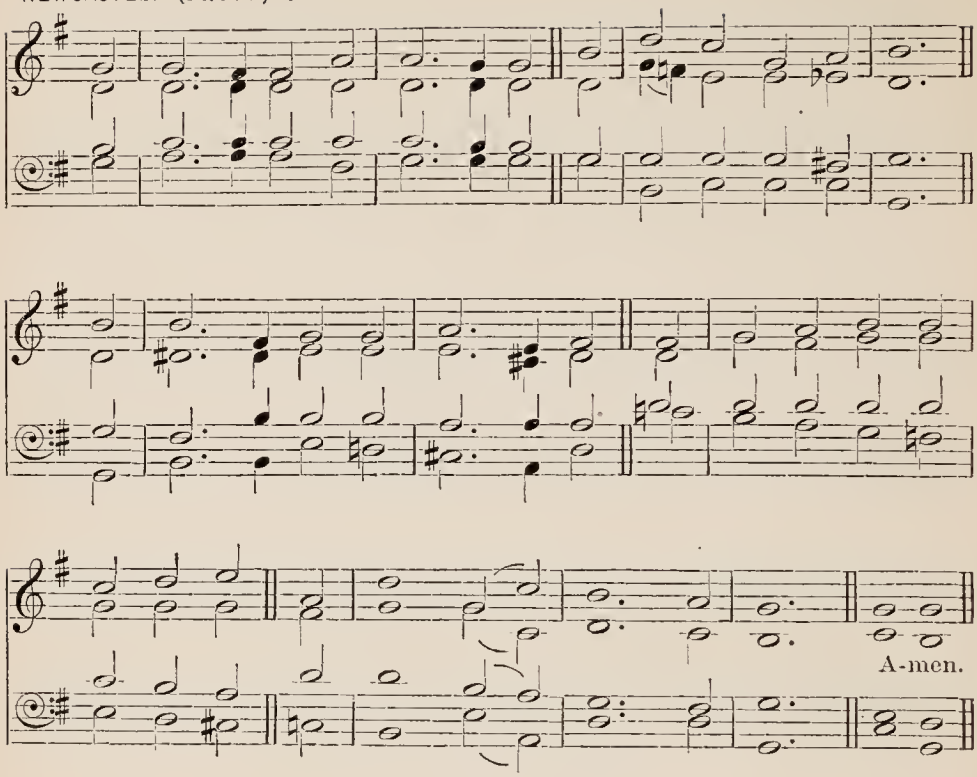
HOLY, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty,
God in three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

NEWCASTLE. (86.886.) ♩ = 84. HENRY MORLEY (1875).



THOMAS BINNEY (1798–1874).

ETERNAL Light! eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but, with calm delight,
Can live, and look on thee!

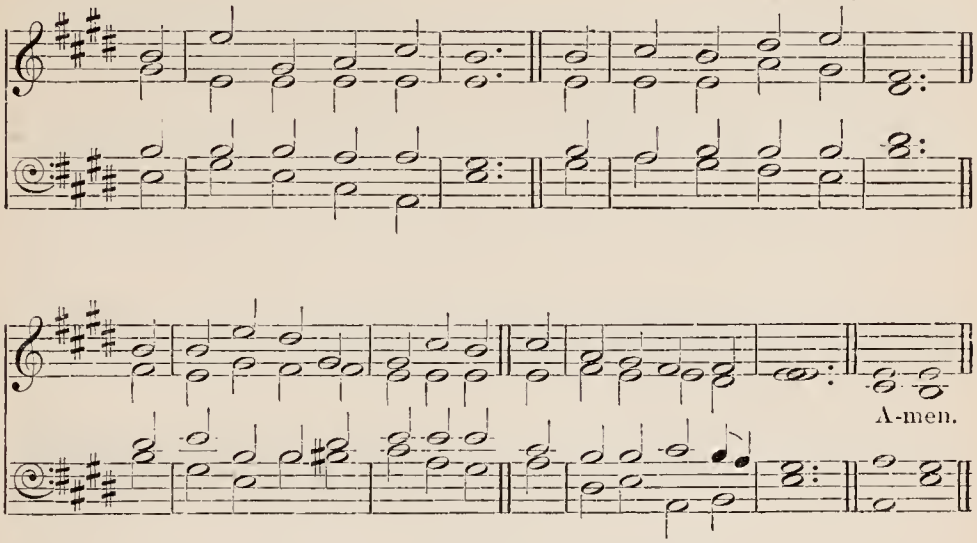
The spirits that surround thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God:—

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love!

BETHLEHEM. (S.M.) ♩ = 88. SAMUEL WESLEY (1766–1837).



See also ST. AUGUSTINE, No. 211, part 2.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771–1854).

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God
With heart, and soul, and voice.

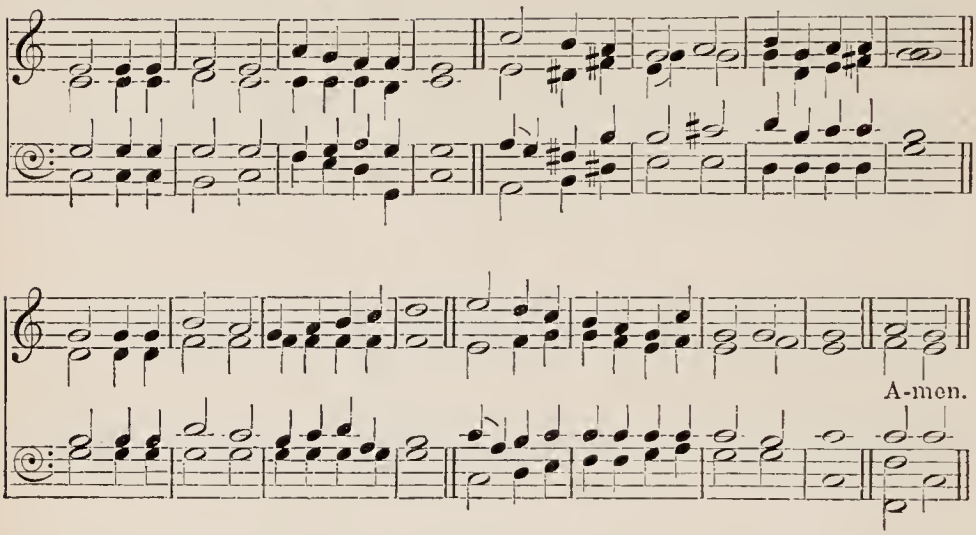
Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

Stand up, and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name
Henceforth for evermore.

MORECAMBE. (10 10. 10 10.) ♩ = 104. FREDERICK COOK ATKINSON (1841–1897).



HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER (1833- *).

'LIFT up your hearts!' We lift them, Lord, to thee;
Here at thy feet none other may we see:
'Lift up your hearts!' E'en so, with one accord,
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.

Above the level of the former years,
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,
O Lord of Light, lift all our hearts to-day!

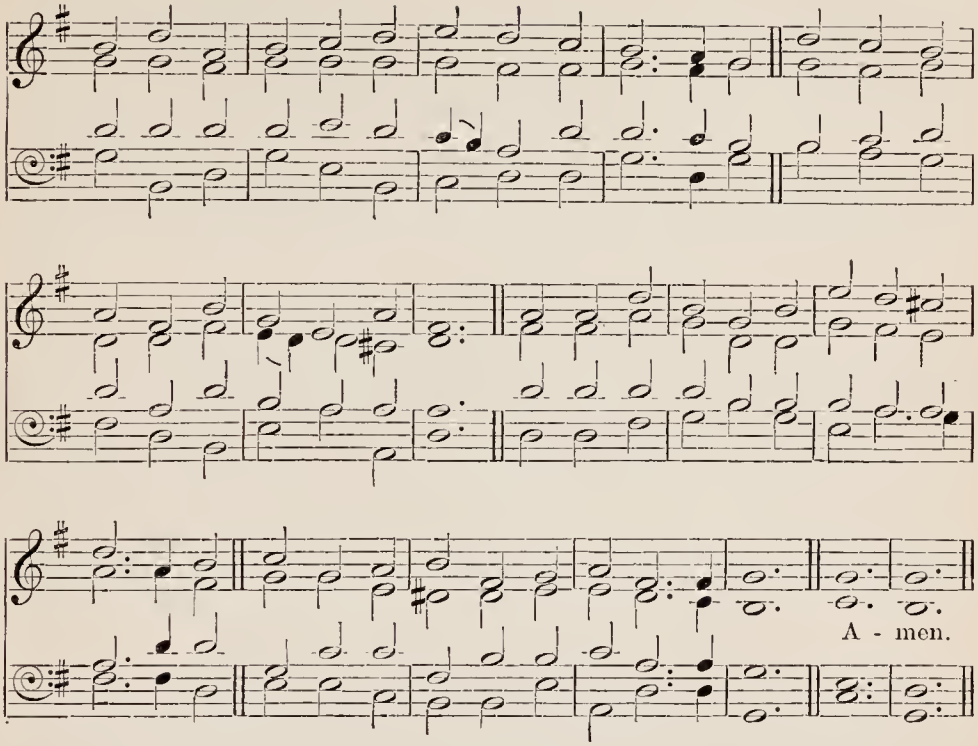
Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,
The deeds, the thoughts, that honour may not name,
The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,
O Lord of Truth, lift every Christian soul!

Lift every gift that thou thyself hast given;
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven:
Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,
Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.

Oh, if the hopes which thrill our hearts to-day
Foreshadow aught that shall not pass away,
And we may trust that all our days may be
Bound each to each by natural piety;

Then, as the trumpet-call, in after years,
'Lift up your hearts!' rings pealing in our ears,
Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,
'We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord!'

MOREDUN. (12 10. 12 10.) ♩ = 96. HENRY SMART (1813–1879).



JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL (1811–1875).

WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
Gold of obedience and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore him: the Lord is his Name!

Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness;
High on his heart he will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

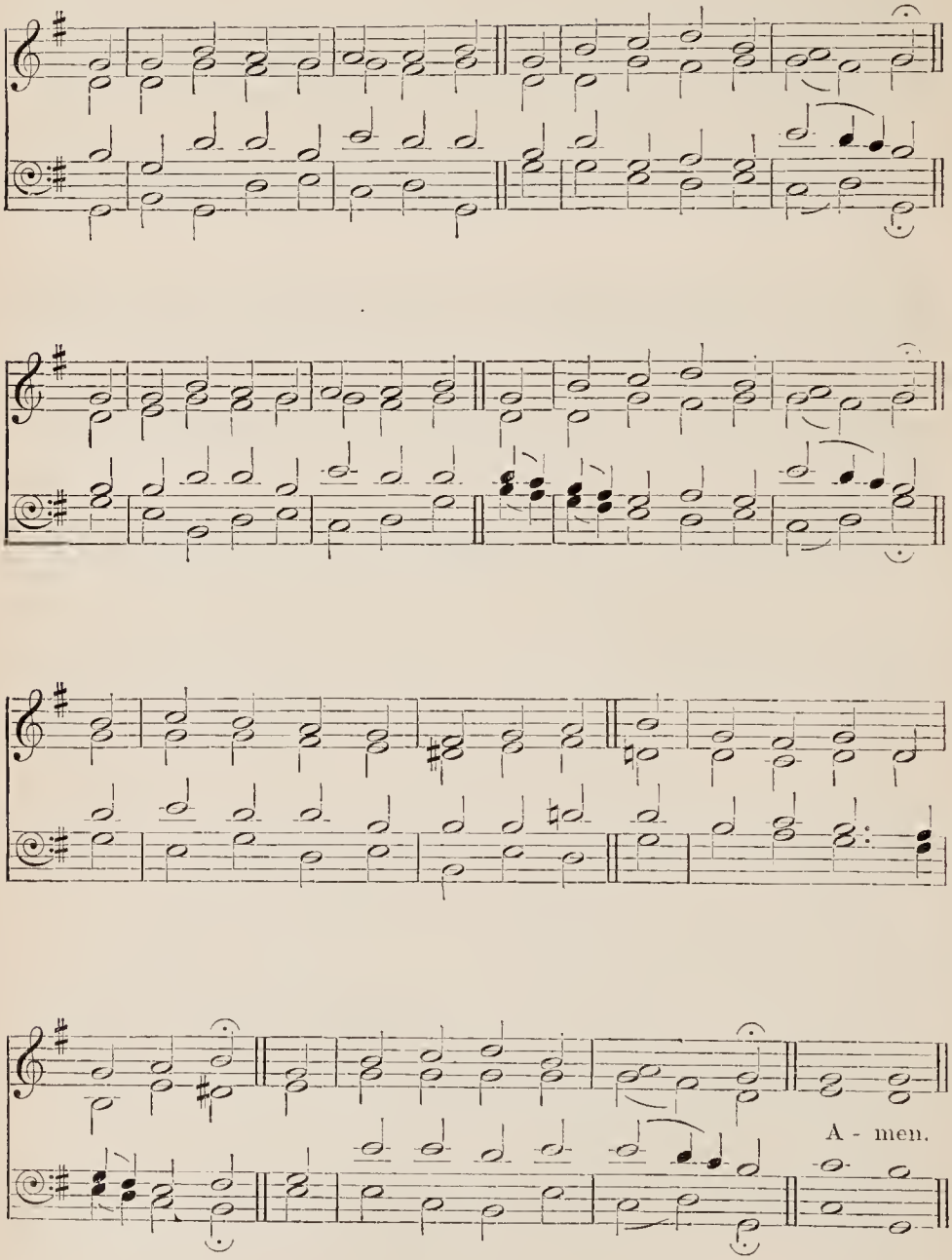
Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou canst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness—
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear,
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness;
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
Gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness
Bring, and adore him: the Lord is his Name!

8

LUTHER'S HYMN. (87.87.887.) ♩ = 66. *Geistliche Lieder*, Wittenberg (1535).



8

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL (1819–1906).

WE come unto our fathers' God;
Their Rock is our Salvation;
The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,
We make our habitation:
We bring thee, Lord, the praise they brought;
We seek thee as thy saints have sought
In every generation.

The Fire Divine, their steps that led,
Still goeth bright before us;
The Heavenly Shield, around them spread,
Is still high holden o'er us;
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

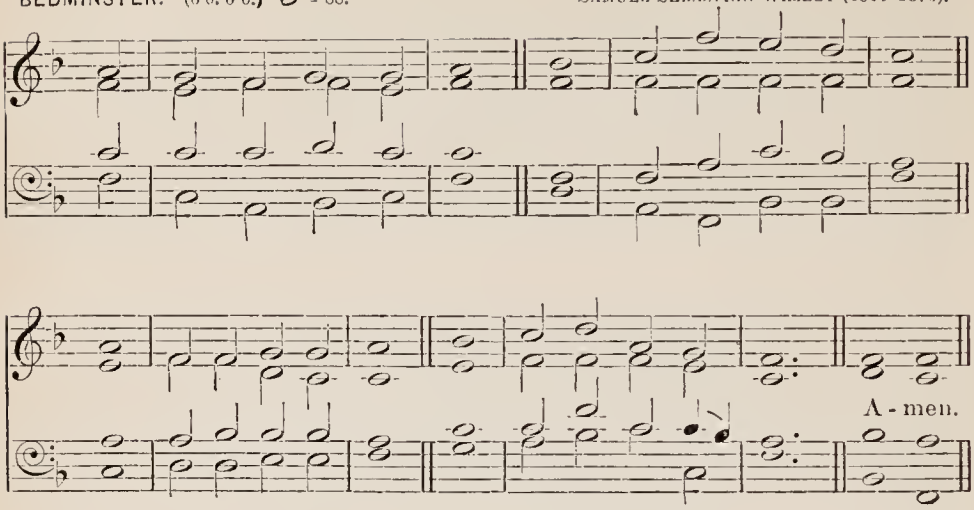
The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing;
The tears that from their eyes did flow,
Fall fast, our shame confessing;
As with thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
So our strong prayer ascends on high,
And bringeth down thy blessing.

Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us his music lendeth.
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on—
The song that never endeth!

Ye saints to come, take up the strain—
The same sweet theme endeavour!
Unbroken be the Golden Chain!
Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver!

9

BEDMINSTER. (6 6. 6 6.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876).



WILLIAM BULLOCK (1798–1874).

WE love the place, O God,
Wherein thine honour dwells ;
The joy of thy abode
All other joy excels.

We love the house of prayer,
Wherein thy servants meet ;
For thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen ones to greet.

We love the sacred font ;
Wherein the holy Dove
Pours out, as he is wont,
The effluence from above.

We love our Father's board,
Its altar steps are dear ;
For there, in faith adored,
We find thy presence near.

We love thy saints who come
Thy mercy to proclaim,
To call the wanderers home,
And magnify thy name.

Our first and latest love
To Zion shall be given,
The house of God above,
On earth the gate of heaven.

CROFT'S 148TH. (6 6. 6 6. 8 8.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. WILLIAM CROFT (1678-1727).

A-men.

See also DARWALL'S 148TH, No. 54.

ISAAC WATTS (1674–1748). Psalm lxxxiv.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples, are !
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

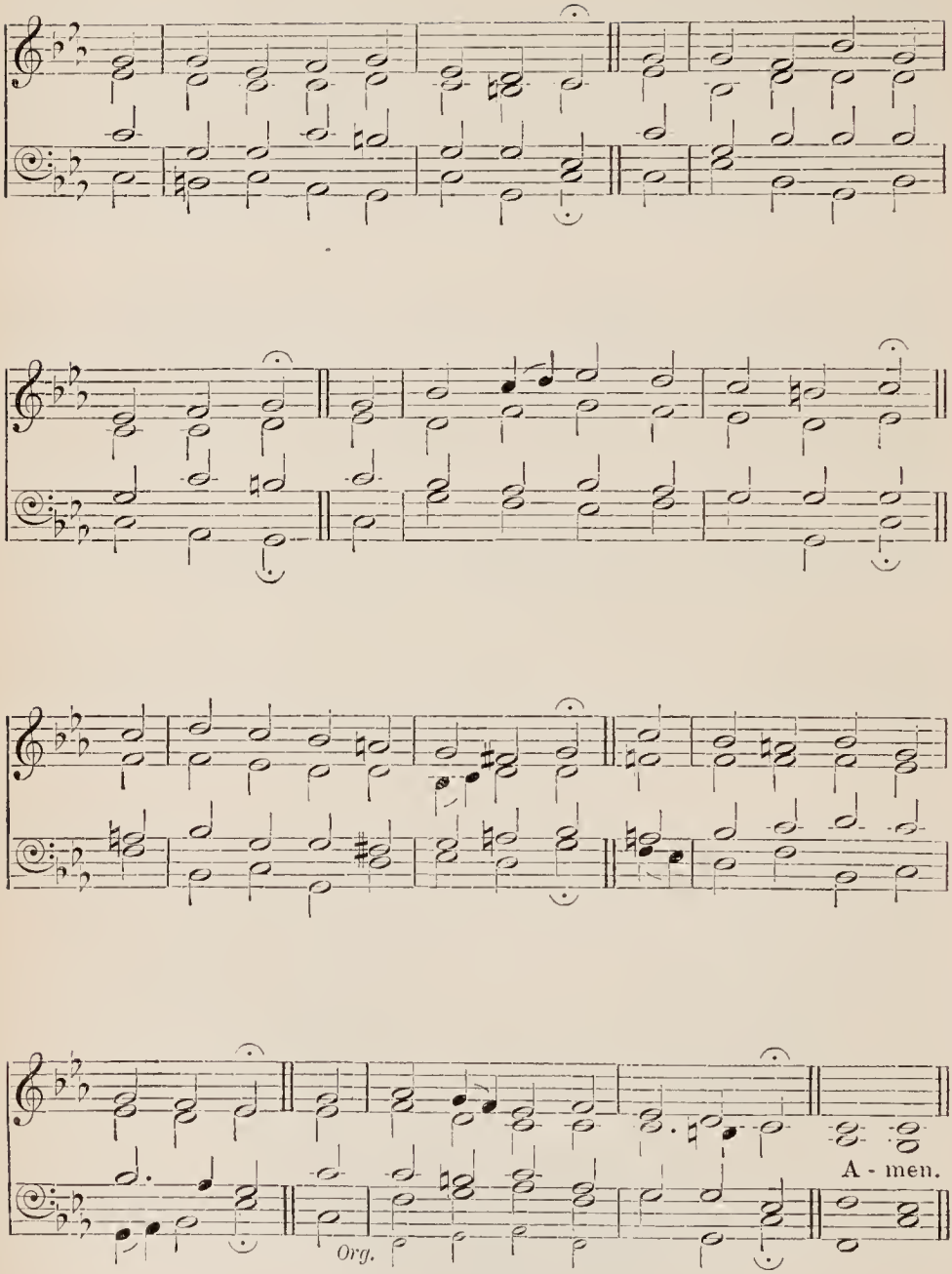
O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

11

VATER UNSER. (88. 88. 88.) ♩ = 54.

? Martin Luther (1483-1546).
Geistliche Lieder, Leipzig (1539).



Another harmonization of this tune will be found at No. 243.

11

Gerhard Tersteegen (1697–1769).
Tr. John Wesley (1703–1791).

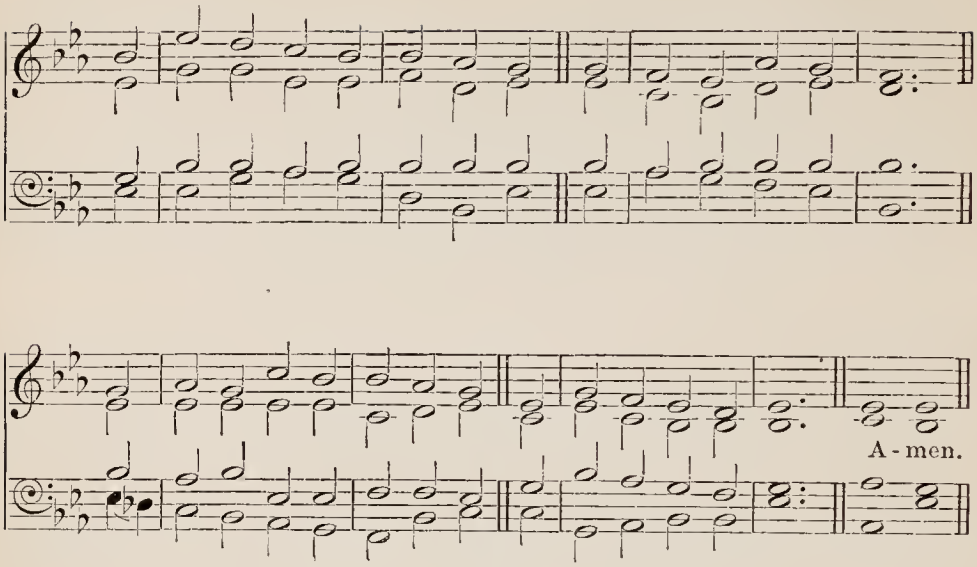
LO, God is here! let us adore,
And own, how dreadful is this place;
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo, God is here! him day and night
The united quires of angels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring;
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone;
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
Oh take, oh seal them for thine own!
Thou art the God; thou art the Lord;
Be thou by all thy works adored.

Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

ST. PETER. (C.M.) ♩ = 80. ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE (1799-1877).



JOHN ELLERTON (1826–1893).

BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within thy holy place
To rest awhile with thee.

Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

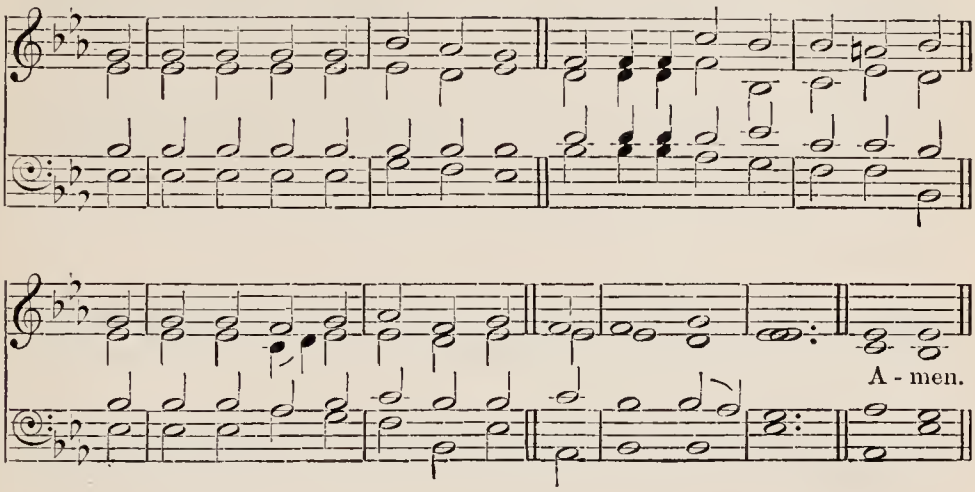
Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou mayest be sought;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by thee.

Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For thee, and not thy foe.

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou wouldst have it done;
And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

HERBERT. (8 8. 8 4.) ♩ = 84. RICHARD ROBERT CHOPE (1830–).



CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (1789–1871).

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer ?

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave ;

For then a dayspring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow,
And richer dews descend from thee
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by thee renewed ;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven ;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind !

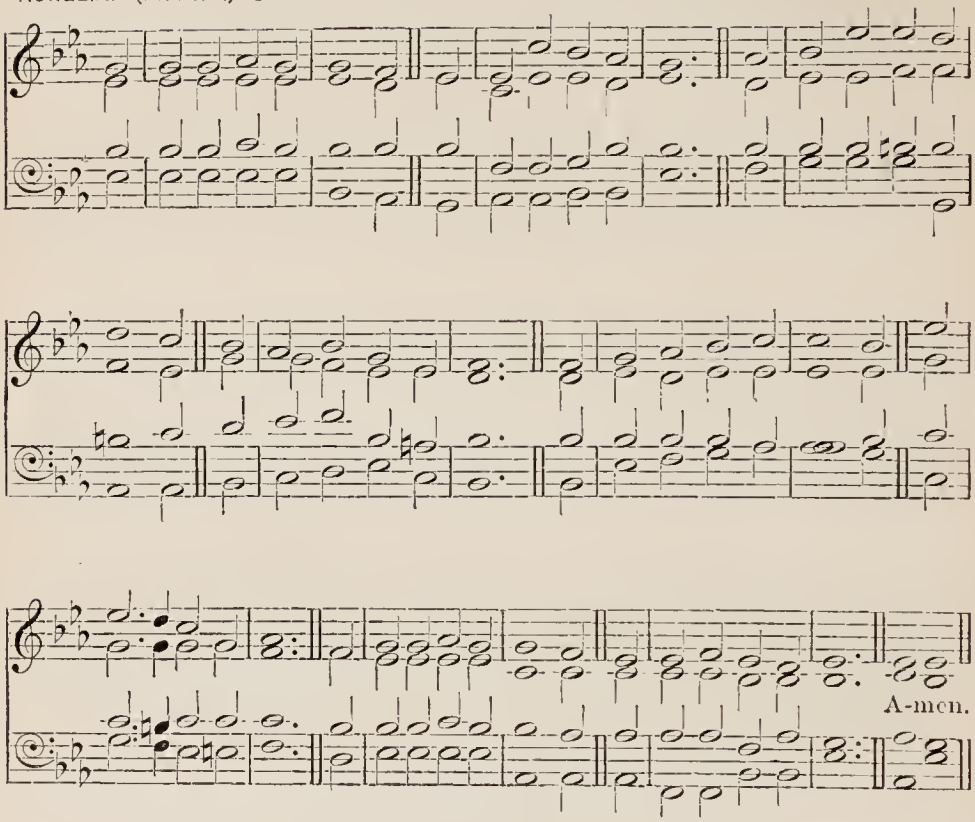
Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear ;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay ;
And even the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee.

14

(FIRST TUNE)

AURELIA. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 88. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876).



CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, *altd.* (1807–1885).

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee the high and lowly,
Before the eternal throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great Three in One.

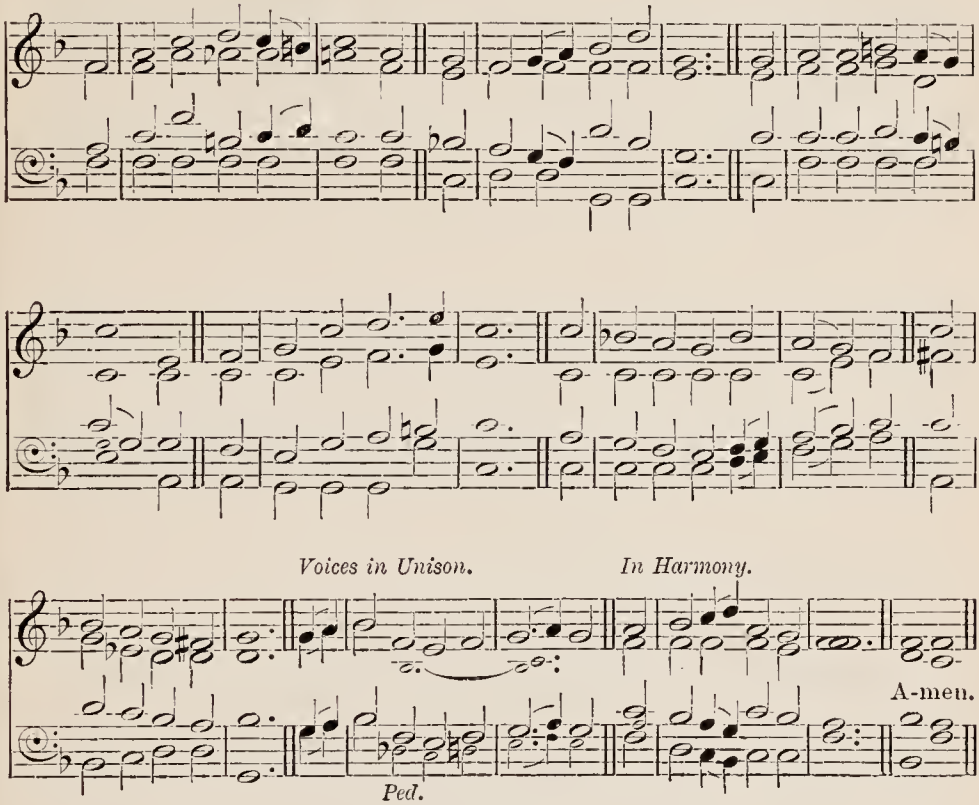
On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

14

(SECOND TUNE)

DAY OF REST. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♂ = 92. JAMES WILLIAM ELLIOTT (1833-).

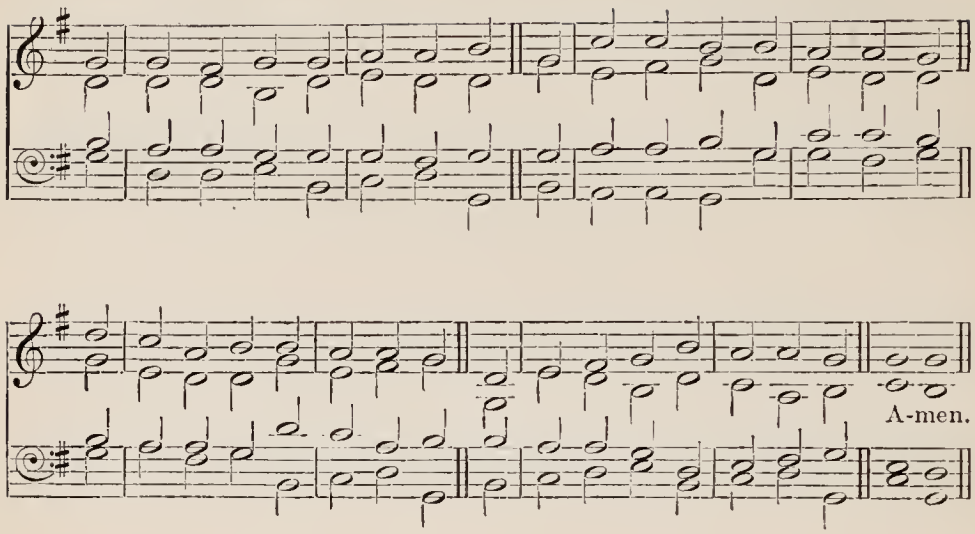


[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

To-day on weary nations
  The heavenly manna falls ;
To holy convocations
  The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel light is glowing
  With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
  With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
  From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
  To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
  To Father, and to Son ;
The Church her voice upraises
  To thee, blest Three in One.

TALLIS' CANON. (L.M.) ♩ = 66. THOMAS TALLIS (c. 1510-1585).



ST. AMBROSE (340-397). *Yattendon Hymnal*, No. 29.

SPLENDOR PATERNAE GLORIAE.

O SPLENDOUR of God's glory bright,
O thou that bringest light from light,
O Light of light, light's living spring,
O Day, all days illumining.

O thou true Sun, on us thy glance
Let fall in royal radiance ;
The Spirit's sanctifying beam
Upon our earthly senses stream.

The Father too our prayers implore,
Father of glory evermore,
The Father of all grace and might,
To banish sin from our delight :

To guide whate'er we nobly do,
With love all envy to subdue,
To make ill-fortune turn to fair,
And give us grace our wrongs to bear.

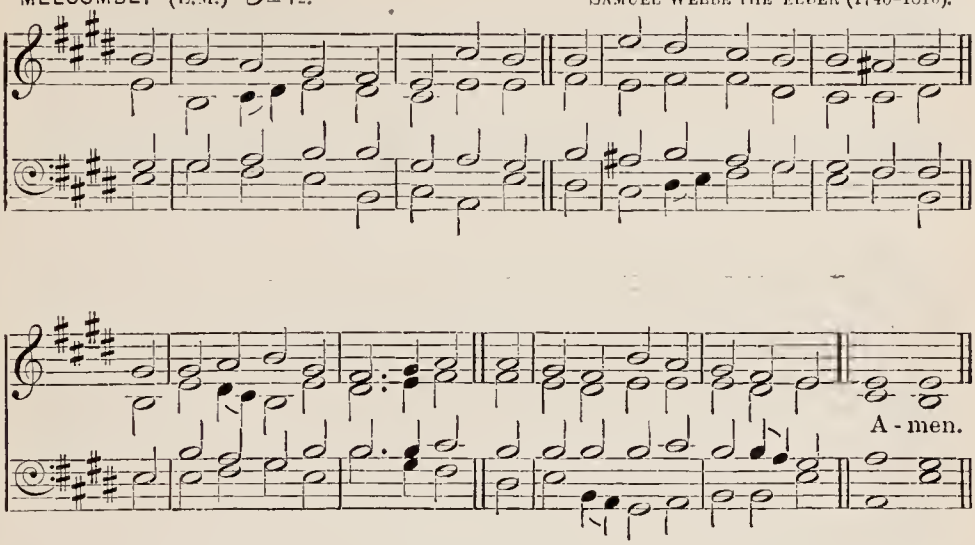
Our mind be in his keeping placed,
Our body true to him and chaste,
Where only faith her fire shall feed
To burn the tares of Satan's seed.

And Christ to us for food shall be,
From him our drink that welleth free,
The Spirit's wine, that maketh whole,
And mocking not, exalts the soul.

Rejoicing may this day go hence,
Like virgin dawn our innocence,
Like fiery noon our faith appear,
Nor know the gloom of twilight drear.

Morn in her rosy ear is borne ;
Let him come forth our perfect morn,
The Word in God the Father one,
The Father perfect in the Son.

MELCOMBE. (L.M.) ♂ = 72. SAMUEL WEBBE THE ELDER (1740-1816).



JOHN KEBLE (1792-1866).

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

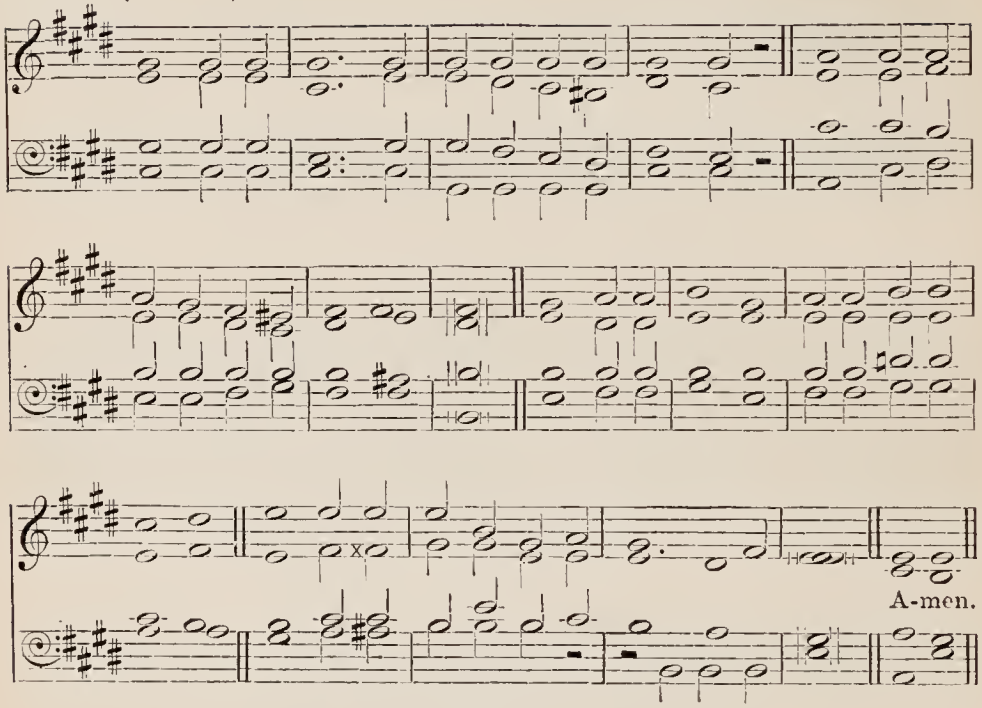
New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us this and every day
To live more nearly as we pray.

STOWE. (11 10. 11 10.) ♩ = 88. CHARLES HENRY MORSE (1853-).



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (1812–1896).

STILL, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee !

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of Nature newly born ;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

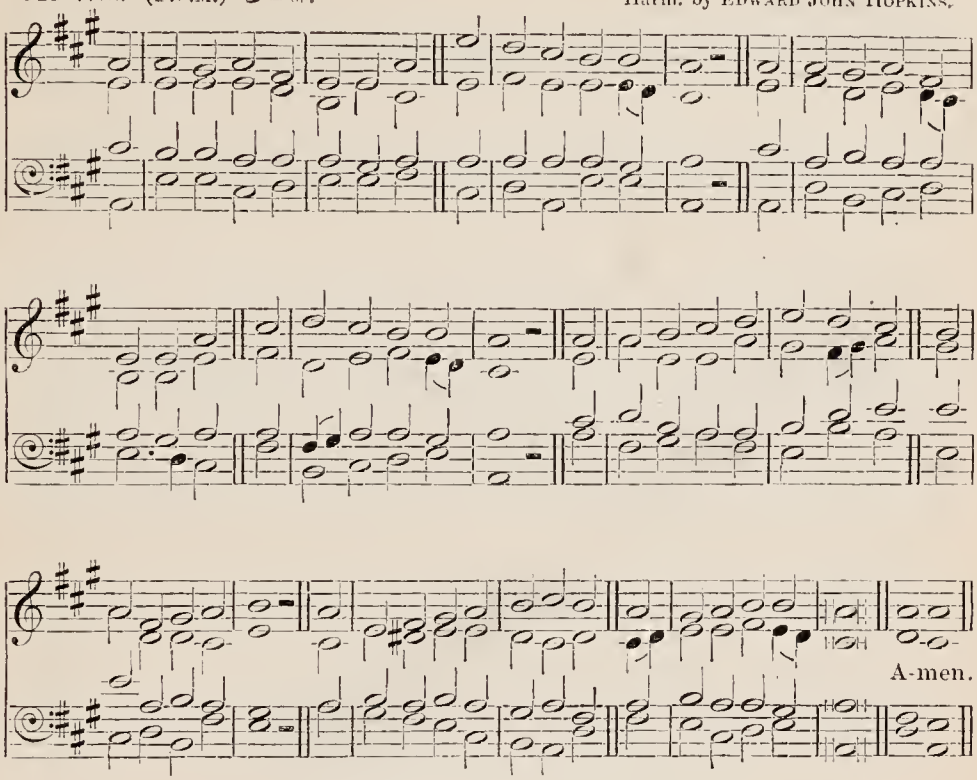
Still, still with thee ! As to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessèd consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day nearness unto thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee ;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought : I am with thee !

OLD 44TH. (D.C.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 60.

DAY'S *Psalmes* (1562).
Harm. by EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS.



See also FOREST GREEN, No. 91.

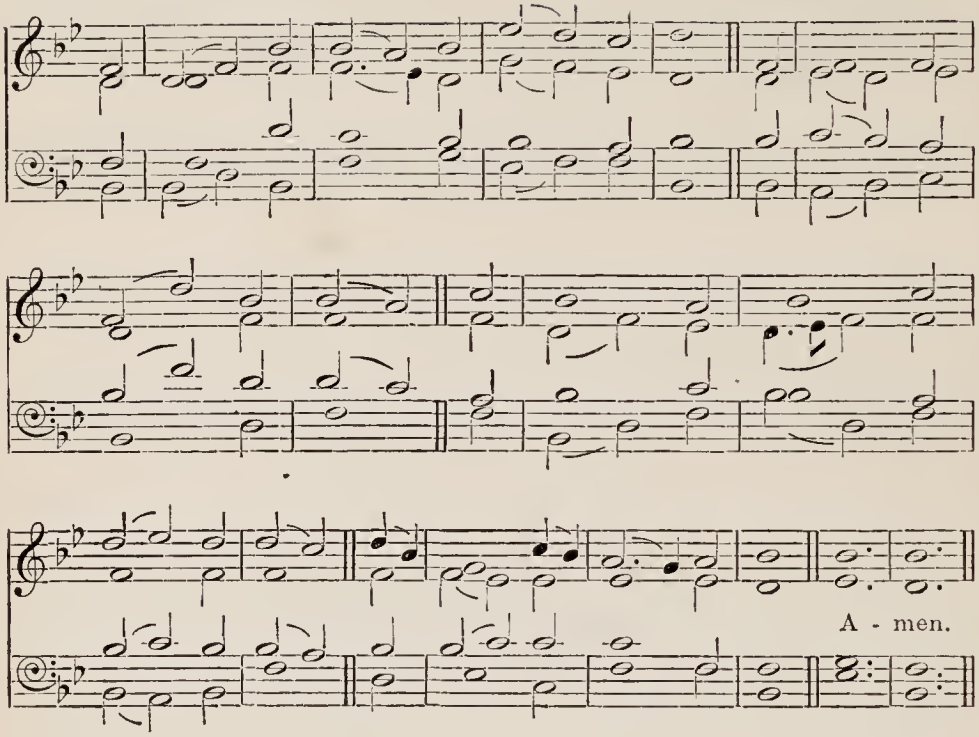
GEORGE GASCOIGNE (?1525-1577).

YE that have spent the silent night
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light
That riseth in the east;
Now lift your hearts, your voices raise,
Your morning tribute bring,
And pay a grateful song of praise
To heaven's almighty King.

And as this gloomy night did last
But for a little space,
As heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show his pleasant face,
So let us hope, when faith and love
Their work on earth have done,
God's blessèd face to see above,
Heaven's better, brighter Sun.

God grant us grace that height to gain,
That glorious sight to sèe,
And send us, after worldly pain,
A life from trouble free,
Where cheerful day shall ever shine,
And sorrow never come;
Lord, be a place, a portion, mine
In that bright blissful home.

WILTSHIRE. (C.M.) ♩ = 84. GEORGE SMART (1776–1867).



GEORGE MACDONALD (1824–1905).

MORNING SONG.

O LORD of life, thy quickening voice
Awakes my morning song;
In gladsome words I would rejoice
That I to thee belong.

I see thy light, I feel thy wind!
Earth is thy uttered word;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,
Thy presence is, my Lord.

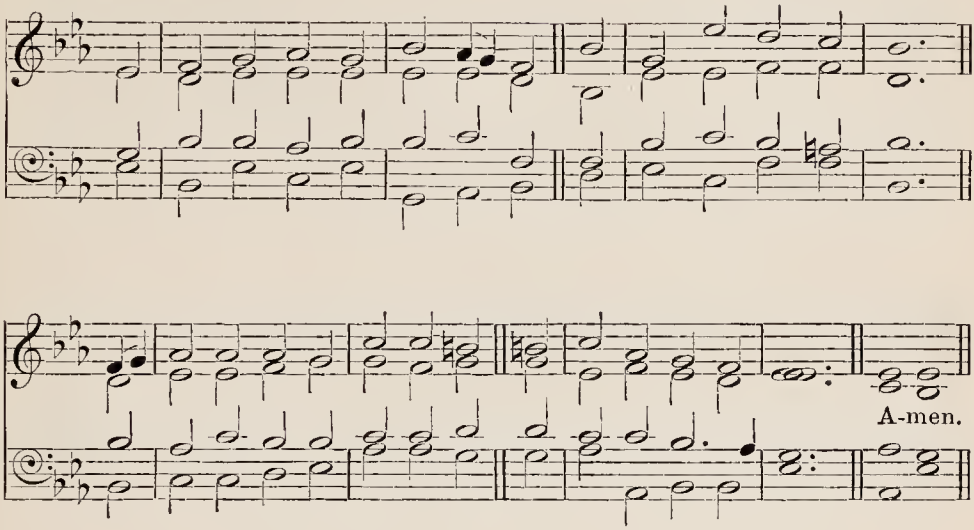
Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to thee;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.

Lord, let me live and act this day,
Still rising from the dead;
Lord, make my spirit good and gay—
Give me my daily bread.

Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep
Till the night comes, and, labour done,
In thee I fall asleep.

HORSLEY. (C.M.) ♩ = 88.

WILLIAM HORSLEY (1774–1858).



GEORGE MACDONALD (1824–1905).

NOONTIDE HYMN.

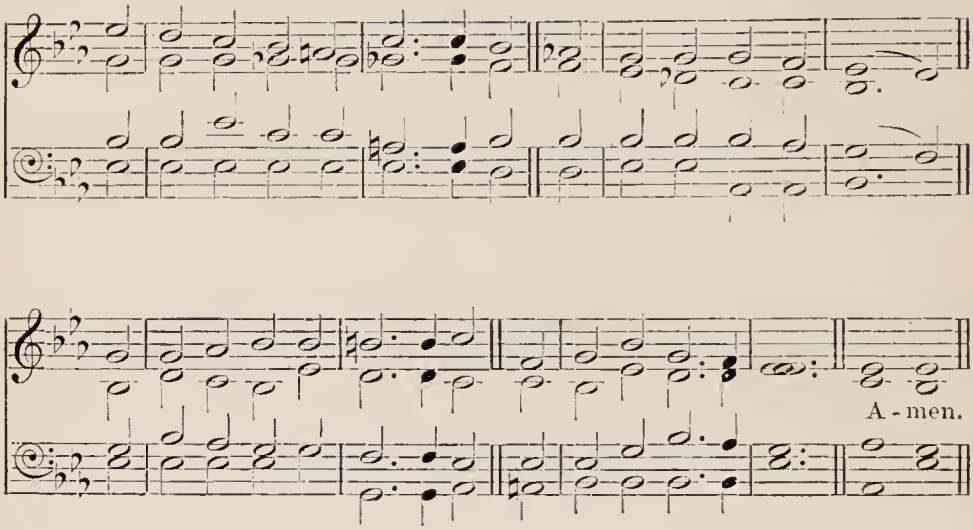
I LOVE thy skies, thy sunny mists,
Thy fields, thy mountains hoar,
Thy wind that bloweth where it lists—
Thy will—I love it more.

I love thy hidden truth to seek
All round, in sea, on shore ;
The arts whereby like gods we speak—
Thy will to me is more.

I love thy men and women, Lord,
The children round thy door ;
Calm thoughts that inward strength afford—
Thy will than these is more.

But when thy will my life doth hold
Thine to the very core,
The world which that same will doth mould,
I love then ten times more.

HOLY TRINITY. (C.M.) ♂ = 84. JOSEPH BARNBY (1838–1896).



GEORGE MACDONALD (1824–1905).

EVENING PRAYER.

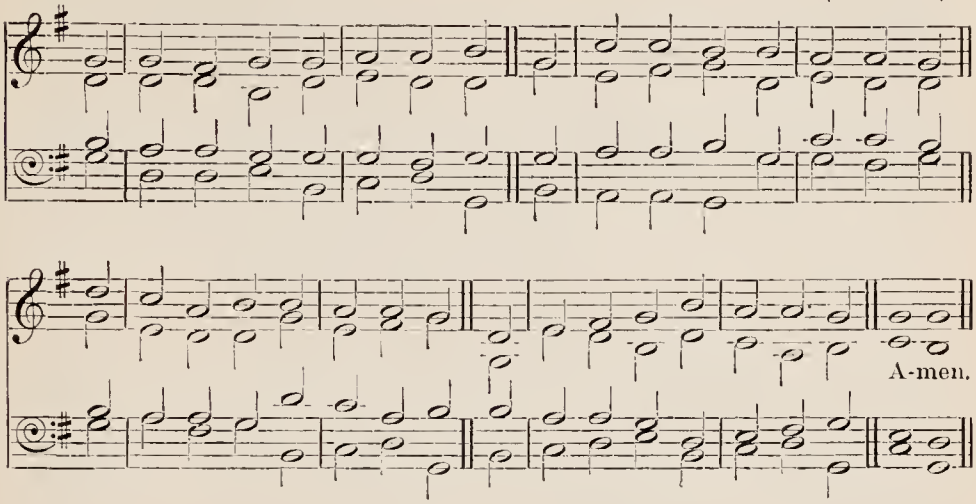
O GOD, whose daylight leadeth down
Into the sunless way,
Who, with thy sweet repose, dost crown
The labour of the day.

Take it, O Lord, and make it clean
With thy forgiveness dear ;
That so the thing that might have been,
To-morrow may appear.

And when my thought is all astray,
Yet think thou on in me ;
That with the new unsullied day
My soul wake fresh and free.

And when thou givest dreams to men,
Give dreams, O Lord, to me ;
That even in visions of the brain
I wander towards thee.

TALLIS' CANON. (L.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 69. THOMAS TALLIS (*c.* 1510–1585).



THOMAS KEN (1637–1711).

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, oh keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

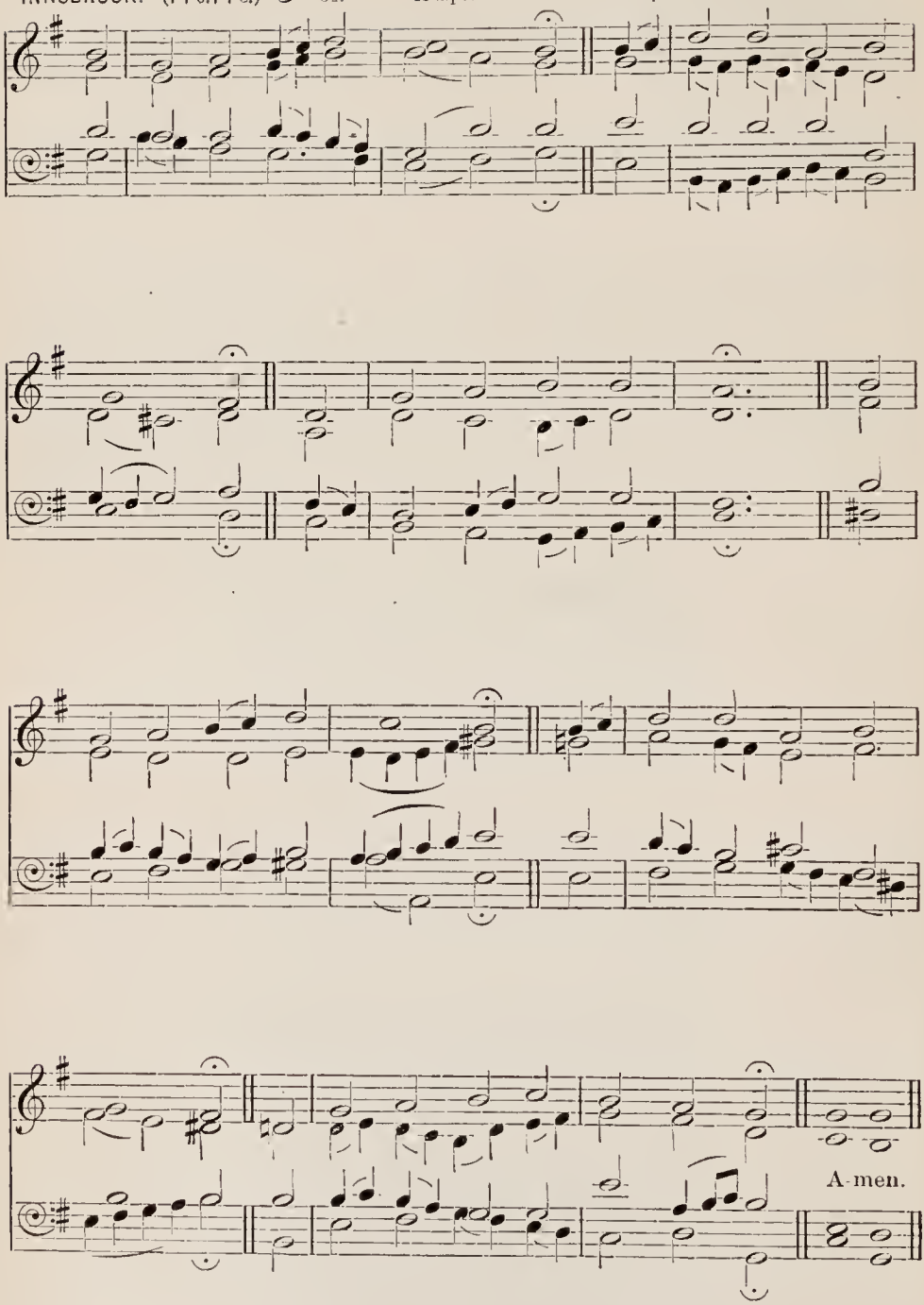
When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

23

HEINRICH ISAAC (d. *c.* 1510).
Adapted and harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

INNSBRÜCK. (7 7 6. 7 7 8.) 𝅗𝅥 = 52.



PAUL GERHARDT (1607–1676). *Yattendon Hymnal*, No. 85.

Nun ruhen alle Wälder.

THE duteous day now closeth,
Each flower and tree reposeth,
Shade creeps o'er wild and wood:
Let us, as night is falling,
On God our Maker calling,
Give thanks to him, the Giver good.

Now all the heavenly splendour
Breaks forth in starlight tender
From myriad worlds unknown;
And man, the marvel seeing,
Forgets his selfish being,
For joy of beauty not his own.

His care he drowneth yonder,
Lost in the abyss of wonder;
To heaven his soul doth steal:
This life he disesteemeth,
The day it is that dreameth,
That doth from truth his vision seal.

Awhile his mortal blindness
May miss God's lovingkindness,
And grope in faithless strife:
But when life's day is over
Shall death's fair night discover
The fields of everlasting life.

SEBASTE. (Irregular.)

From the Greek. JOHN KEBLE (1792–1866).
JOHN STAINER (1840–1901).

Φῶς ἱλαρόν.

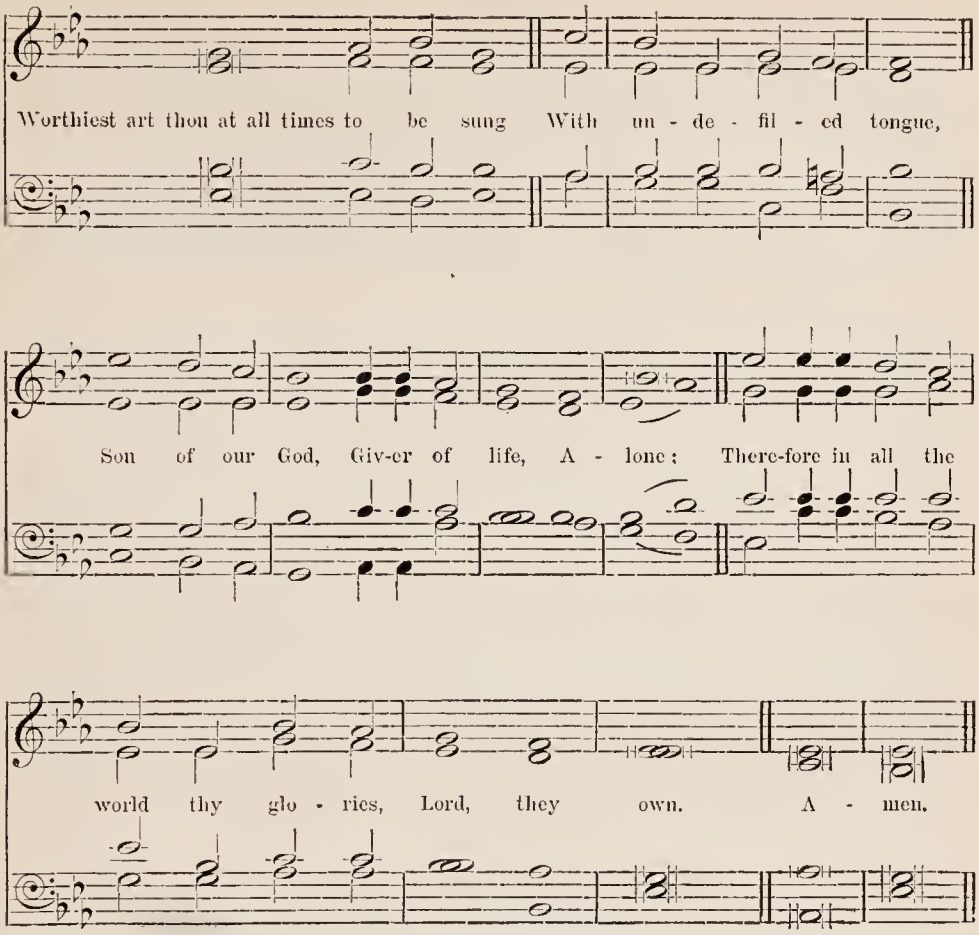
Hail, gladdening Light, of his pure glo - ry poured

Who is the Immortal Fa - ther, Heaven - ly, Blest,

Ho - li - est of Ho - lies, Je - su Christ, our Lord.

Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest, The lights of eve - ning round us shine,

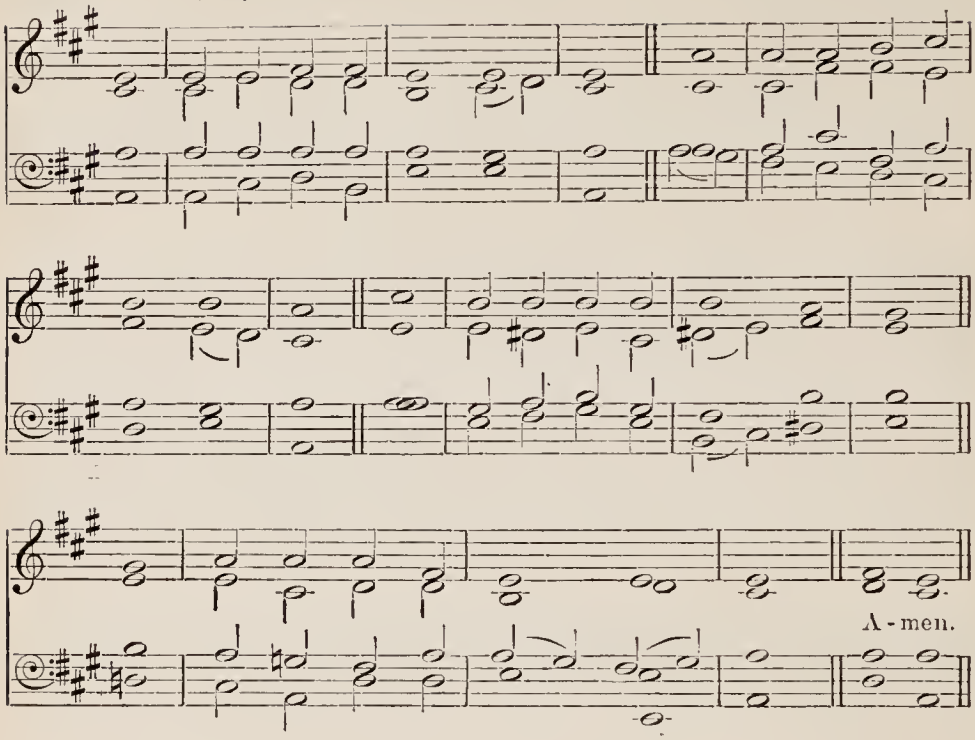
We hymn the Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit Di - vine.


Worthiest art thou at all times to be sung With un - de - fil - ed tongue,
Son of our God, Giv-er of life, A - lone; There-fore in all the
world thy glo - ries, Lord, they own. A - men.

(FIRST TUNE)

OLIVES BROW. (L.M.) ♩ = 84.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY (1816–1868).



HENRY TWELLS (1823–1900).

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh in what divers pains they met!
Oh with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt,
And some such grievous passions tear,
That only thou canst cast them out;

ANGELUS. (L.M.) ♩ = 88.

(SECOND TUNE)

Founded on a melody by
GEORG JOSEPH (1657).

A - men.

And some have found the world is vain,
  Yet from the world they break not free,
And some have friends who give them pain,
  Yet have not sought a friend in thee ;

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
  For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they who fain would serve thee best
  Are conscious most of wrong within.

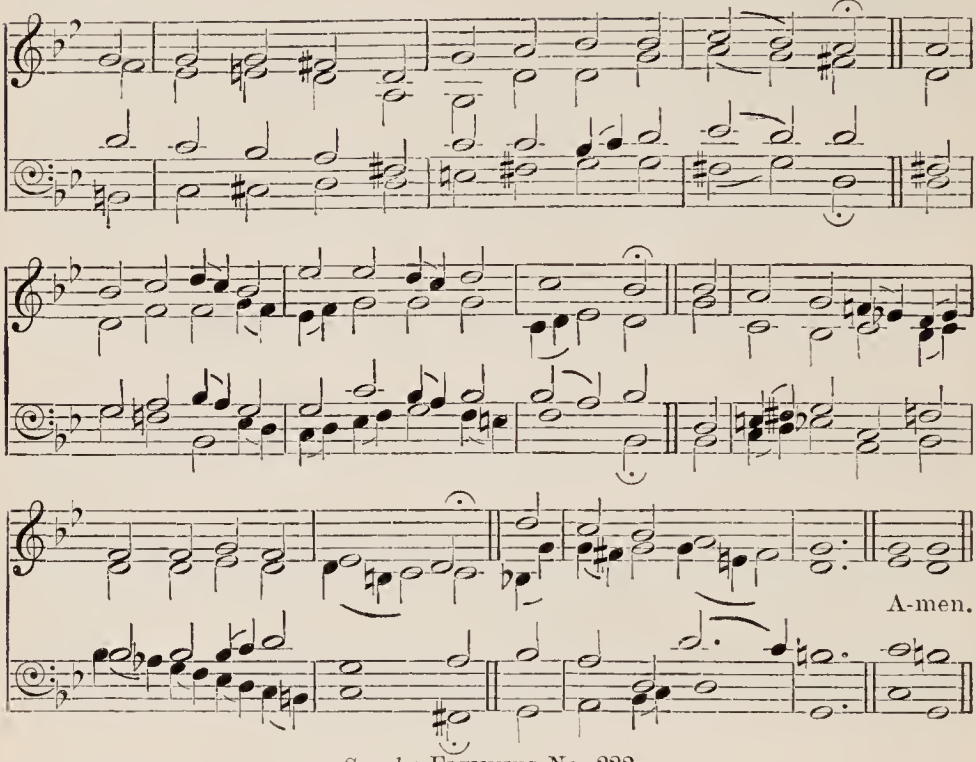
O Saviour Christ, thou too art man ;
  Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
  The very wounds that shame would hide ;

Thy touch has still its ancient power,
  No word from thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
  And in thy mercy heal us all.

26

JOHANN CRÜGER (1598–1662).
Altered and Harmonized by
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

HERZLIEBSTER JESU. (11 11. 11 5.) ♩ = 52.



See also FLEMMING, No. 222.

PETRUS HERBERT (d. 1571).
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH (1829–1878).

NOW God be with us, for the night is closing;
The light and darkness are of his disposing,
And 'neath his shadow here to rest [we yield us,
For he will shield us.

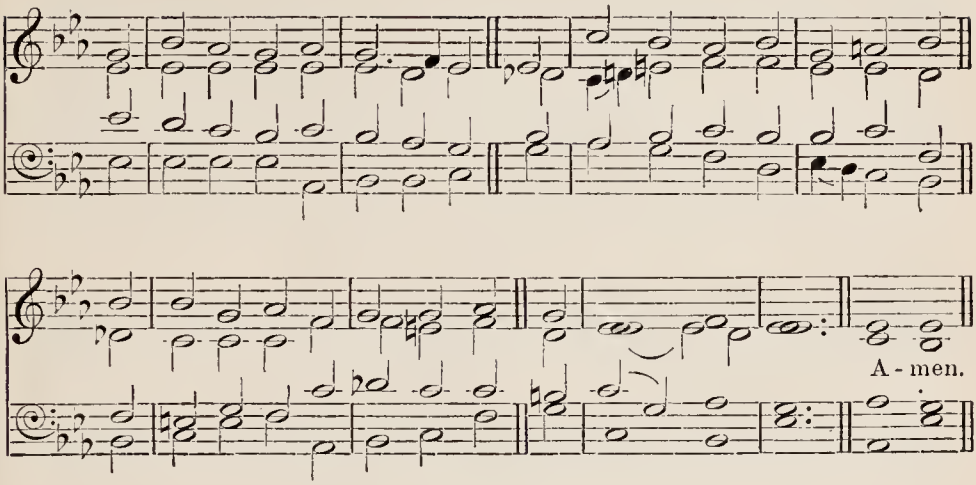
Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, [o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us;
Thine angels send us.

Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve thee; in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us
Save thee, O Father, who thine own hast made us;
But thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek thee only.

Father, thy name be praised, thy kingdom given,
Thy will be done on earth, as 'tis in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us, now and ever.

ST. GABRIEL. (8 8. 8 4.) ♩ = 84. FREDERICK ARTHUR GORE OUSELEY (1825–1889).



GODFREY THRING (1823–1903).

THE radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store ;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

Our life is but an autumn sun,
Its glorious noon how quickly past !
Lead us, O Christ, our life-work done
Safe home at last.

Oh by thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high ;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

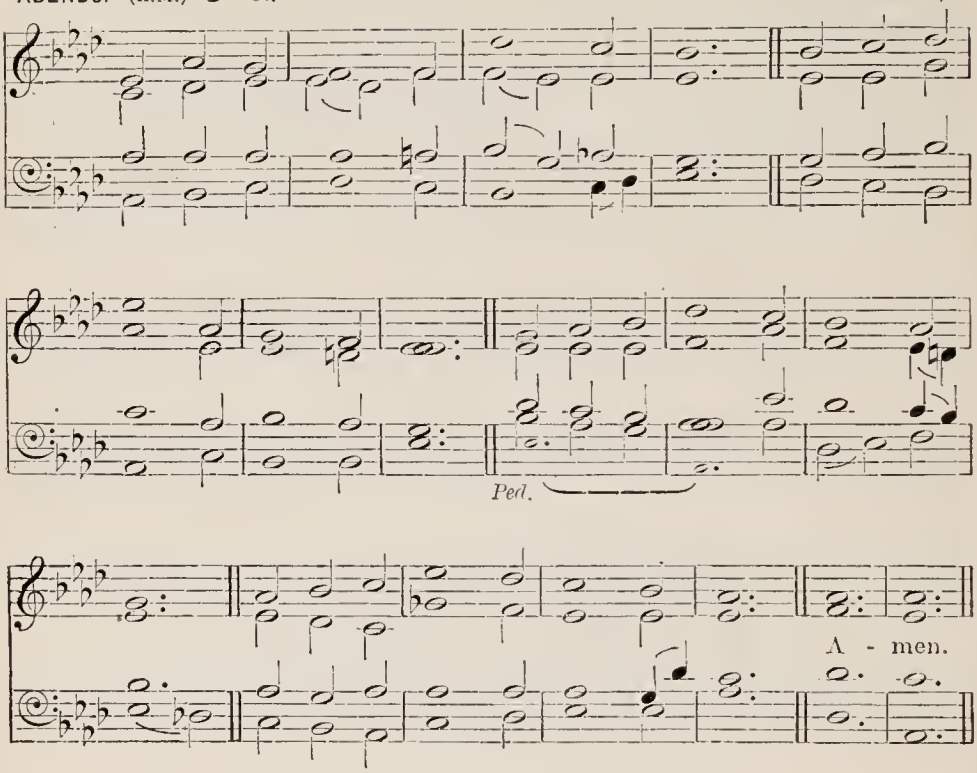
Where light, and life, and joy, and peace,
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain ;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

28

(FIRST TUNE)

ABENDS. (L.M.) ♩ = 84. HERBERT STANLEY OAKELEY (1830–1903).



JOHN KEBLE (1792–1866).

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

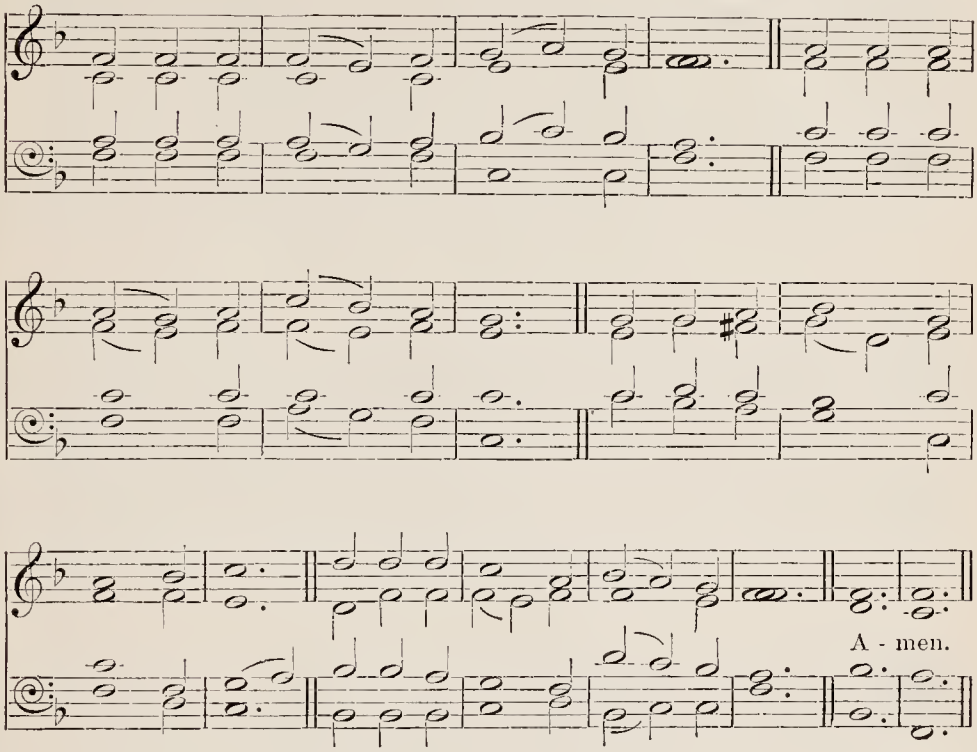
Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

28

HURSLEY. (L.M.) ♩ = 88.

(SECOND TUNE)

Abridged from melody in *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, Vienna (*c.* 1774).



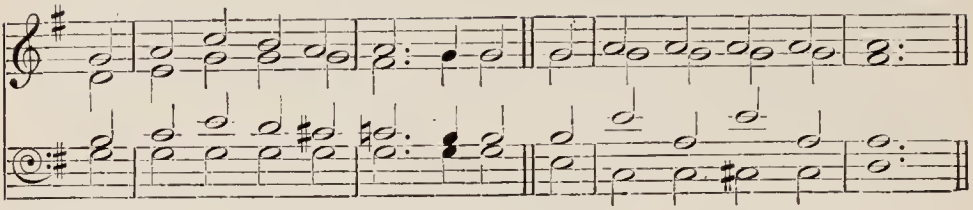
If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

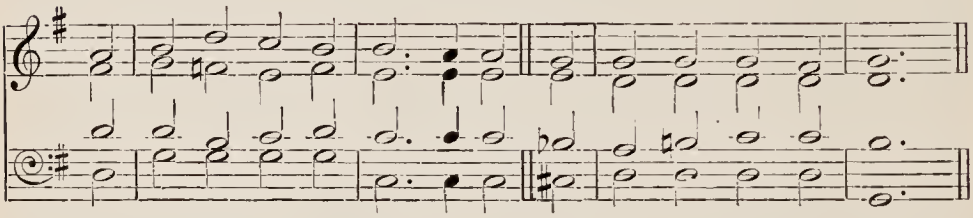
Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

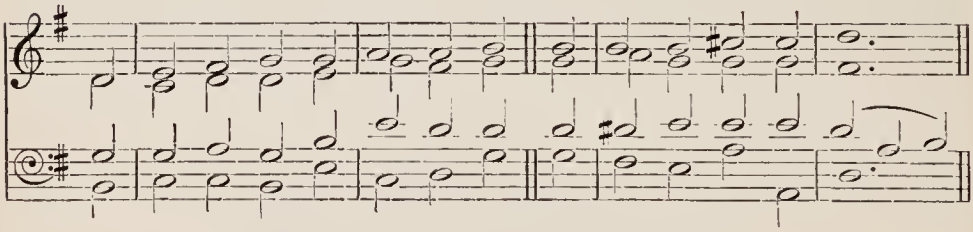
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

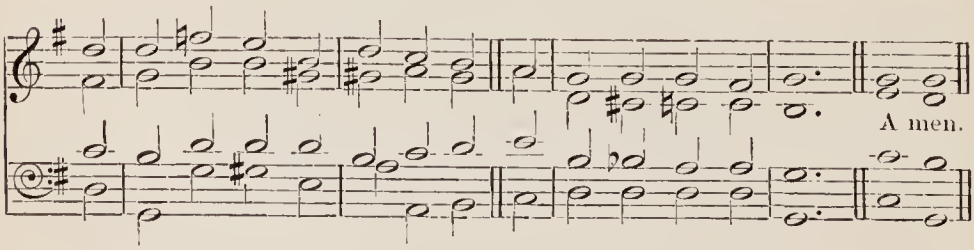
29

ST. LEONARD. (D.C.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. HENRY HILES (1826–1904).









29

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825–1864).

THE shadows of the evening hours
  Fall from the darkening sky ;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
  The dews of evening lie :
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
  We kneel at close of day ;
Look on thy children from on high,
  And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
  Oh do not thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
  Before thy mercy rise :
The brightness of the coming night
  Upon the darkness rolls ;
With hopes of future glory chase
  The shadows on our souls.

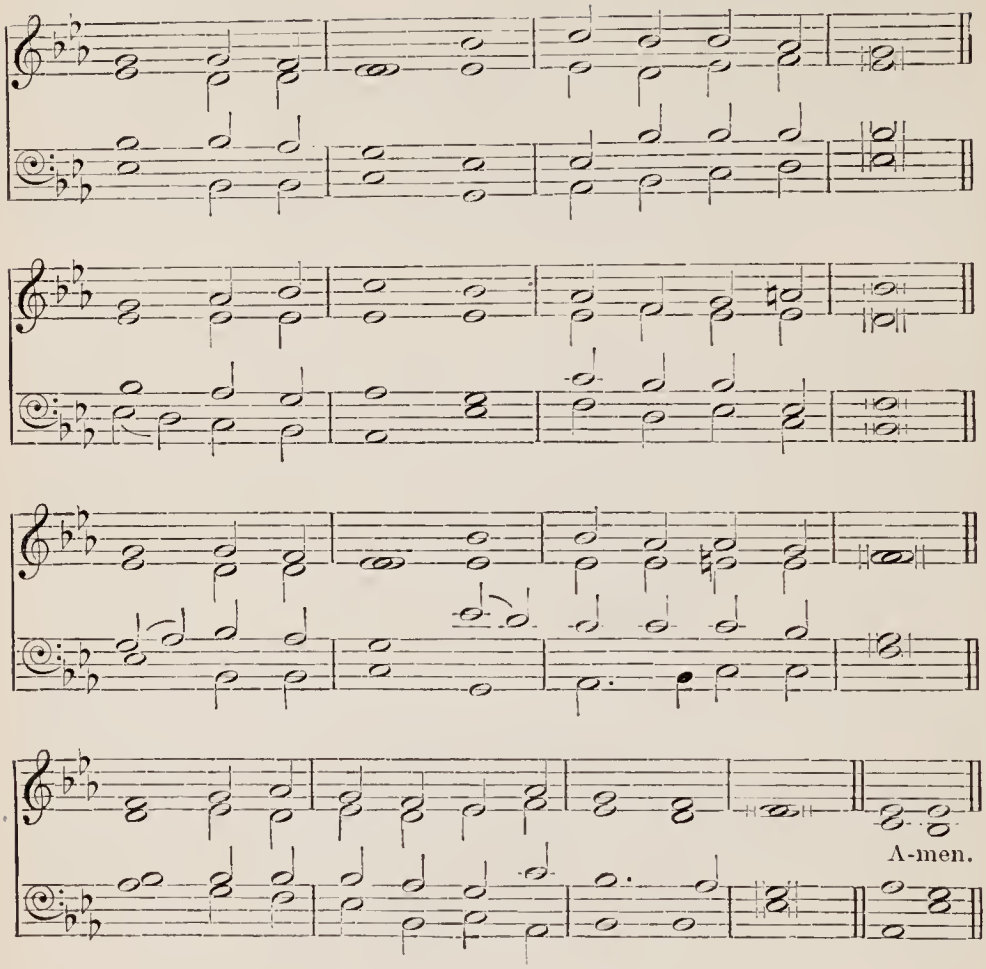
Slowly the rays of daylight fade :
  So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
  That one by one depart :
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
  Within the heavens shine ;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
  And trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
  Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears and perils thou
  Our trembling hearts defend ;
Give us a respite from our toil,
  Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we labour, Lord,
  Oh give us now repose.

30

(FIRST TUNE)

EVENTIDE. (10 10. 10 10.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. WILLIAM HENRY MONK (1823-1889).



HENRY FRANCIS LYTE (1793-1847).

ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh abide with me.

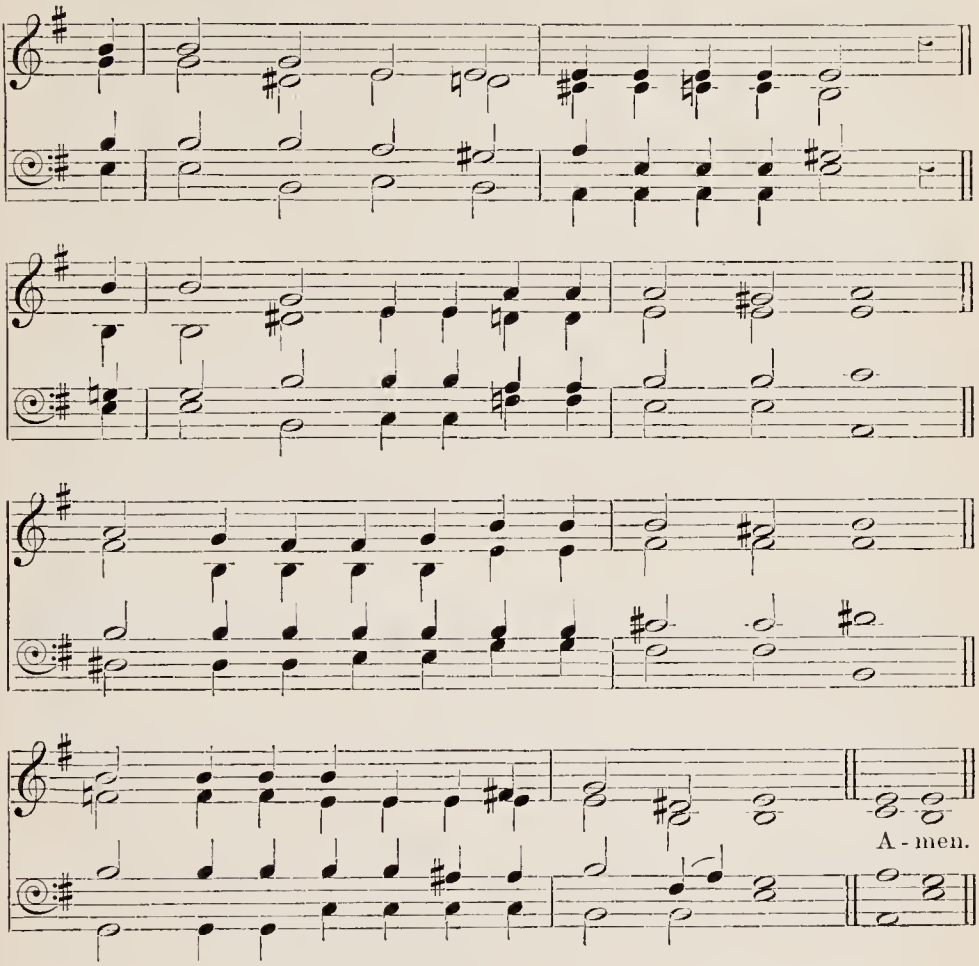
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea;
Come, friend of sinners, and abide with me.

30

(SECOND TUNE)

ORISONS. (10 10. 10 10.) 𝅗𝅥 = 56. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876).



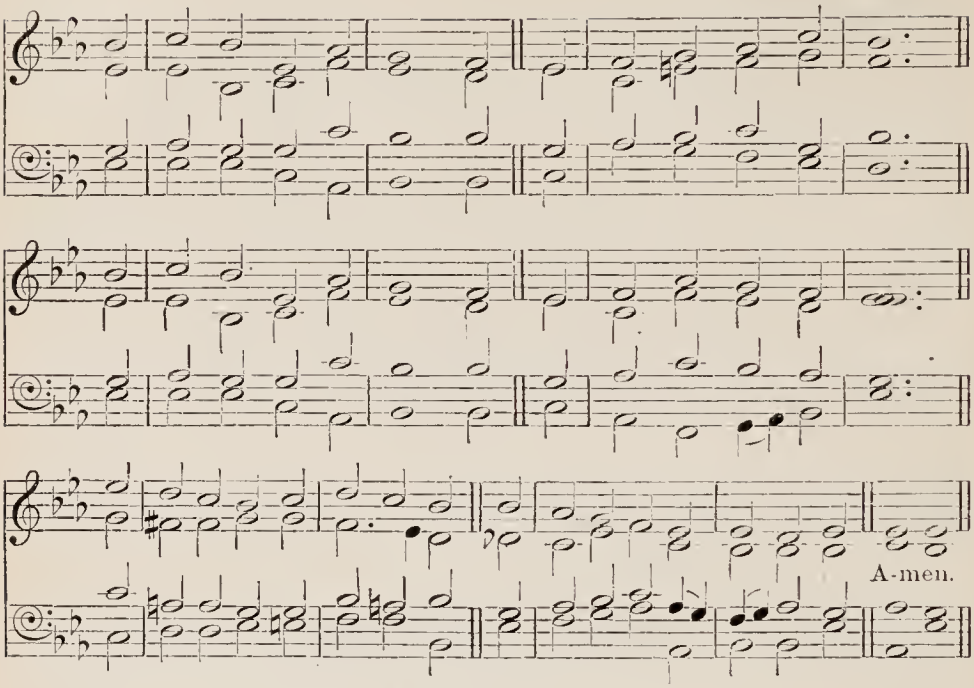
I need thy presence every passing hour ;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold then thy cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

31

ST. ANATOLIUS. (7 6 7 6. 8 8.) ♂ = 84. ARTHUR HENRY BROWN (1830–).



ANATOLIUS (8th cent.), *tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE (1818–1866).

Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών.

THE day is past and over :
All thanks, O Lord, to thee ;
I pray thee now that sinless
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over :
I lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over :
I raise the hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be :
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

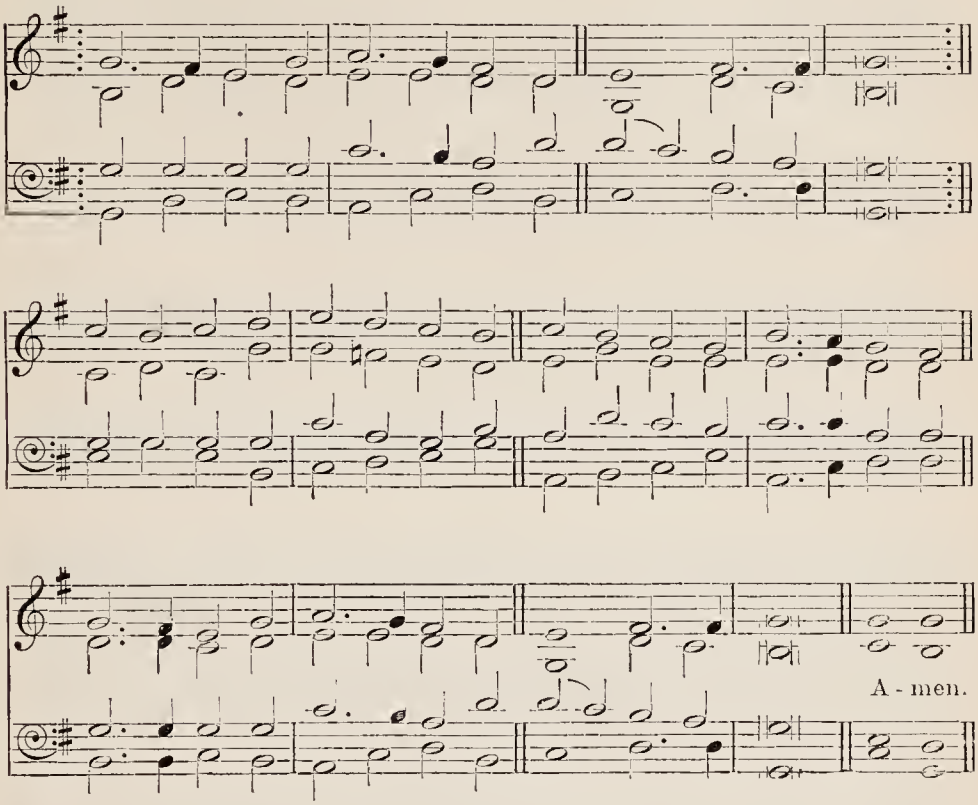
Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I,
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry, [light,
'He could not make their darkness
Nor guard them through the hours of night.'

Be thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go :
Lover of men, oh hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

32

AR HYD Y NOS. (FIRST TUNE)

(8 4. 8 4. 8 8. 8 4.) ♩ = 76. *Relics of the Welsh Bards* (1784).



REGINALD HEBER (1783–1826) and
RICHARD WHATELY (1787–1863).

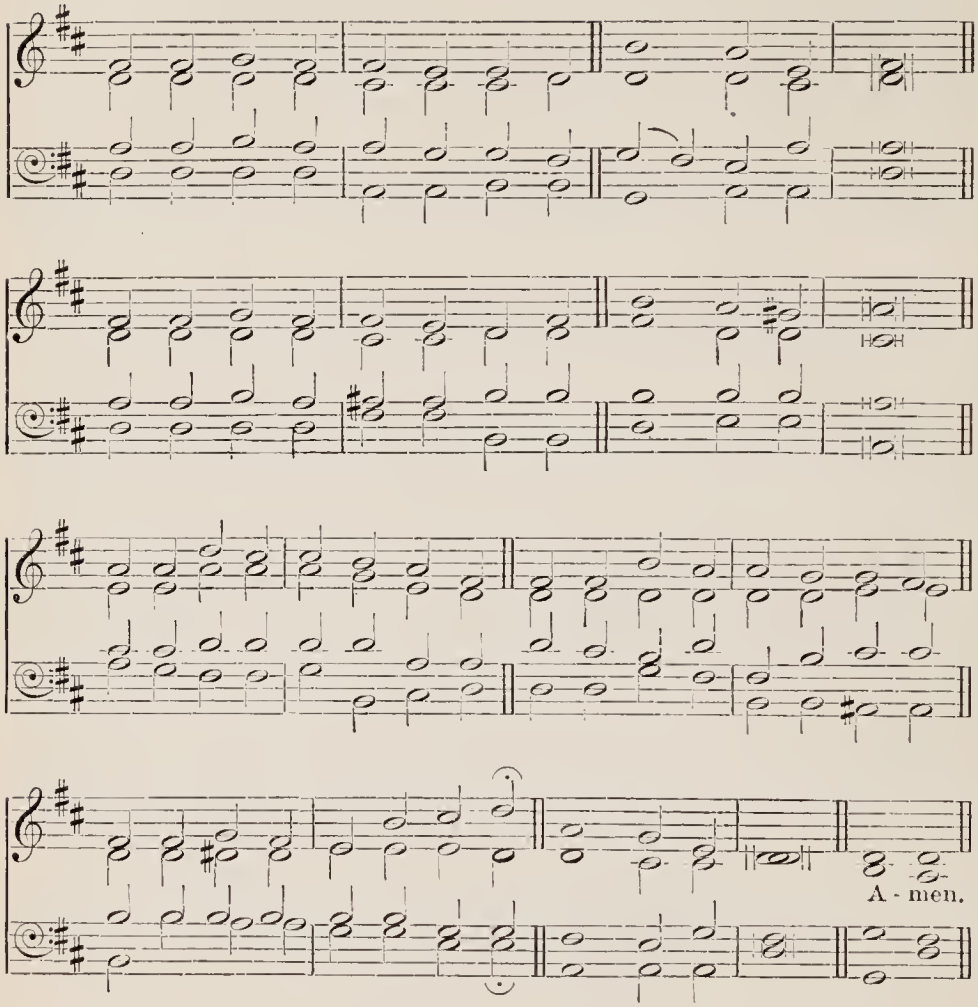
GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not thou our Lord forsake us
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

32

(SECOND TUNE)

TEMPLE. (8 4. 8 4. 8 8. 8 4.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS (1818-1901).



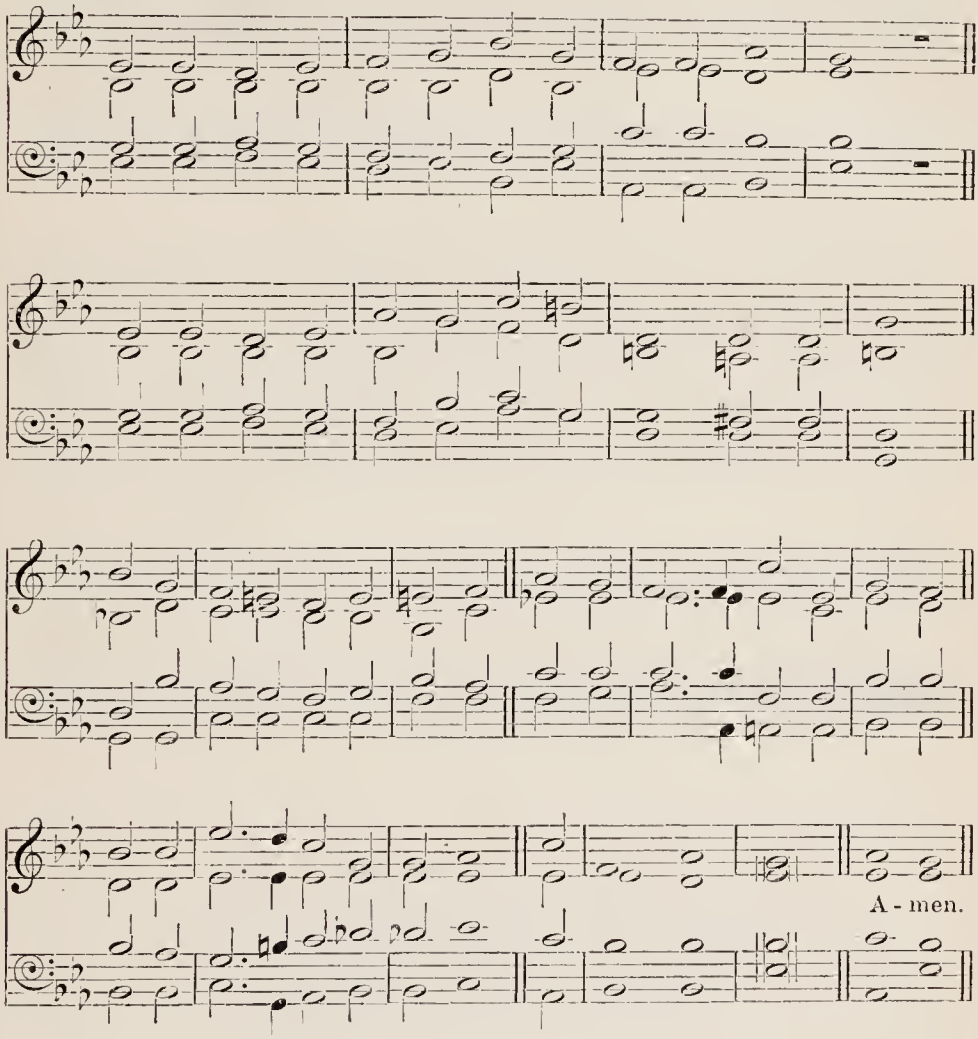
REGINALD HEBER (1783–1826) and
RICHARD WHATELY (1787–1863).

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

32

(THIRD TUNE)

BURY. (8 4. 8 4. 8 8. 8 4.) ♩ = 84. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876).



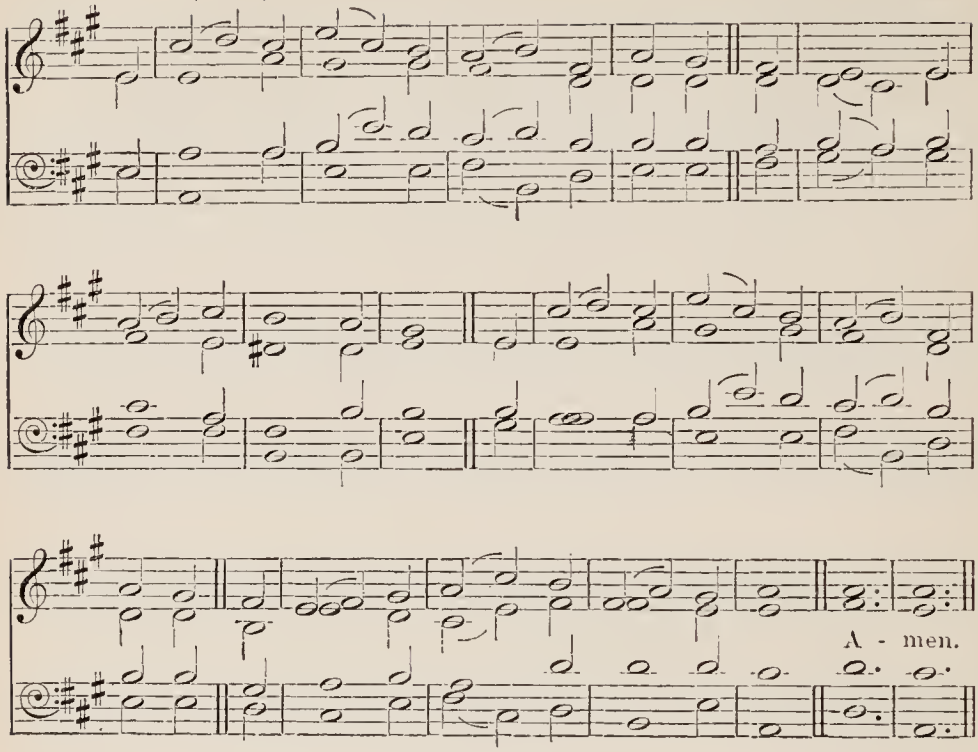
Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ;
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie :
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not thou our Lord forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

33

(FIRST TUNE)

ST. CLEMENT. (9 8. 9 8.) ♩ = 100.

CLEMENT COTTERILL SCHOLEFIELD (1839–1904).



JOHN ELLERTON (1826–1893).

THE day thou gavest, Lord, is ended ;
The darkness falls at thy behest ;
To thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

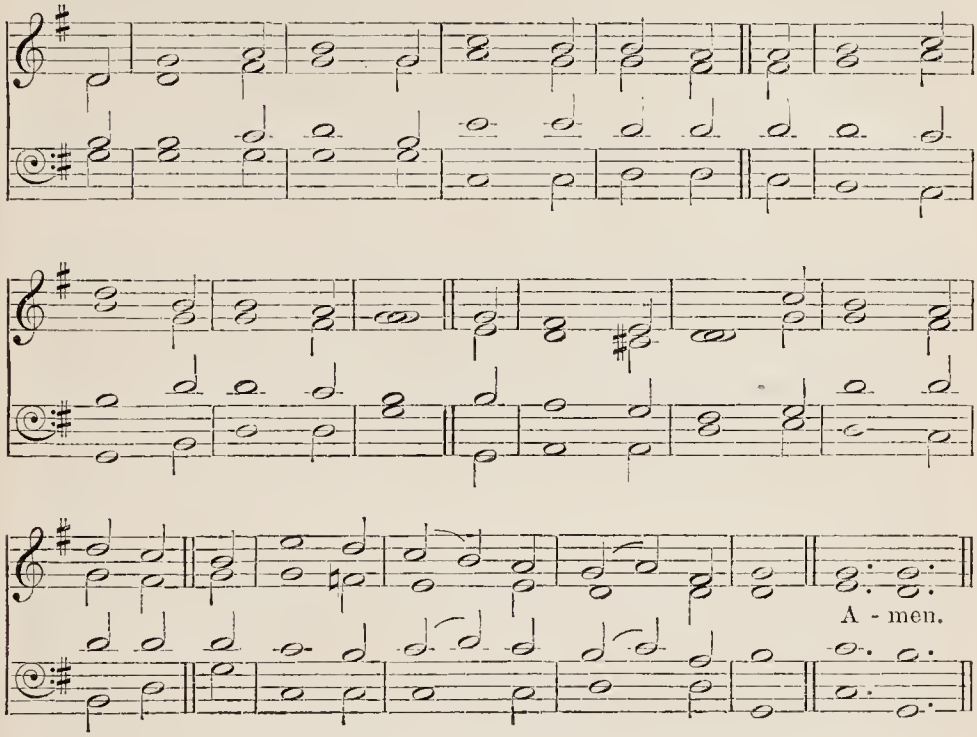
We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

33

(SECOND TUNE)

RADFORD. (9 8. 9 8.) ♩ = 88. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876).

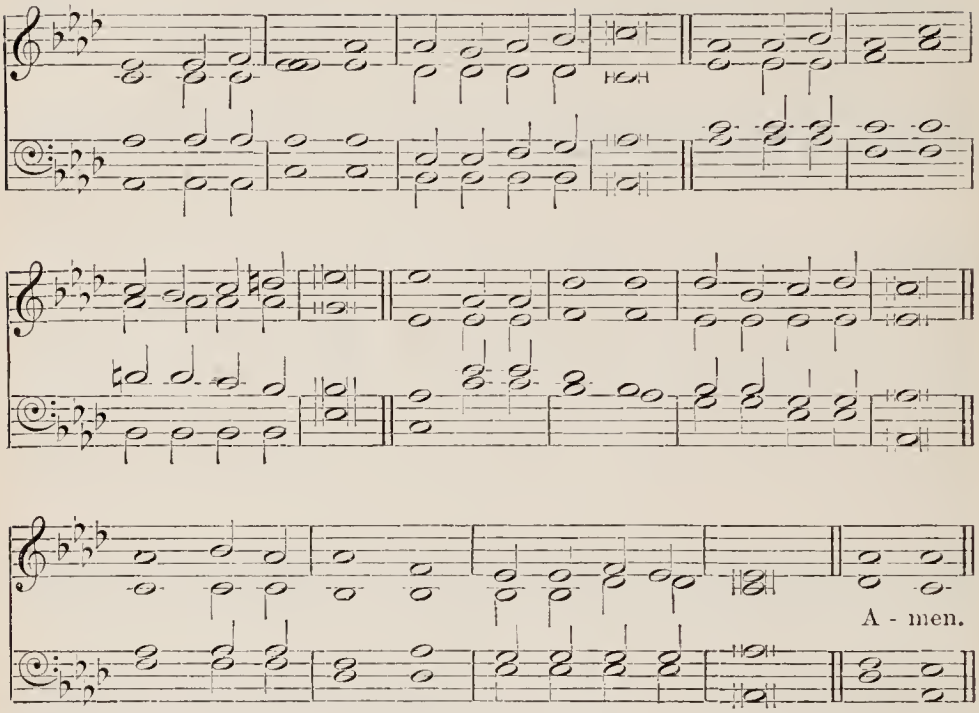


[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
  Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
  Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord ! thy throne shall never,
  Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
  Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

ELLERS. (10 10. 10 10.) 𝅗𝅥 = 54. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS (1818-1901).



See also ELLINGHAM, No. 39.

JOHN ELLERTON (1826-1893).

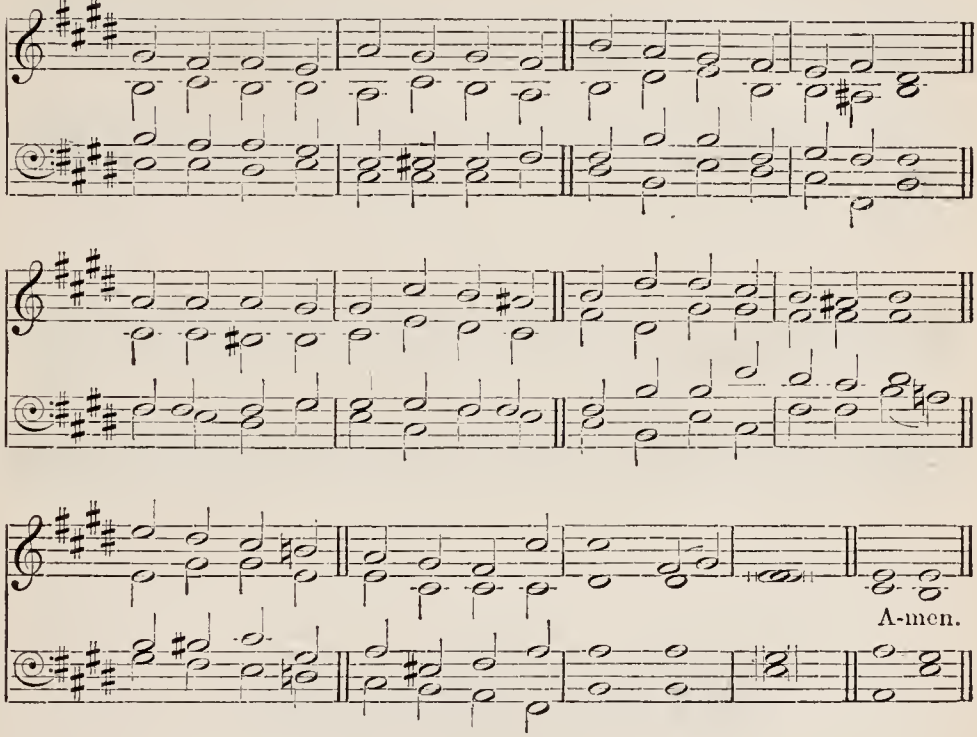
SAVIOUR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease ;
Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day ;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night ;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

ETON COLLEGE. (87.87.47.) ♩ = 84. JOSEPH BARNBY (1838–1896).



HENRY JAMES BUCKOLL (1803–1871).

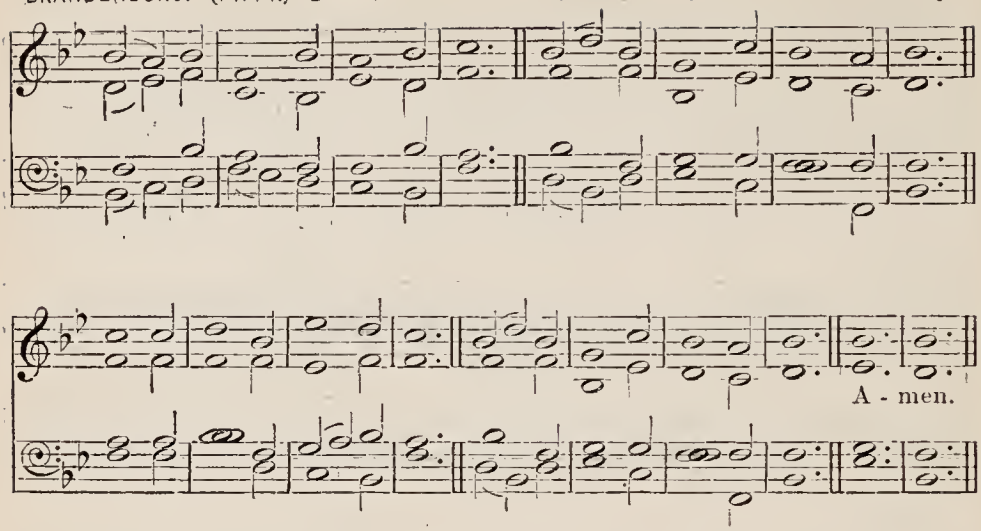
LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon all, their faults confessing
Time that 's lost may all retrieve;
May thy children
Ne'er again thy Spirit grieve.

Bless thou all our days of leisure;
Help us selfish lures to flee;
Sanctify our every pleasure,
Pure and blameless let it be;
May our gladness
Draw us evermore to thee.

By thy kindly influence cherish
All the good we here have gained;
May all taint of evil perish
By thy mightier power restrained;
Seek we ever
Knowledge pure and love unfeigned.

Let thy father hand be shielding
All who here shall meet no more;
May their seed-time past be yielding
Year by year a richer store;
Those returning,
Make more faithful than before.

BRANDENBURG. (7 7. 7 7.) ♩ = 92. German Melody.



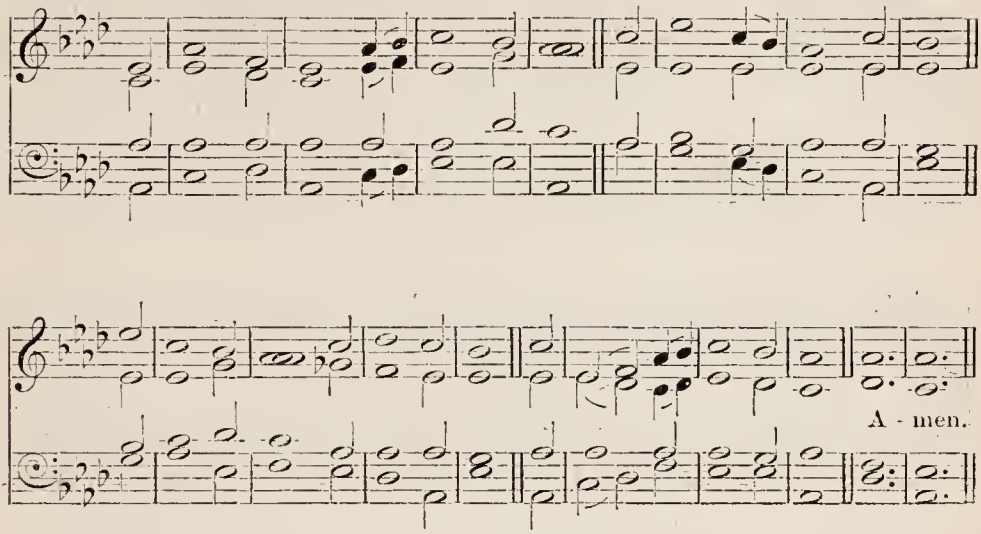
JOHN NEWTON (1725–1807).

NOW may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight,
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

To that great Redeemer's praise,
Who the covenant sealed with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

MARTYRDOM. (C.M.) ♩ = 84. HUGH WILSON (1764-1824).



Scottish Psalter, 1650 (*altd.*). Ps. xc. 14-17.

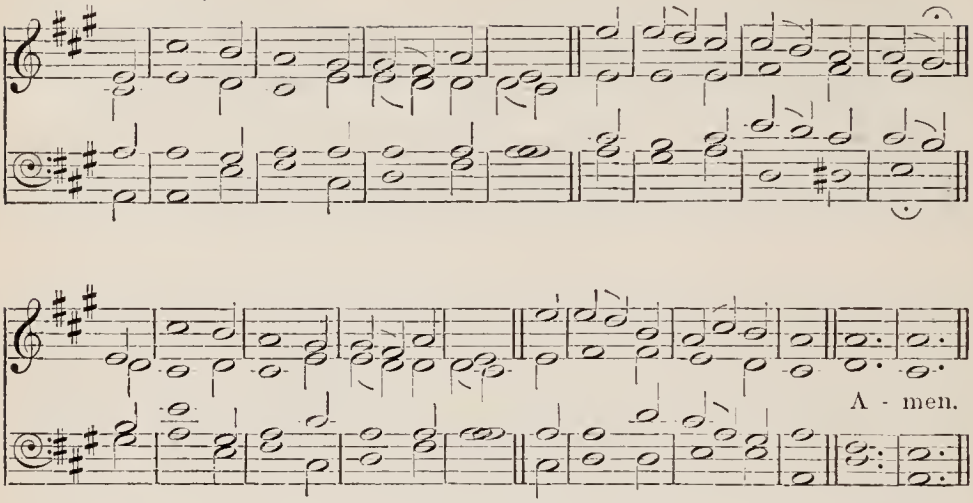
O WITH thy tender mercies, Lord,
Us early satisfy;
So we rejoice shall all our days,
And still be glad in thee.

According as the days have been,
Wherein we grief have had,
And years wherein we ill have seen,
So do thou make us glad.

Oh let thy work and power appear
Thy servants' face before;
Upon their children also show
Thy glory evermore:

And let the beauty of the Lord
Our God be us upon:
Our handiworks establish thou,
Establish them each one.

BELMONT. (C.M.) ♩ = 92. WILLIAM GARDINER'S *Sacred Melodies* (1812).



See also TALLIS' ORDINAL, No. 196.

JOHN MORISON (1749–1798). *Scottish Paraphrases*, Hosea, vi. 1–4.

COME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth
And stills the stormy wave;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned;
The dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

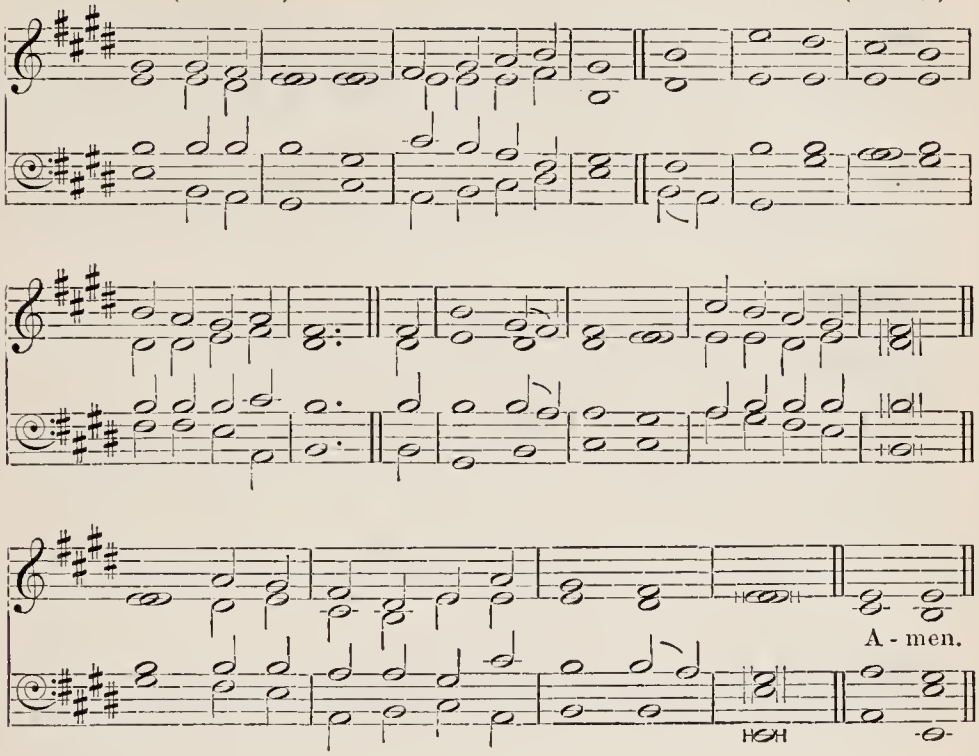
Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:

So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

39

ELLINGHAM. (10 10. 10 10.) ♩ = 96. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876).



LUCY ELIZABETH GEORGINA WHITMORE (1792–1840).

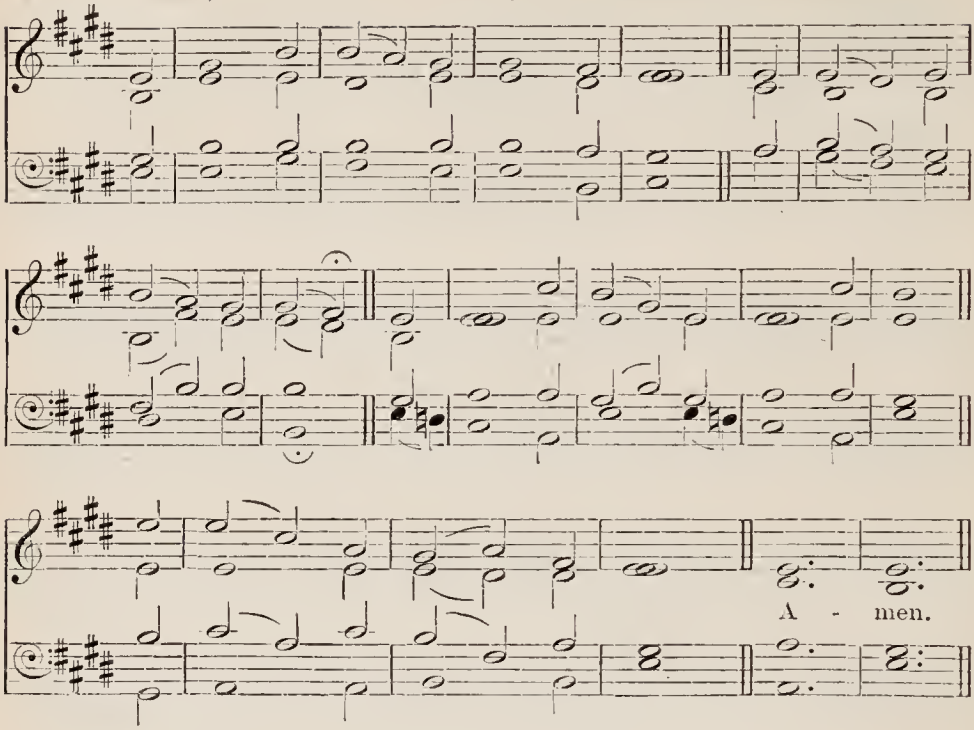
FATHER, again in Jesus' Name we meet,
And bow in penitence beneath thy feet;
Again to thee our feeble voices raise,
To sue for mercy, and to sing thy praise.

Oh we would bless thee for thy ceaseless care,
And all thy works from day to day declare:
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not thine arm encircle us around?

Alas! unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

Oh by that Name in whom all fulness dwells,
Oh by that Love which every love excels,
Oh by that Blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

SALZBURG. (C.M.) ♩ = 80. Arranged from JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN (1737-1806).



PHILIP DODDRIDGE (1702-1751) and
JOHN LOGAN (1748-1778).

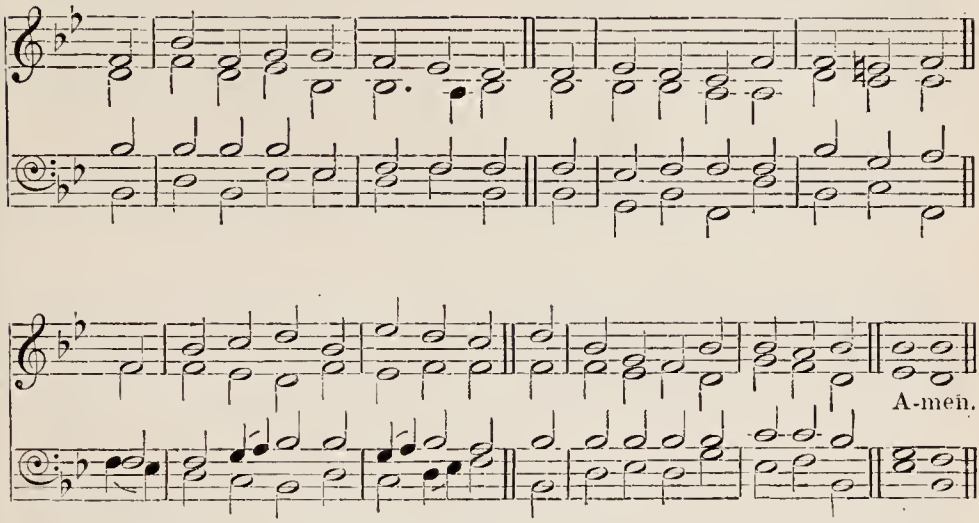
O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led :

Ours vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace !

WINCHESTER NEW. (L.M.) ♩ = 72. *Musikalisches Handbuch*, Hamburg (1690).



NAHUM TATE (1652–1715) and NICHOLAS BRADY (1659–1726). Psalm cxxxix.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand :
Oh skill, for human reach too high,
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

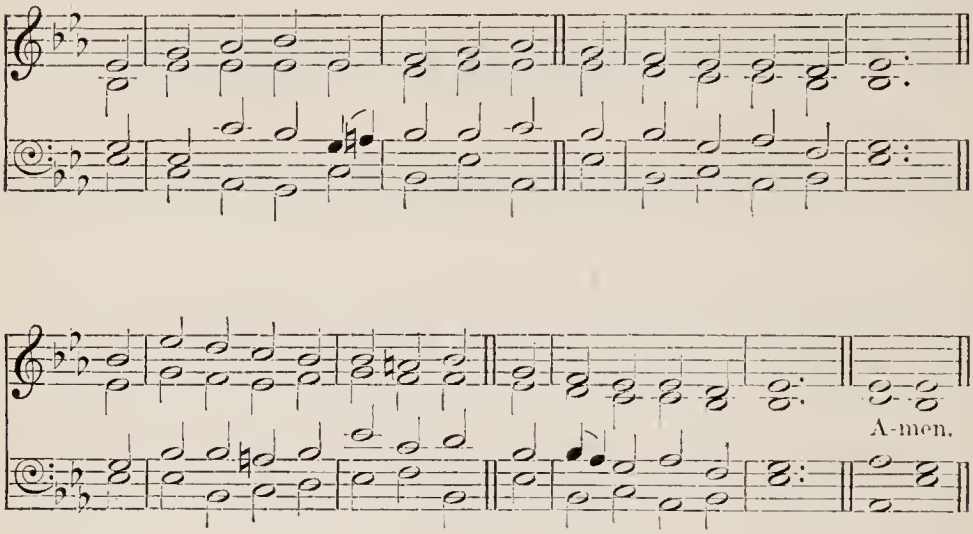
The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;
Through midnight shades thou find'st thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came,
A work of such a curious frame ;
The wonders thou in me hast shown,
My soul with grateful joy must own.

Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That, since this maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If mischief lurks in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

DUNDEE. (C.M.) ♩ = 76. *The el Psalmes*, Edinburgh (1615).



Scottish Psalter (1650). Psalm cxxi.

I TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid.
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps.
Behold, he that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay :
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

The Lord shall keep thy soul ; he shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

PRAISE, MY SOUL.* (8 7. 8 7. 8 7.) ♩ = 76.

Psalm ciii.
Words by HENRY FRANCIS LYTE (1793–1847).
JOHN GOSS (1800–1880).

Unison.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of hea - ven; To his feet thy tri - bute bring;

Organ.

Ran-som'd, heal'd, re - stor'd, for - giv - en, Who like me his praise should sing?

Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise the ev - er - last - ing King!

* If desired, the music of verse 2 may be used for the hymn throughout.

Harmony.

2. Praise him for his grace and fa - vour To our fa - thers in dis - tress;

Praise him, still the same for ev - er, Slow to chide and swift to bless:

Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Glo - rious in his faith - ful - ness.

Trebles only. Slower.

3. Fa-ther - like he tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame he knows;

In his hands he gent - ly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes:

Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Wide - ly as his mer - cy flows.

Harmony.

4. Frail as sum-mer's flower we flou - rish; Blows the wind and it is gone;

But, while mor - tals rise and per - ish, God en - dures un-chang-ing on:

Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise the high e - ter - nal One.

Unison.

5. An - gels, help us to a - dore him; Ye be - hold him face to face;

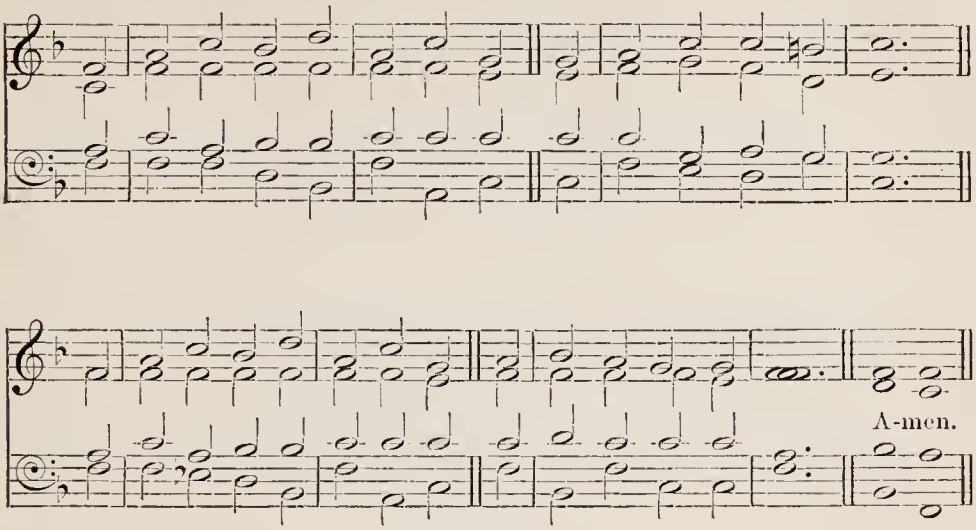
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore him; Dwell-ers all in time and space.

ff

Harmony.

Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise him, Praise with us the God of grace. A - men.

YORK. (C.M.) ♩=72. *The cl Psalmes*, Edinburgh (1615).



JOSEPH DACRE CARLYLE (1758–1804).

LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits pitying see,
And penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

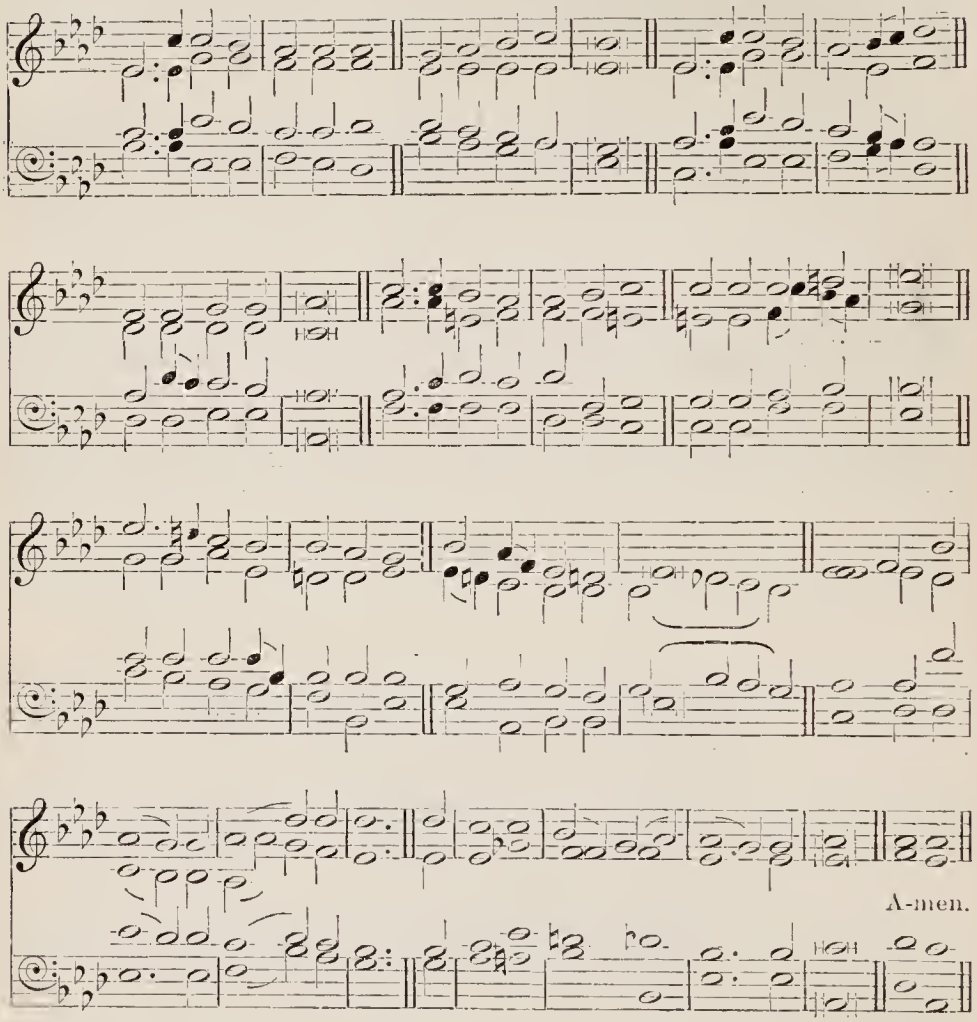
When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

45

INTERCESSION. (7 5. 7 5. D. 8 8.) ♩ = 88.

WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT (1807–1882).
(The last two lines from MENDELSSOHN'S *Elijah*.)



HORATIUS BONAR (1808–1889).

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At thy feet shall fall:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man from his pride
Stoops to seek thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

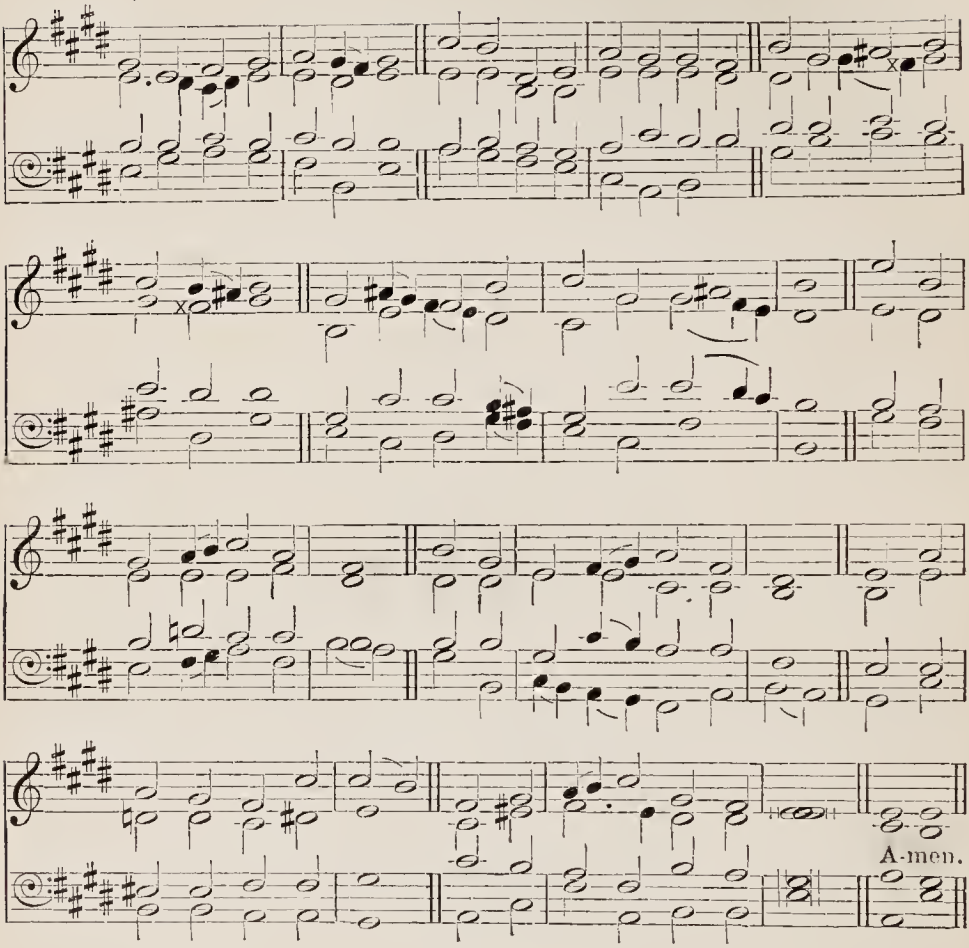
When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end ;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend ;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee ;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to thee :
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

When the man of toil and care,
In the city crowd ;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the Name of God ;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name :
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

When the child, with grave fresh lip,
Youth or maiden fair ;
When the agèd, weak and grey,
Seek thy face in prayer ;
When the widow weeps to thee,
Sad and lone and low ;
When the orphan brings to thee
All his orphan woe :
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan ;
When thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan ;
When thy widowed, weeping Church,
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh—
'Come, Lord Jesus, come' :
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, thy dwelling-place on high.

ARTHUR. (7 8. 7 8. 7 7. 7 7.) ♩ = 84. ERNEST CAMPBELL MACMILLAN (1893-).



ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY (1815–1881).

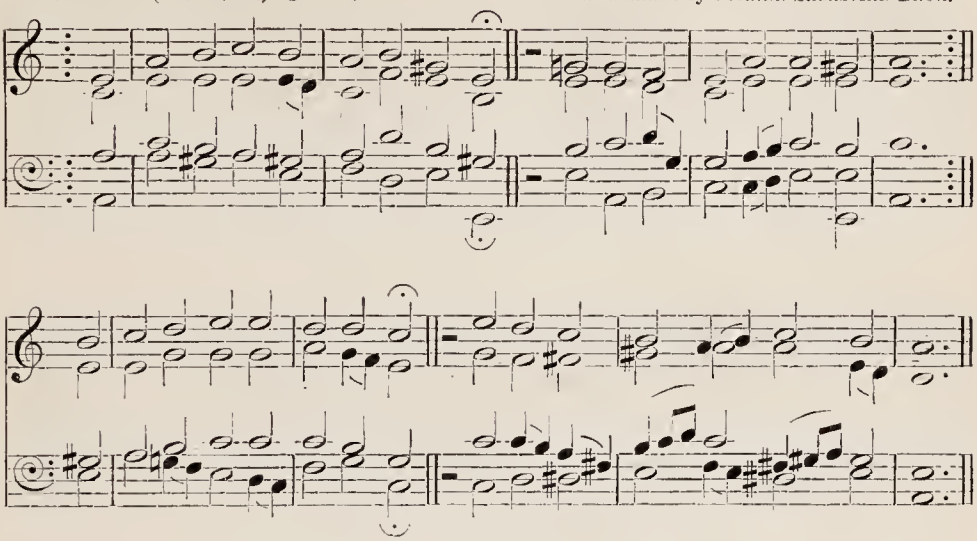
MAKER of the human heart,
Scorn not thou thine own crea-
Onward guide its nobler part, [tion;
Train it for its high vocation:
From the long infected grain
Cleanse and purge each sinful stain;
Kindle with a kindred fire
Every good and great desire!

When in ruin and in gloom
Falls to dust our earthly mansion,
Give us ample verge and room
For the measureless expansion:
Clear our clouded mental sight
To endure thy piercing light;
Open wide our narrow thought
To embrace thee as we ought!

When the shadows melt away,
And the eternal day is breaking,
Judge most just, be thou our stay
In that strange and solemn waking!
Thou, to whom the heart sincere
Is thy best of temples here,
May thy faithfulness and love
Be our long last home above!

NEUMARK. (9 8. 9 8. 8 8.) 𝅗𝅥 = 60.

GEORG NEUMARK (1621–1681).
Harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.



For another version of this chorale see No. 264.

EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE (1821–1891).

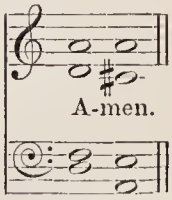
O LORD of hosts, all heaven possessing,
Behold us from thy sapphire throne,
In doubt and darkness dimly guessing,
We might thy glory half have known;
But thou in Christ hast made us thine,
And on us all thy beauties shine.

Illumine all, disciples, teachers,
Thy law's deep wonders to unfold;
With reverent hand let wisdom's preachers
Bring forth their treasures, new and old;
Let oldest, youngest, find in thee
Of truth and love the boundless sea.

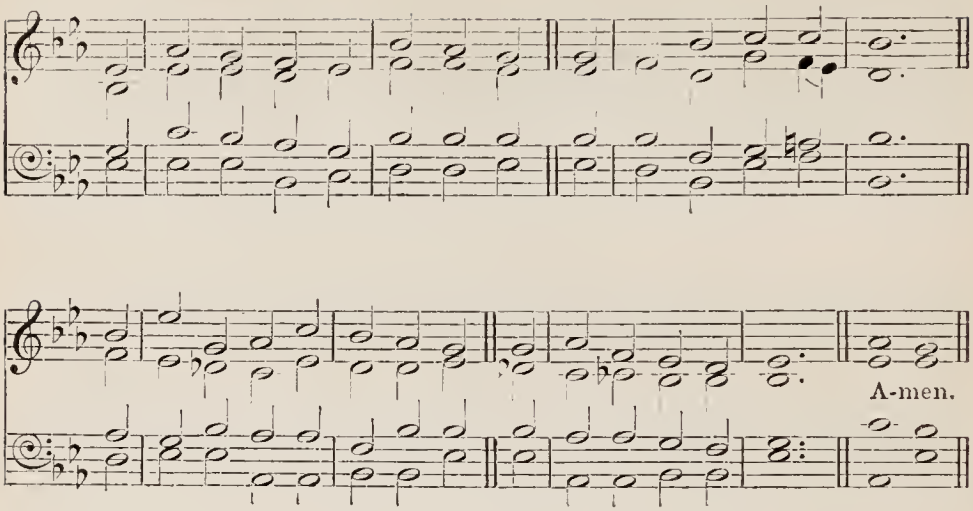
Let faith still light the lamp of science,
And knowledge pass from truth to truth;
And wisdom, in its full reliance,
Renew the primal awe of youth;
So holier, wiser, may we grow,
As time's swift currents onward flow.

Grant us, O Lord! in patience gleaning,
Thy truths in memory's shrine to store;
Reveal to us each secret meaning
Of all thy Word's divinest lore;
When round us mists of evening rise,
Shine thou upon our wistful eyes.

Bind thou our life in fullest union
With all thy saints from sin set free;
Uphold us in that blest communion
Of all thy saints on earth with thee;
Keep thou our souls, or there, or here,
In mightiest love, that casts out fear.



ST. FRANCES. (C.M.) ♩ = 88. GEORGE AUGUSTUS LÖHR (1821–1897).



FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE (1824–1897).

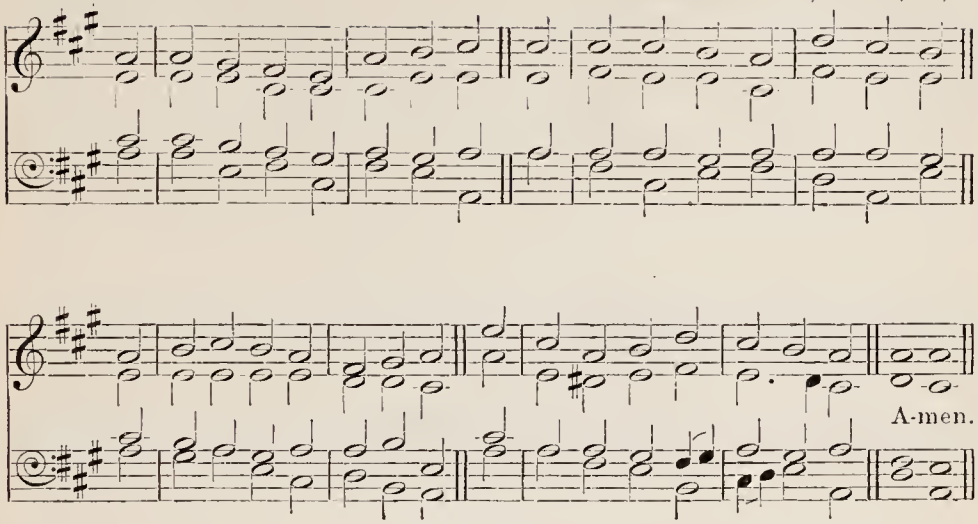
O THOU, who as our knowledge grows,
In this world's latter days,
The more thou seemst to clear the sky,
The more dost hide thy face.

As fears of change, and fears of doubt,
Unnerve the o'er-wrought mind,
Enfeebled 'mid its added strength,
'Mid all its seeing blind :

The wider wisdom thou hast given
Yet is not wholly gain ;
The truer vision scathes our sight ;
We cannot see thee plain.

Enlarge our hearts and purge our eyes
To bear thy nearer light ;
The world's young ignorance is o'er ;
Make us to know thee right.

OLD 100TH. (L.M.) ♩ = 66. *Pseaumes octante trois*, Geneva (1551).



For another version see No. 2.

ISAAC WATTS (1674–1748).
Altd. by JOHN WESLEY (1703–1791). Psalm c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.

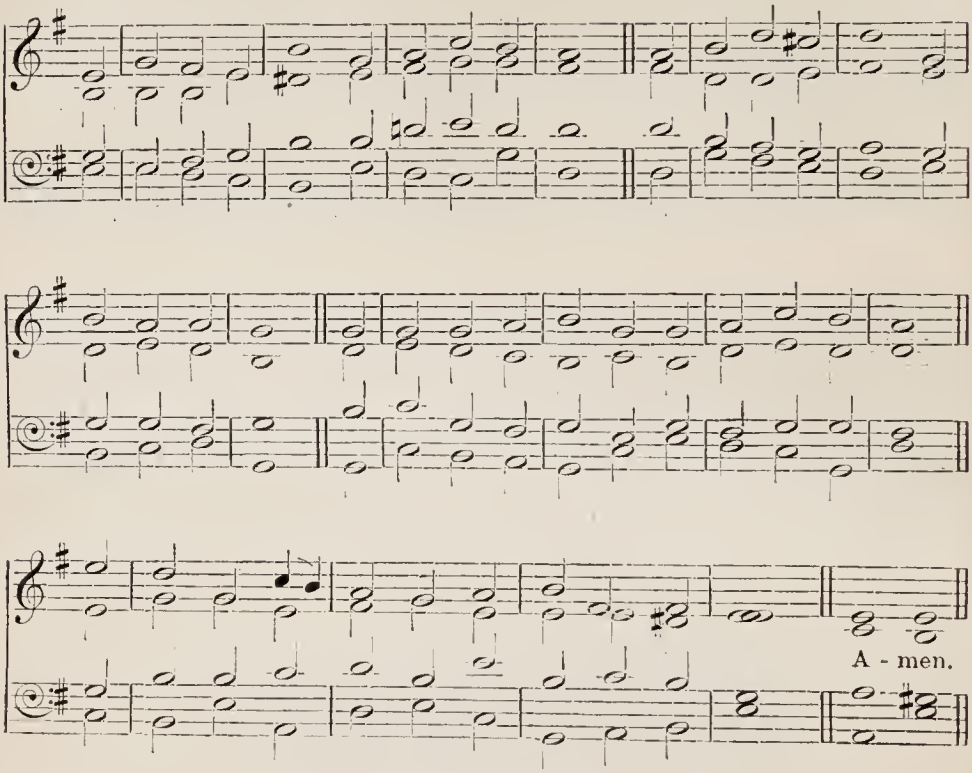
His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And, when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

RAVENSCROFT'S 104TH. (10 10, 11 11.) ♩ = 80.

RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalmes* (1621).
Modern form of melody.
Set by H. E. WOOLDRIDGE.



See also HANOVER, No. 55.

Yattendon Hymnal, No. 63. Psalm civ.

MY soul, praise the Lord !
O God, thou art great :
In fathomless works
Thyself thou dost hide.
Before thy dark wisdom
And power uncreate,
Man's mind, that dare praise thee,
In fear must abide.

This earth where we dwell,
That journeys in space,
With air as a robe
Thou wrappest around :
Her countries she turneth
To greet the sun's face,
Then plungeth to slumber
In darkness profound.

All seemeth so sure,
Yet nought doth remain :
Unending their change
Obeys thy decree.
The valleys of ocean
Stand up a dry plain,
Thou whelmest the mountains
Beneath the deep sea.

The clouds gather rain
And melt o'er the land,
Then back to the sun
Are drawn by his shine :
Whereby the corn springeth
Through toil of man's hand,
And vineyards that gladden
His heart with good wine.

All beasts of the field
Rejoice in their life ;
Among the tall trees
Are light birds on wing ;
With strains of their music
The woodlands are rife ;
They nest in thick branches
And welcome sweet spring.

Lo, there is thy sea,
Whose bosom below
With creatures doth teem,
Scaled fishes and finned.
Above, the ships laden
With merchandise go,
Nor fear the wild waters,
Nor rage of rude wind.

O God, thou art great !
No greatness I see,
Except thee alone,
Thy praise to record.
On all thy works musing
My pleasure shall be :
My joy shall be singing
'My soul, praise the Lord !'

DUKE STREET. (L.M.) ♩ = 100. JOHN HATTON (d. 1793).

A - men.

Scottish Psalter (1650). Psalm cxlv. 1-7.

O LORD, thou art my God and King;
Thee will I magnify and praise:
I will thee bless, and gladly sing
Unto thy holy name always.

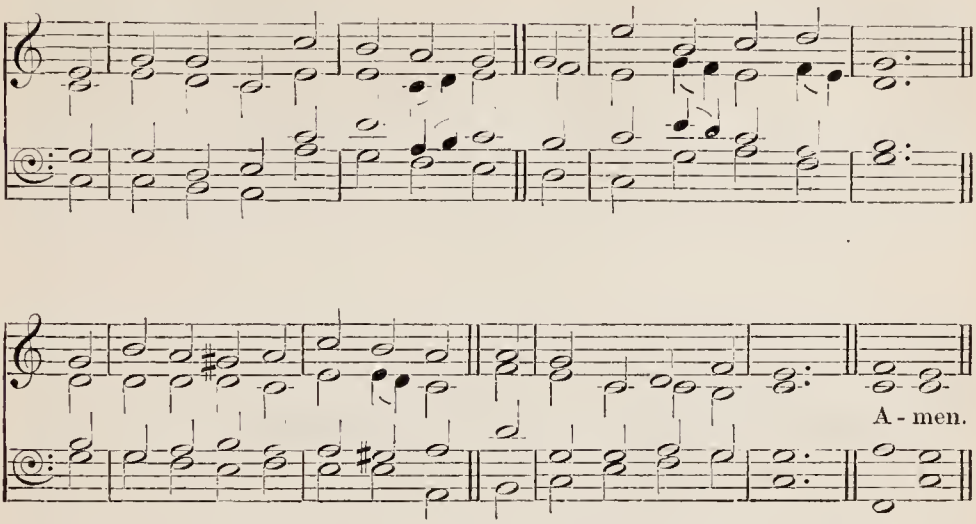
Each day I rise I will thee bless,
And praise thy name time without end.
Much to be praised, and great God is;
His greatness none can comprehend.

Race shall thy works praise unto race,
The mighty acts show done by thee.
I will speak of the glorious grace,
And honour of thy majesty;

Thy wondrous works I will record.
By men the might shall be extolled
Of all thy dreadful acts, O Lord:
And I thy greatness will unfold.

They utter shall abundantly
The memory of thy goodness great;
And shall sing praises cheerfully,
Whilst they thy righteousness relate.

WESTMINSTER. (C.M.) ♩ = 80. JAMES TURLE (1802–1882).



FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814–1863).

MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless [power,
And awful purity!

Oh, how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling [hope,
And penitential tears!

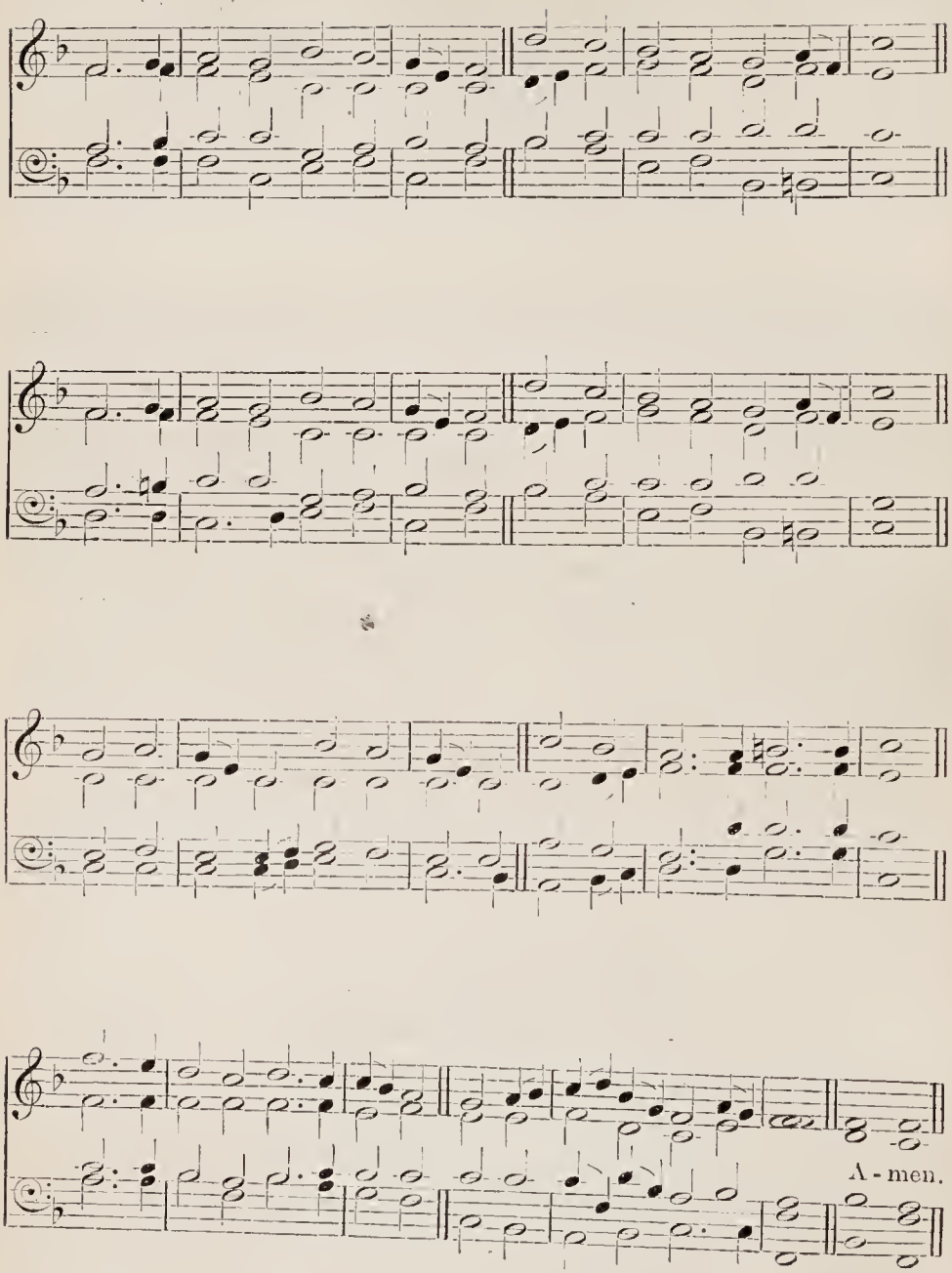
Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me thy sinful child.

Father of Jesus, love's reward,
What rapture will it be
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee.

53

AUSTRIA. (8 7. 8 7. D.) 𝅗𝅥 = 84. FRANZ JOSEF HAYDN (1732–1809).



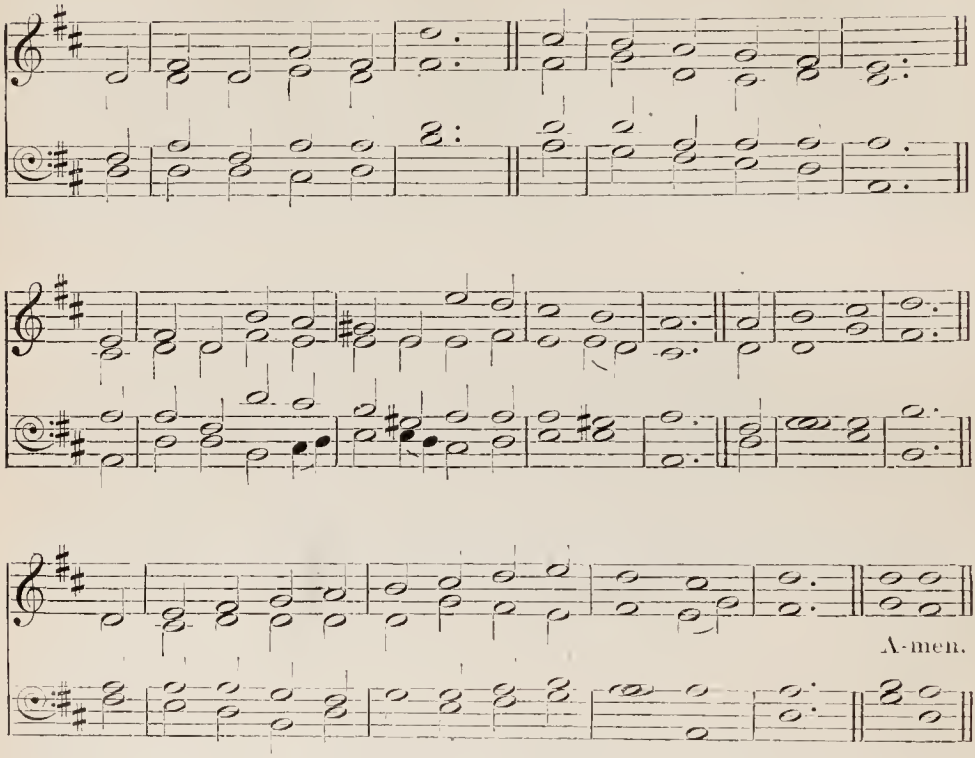
ANON (1801). Psalm cxlviii.

PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance hath he made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

(FIRST TUNE)

DARWALL'S 148TH. (6 6. 6 6. 8 8.) ♩ = 96. JOHN DARWALL (1731–1789).



RICHARD BAXTER (1615–1691) and
RICHARD ROBERT CHOPE (1830–).

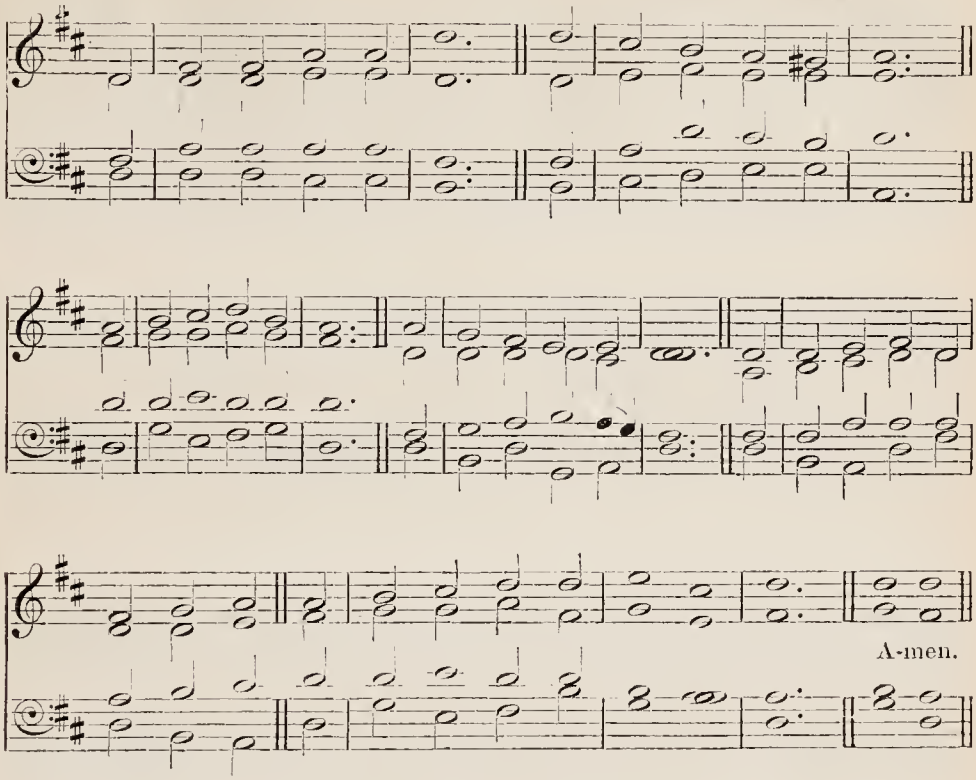
YE holy Angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command,
Assist our song,
For else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
God's praises sound,
As in his light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

54

(SECOND TUNE)

ST. JOHN. (6 6. 6 6. 8 8.) ♩ = 104. *Congregational Church Music* (1853).

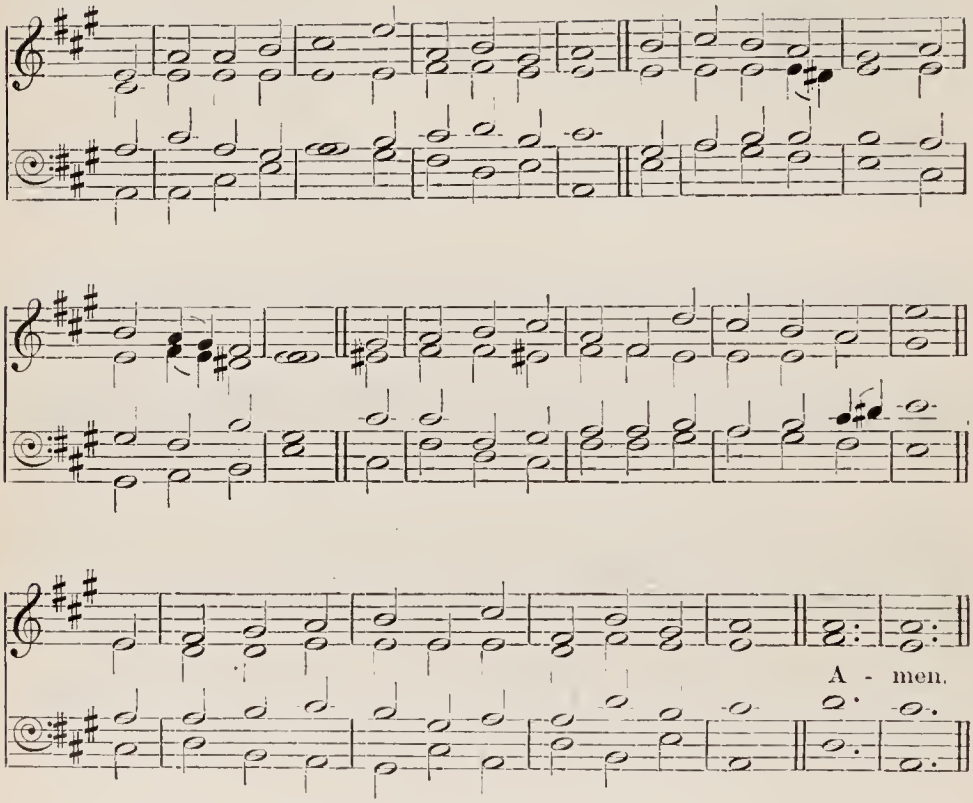


Ye saints, who toil below,
  Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
  Some joyful anthem sing ;
    Take what he gives
      And praise him still,
      Through good or ill,
    Who ever lives !

My soul, bear thou thy part,
  Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
  Sing thou the songs of love :
    Let all thy days
      Till life shall end,
      Whate'er he send,
    Be filled with praise !

55

HANOVER. (10 10, 11 11.) ♩ = 76. (FIRST TUNE) WILLIAM CROFT (1678-1727).



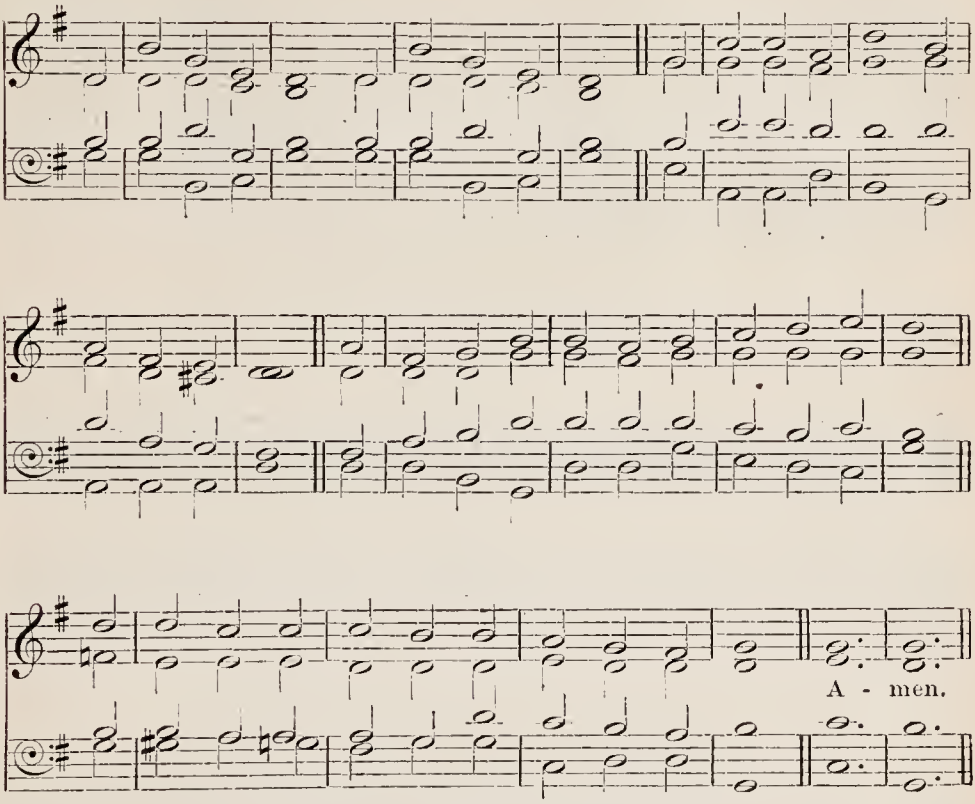
WILLIAM KETHE (d. c. 1608) and
ROBERT GRANT (1785-1838). Psalm civ.

OH worship the King, all-glorious above ;
Oh gratefully sing his power and his love ;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour, and girded with praise.

Oh tell of his might, oh sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

HOUGHTON. (10 10, 11 11.) 𝅗𝅥 = 92. (SECOND TUNE) HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT (1805-1876).



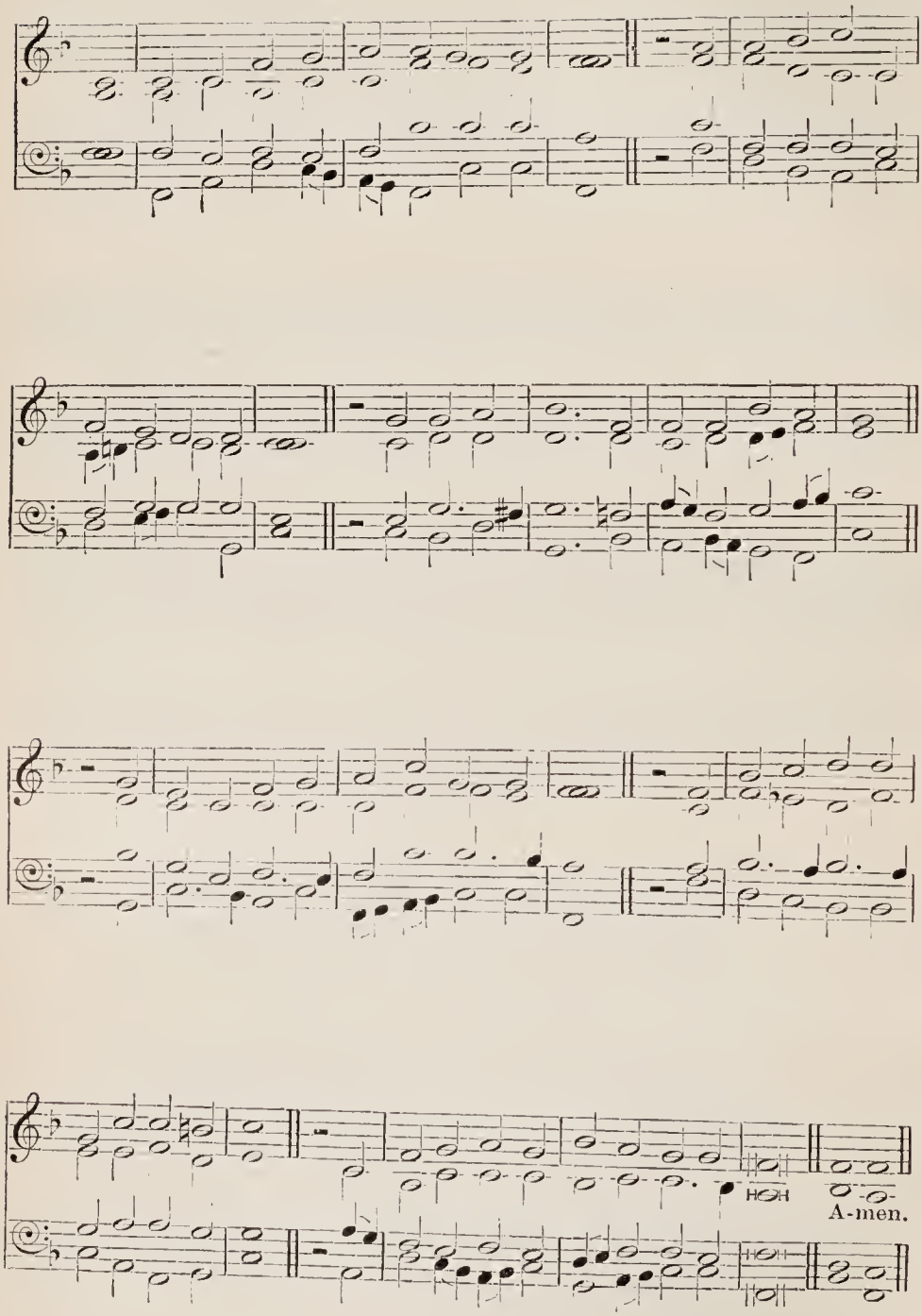
See also RAVENSCROFT'S 104TH, No. 50.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail ;
Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless Might, ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

SONG I. (10 10. 10 10. 10 10.) 𝅗𝅥 = 86. ORLANDO GIBBONS (1583-1625).



JOHN WHITE CHADWICK (1840–1904).

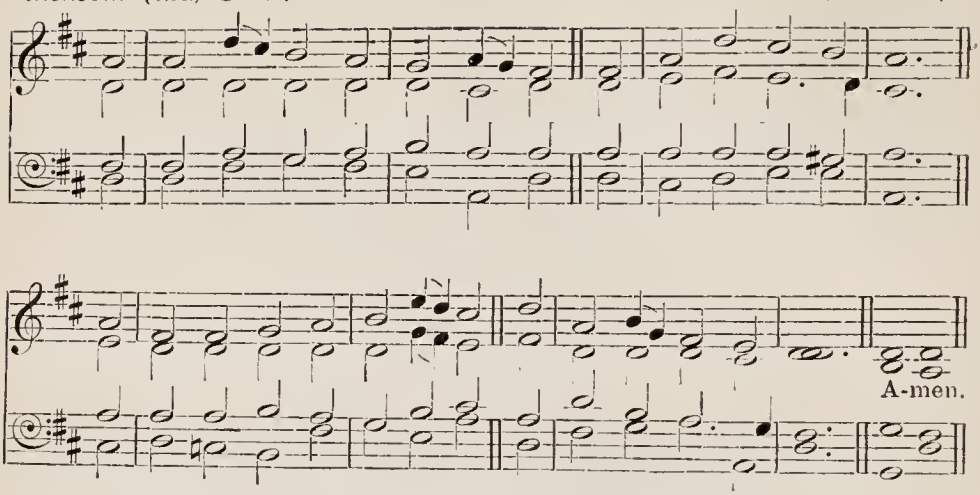
ETERNAL Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way ;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
  Into the glory of the perfect day ;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

We are of thee, the children of thy love,
  The brothers of thy well-belovèd Son ;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove
  Into our hearts, that we may be as one :
As one with thee, to whom we ever tend ;
As one with him, our Brother and our Friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
  One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
  One with the grief that trembleth into prayer,
One in the power that makes the children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

Oh clothe us with thy heavenly armour, Lord,
  Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine ;
Our inspiration be thy constant word ;
  We ask no victories that are not thine :
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be ;
Enough to know that we are serving thee.

JACKSON. (C.M.) ♩ = 76. THOMAS JACKSON (c. 1715–1781).



See also KILMARNOCK, No. 67.

Scottish Psalter (1650). Psalm ciii. 1–10.

O THOU my soul, bless God the Lord ;
And all that in me is
Be stirrèd up his holy name
To magnify and bless.

Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all his graeious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

All thine iniquities who doth
Most graeiously forgive :
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death may'st not go down ;
Who thee with lovingkindness doth
And tender mereies erown :

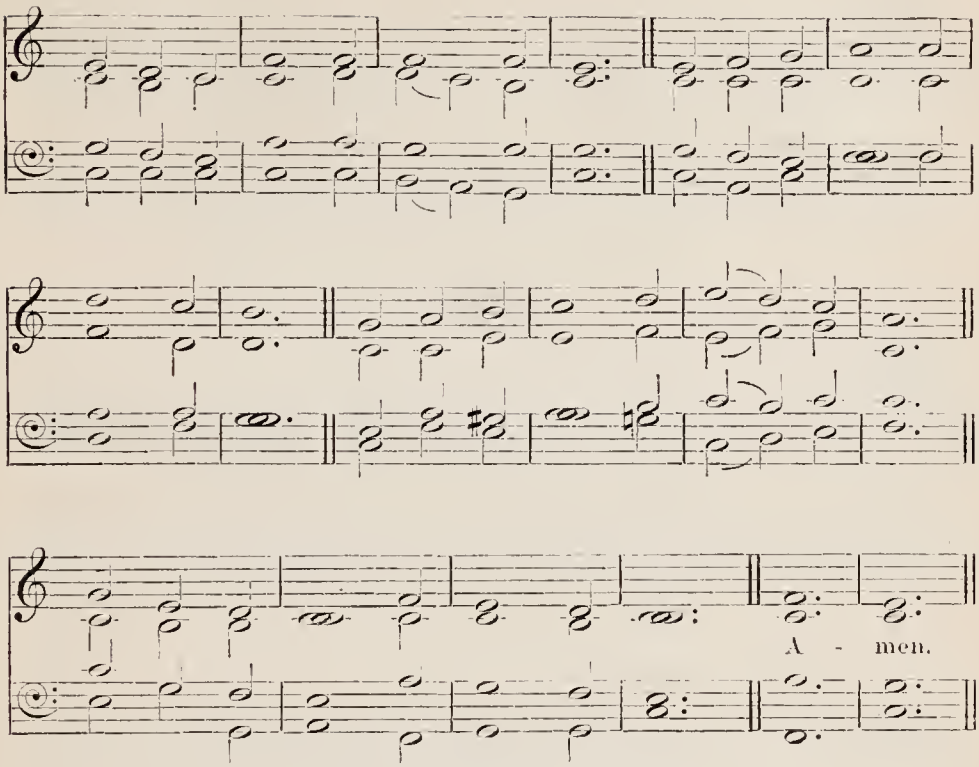
Who with abundanee of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth ;
So that, even as the eagle's age,
Renewèd is thy youth.

God righteous judgement exeeutes
For all oppressèd ones.
His ways to Moses, he his aets
Made known to Israel's sons.

The Lord is of eompassion full,
And graeious he is found ;
To anger he is very slow,
In merey doth abound.

He will not ehide eontinually,
Nor keep his anger still.
With us he dealt not as we sinned,
Nor did requite our ill.

OMBERSLEY. (L.M.) ♩ = 96. WILLIAM HENRY GLADSTONE (1840–1891).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

See also GALILEE, No. 115.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809–1894).

LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

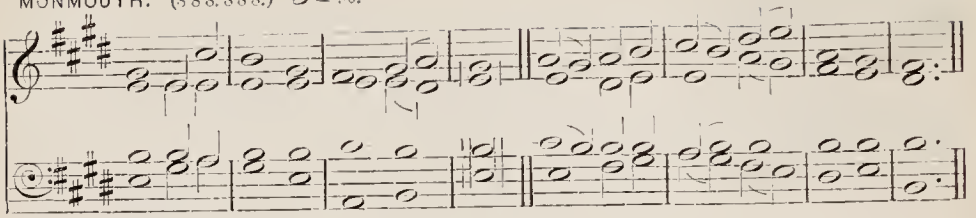
Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn,
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn,
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

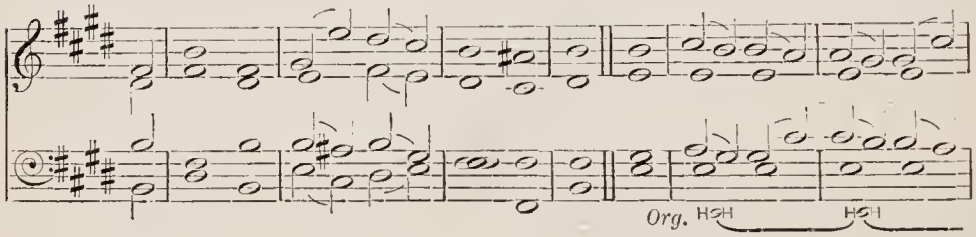
Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

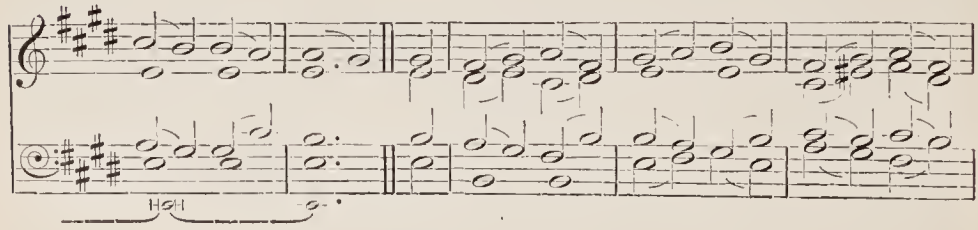
Grant us thy truth to make us free
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

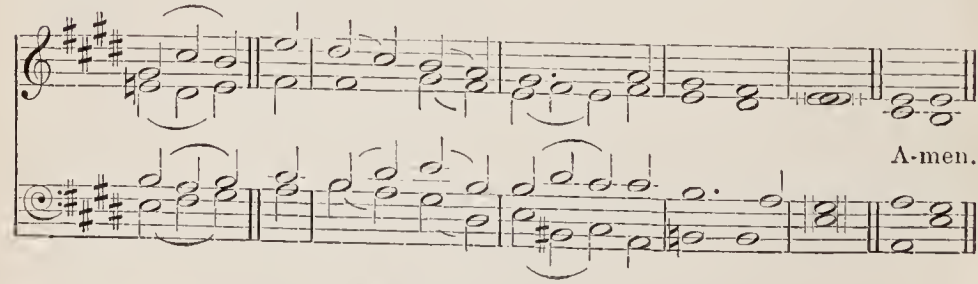
MONMOUTH. (8 8 8. 8 8 8.) ♩ = 96.

G. DAVIS (c. 1800).









See also LUCERNE, No. 180.

Isaac Watts (1674–1748).

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
  Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
  Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ! He made the sky
  And earth and seas, with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
  And none shall find his promise vain.

The Lord pours eyesight on the blind ;
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
  He sends the labouring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
  And grants the prisoner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
  Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
  Or immortality endures.

60

(FIRST TUNE)

MONKLAND. (77.77.) 𝅗𝅥 = 92.

Origin unknown.
Arranged by JOHN B. WILKES (1861).

Semi-Chorus.

Full Chorus.

A-men.

NOTE.—*The whole of the first and last verses should be sung by full chorus, the others as above.*

(SECOND TUNE)

ALCESTER. (77.77.) 𝅗𝅥 = 96.

Harm. by SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810-1876).

A-men.

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674). Psalm cxxxvi.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of Gods he is the God :

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazèd heaven and earth to shake :

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state :

Who did the solid earth ordain,
To rise above the watery plain :

Who by his all-commanding might
Did fill the new-made world with light :

And caused the golden-tressèd sun
All the day long his course to run :

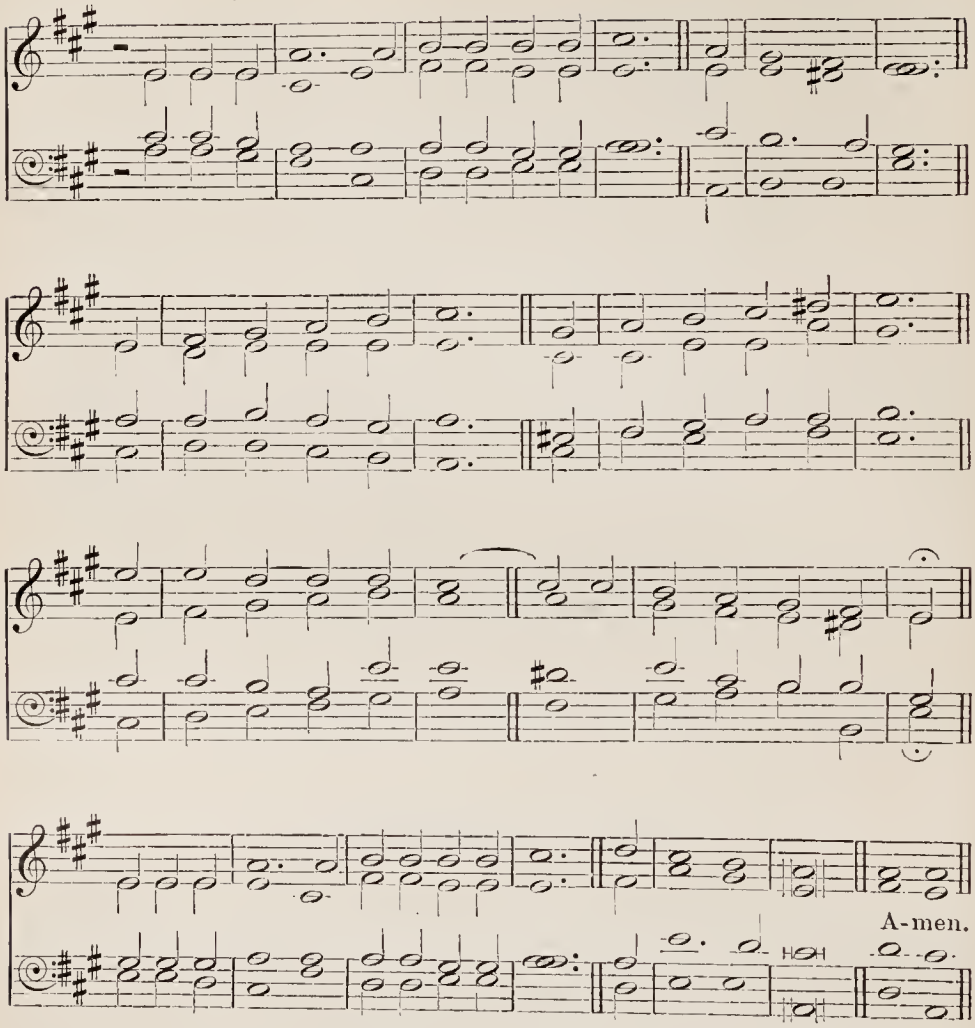
The hornèd moon to shine by night
Amongst her spangled sisters bright :

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need :

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth :

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye :
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

UNDIQUE GLORIA. (10 4. 6 6 6 6. 10 4.) ♩ = 92. GEORGE JOB ELVEY (1816–1893).

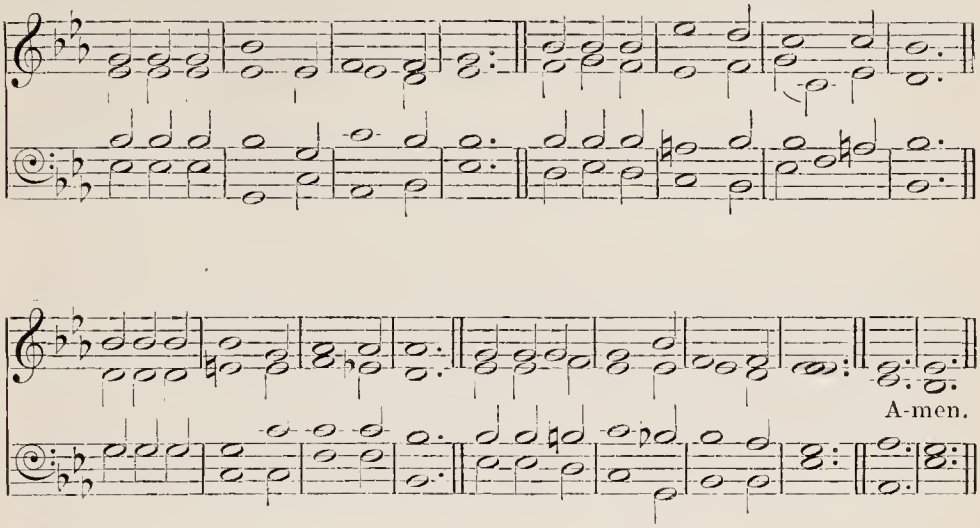


GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1632).

LET all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The heavens are not too high;
His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low;
His praises there may grow.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The Church with psalms must shout;
No door can keep them out:
But, above all, the heart
Must bear the longest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

ST. CRISPIN. (L.M.) ♩ = 92. GEORGE JOB ELVEY (1816-1893).



JOHN STERLING (1806-1844).

O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea !
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in thee.

We shrink beneath thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood :
We know thee truly but in this,—
That thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well !

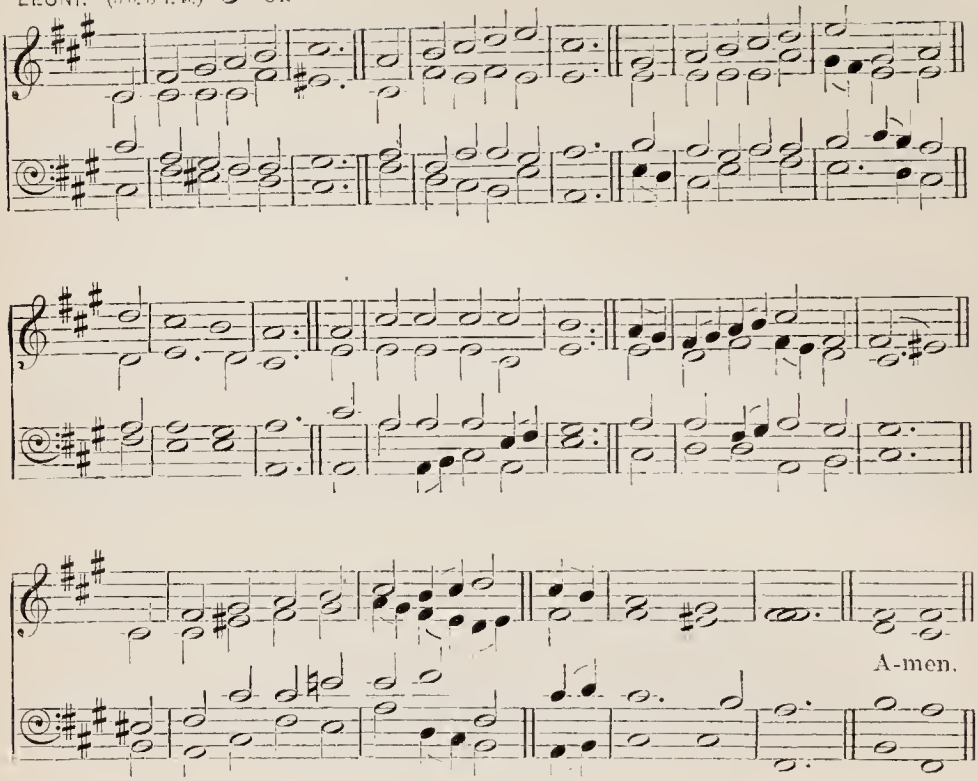
Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide ;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tones of reverent awe ;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

63

(FIRST TUNE)

LEONI. (6.6.8.4.D.) ♩ = 84. Hebrew Melody (c. 1770).



THOMAS OLIVERS (1725-1799).

A Christian paraphrase of the Hebrew Yigdal or doxology.

THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah! Great I AM!
By earth and heaven confessed,
I bow and bless the sacred name
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand.
I all on earth forsake—
Its wisdom, fame, and power—
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

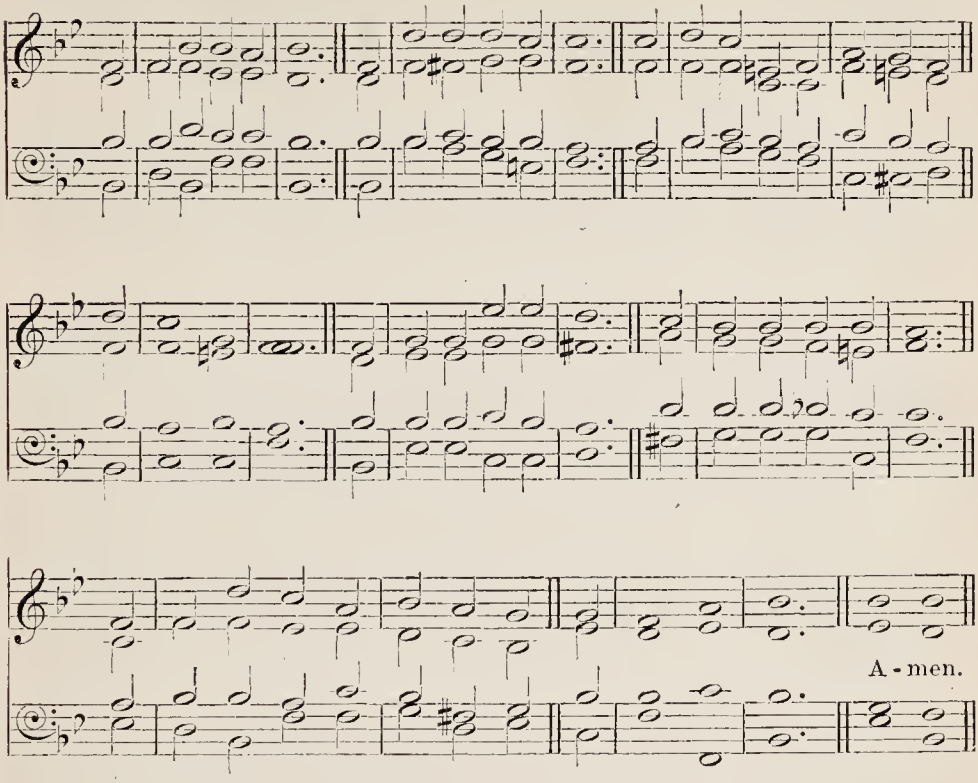
The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways.
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God;
And he shall save me to the end
Through Jesus' blood.

He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend:
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

63

(SECOND TUNE)

HARVINGTON. (6 6. 8 4. D.) ♩ = 96. C. E. KETTLE (1833–).



Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At his command;
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound,
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'
They ever cry.
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH.
(D.C.M. and Coda.) ♩ = 84.

Psalm xxiv. 7-10, *Scottish Psalter* (1650).
ANDREW MITCHELL THOMSON (1778-1831).

1. Ye gates, lift up your heads on high; Ye doors that last for aye,
2. Ye gates, lift up your heads on high; Ye doors that last for aye,

Be lift - ed up, that so the King Of glo - ry en - ter may.
Be lift - ed up, that so the King Of glo - ry en - ter may.

But who of glo - ry is the king? The migh - ty Lord is this;
But who is he that is the king Of glo - ry? who is this?

Even that same Lord that great in might And strong in bat - tle is—
The Lord of hosts, and none but he The King of glo - ry is—

Even that same Lord that great in might And strong in bat - tle is.
The Lord of hosts, and none but he The King of glo - ry is.

CODA.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

rit.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, A - - - men.

LAUS DEO. (12 13. 12 10.) 𝅗𝅥 = 100. ERNEST CAMPBELL MACMILLAN (1893-).

A - men.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT (1840-).

BRING, O morn, thy music! bring, O night, thy silence!
Oceans, chant the rapture to the storm-clouds coursing free!
Sun and stars are singing,—thou art our Creator,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

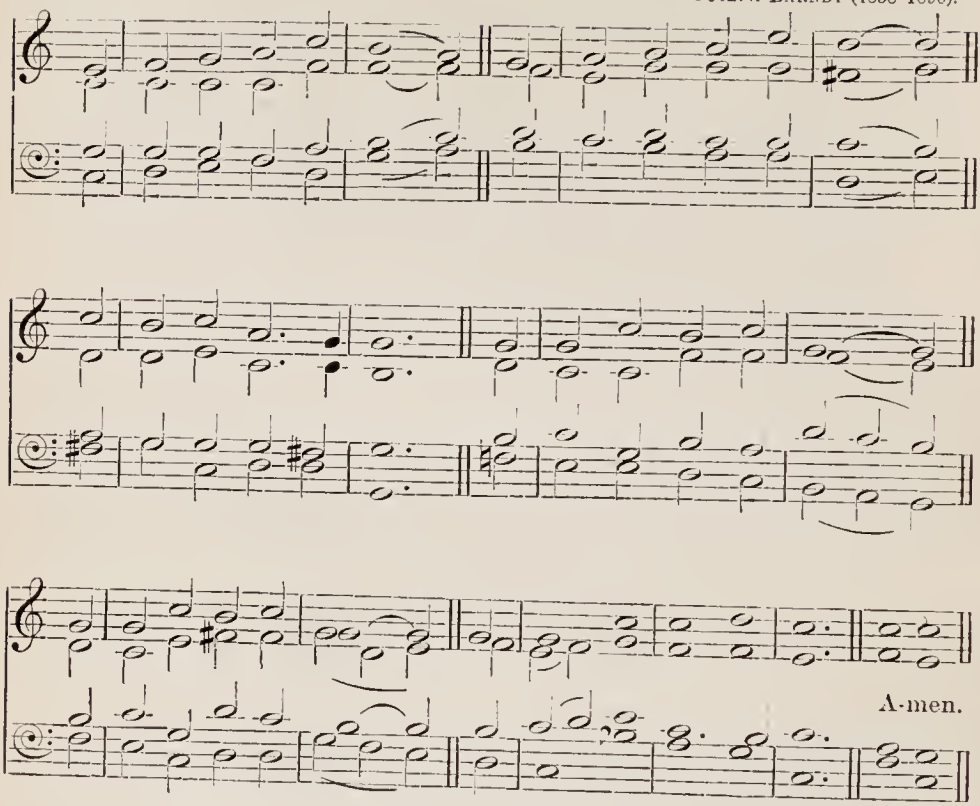
Life and death, thy creatures, praise thee, Mighty Giver!
Praise and prayer are rising in thy beast and bird and tree;
Lo! they praise and vanish, vanish at thy bidding,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Light us! lead us! love us! cry thy groping nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues, but calling only thee,
Weaving blindly out thy holy, happy purpose,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life nor death can part us, O thou Love eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and wayward souls that flee!
Homeward draws the spirit to thy Spirit yearning,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

LAUDES DOMINI. (666.666.) ♩ = 104.

JOSEPH BARNBY (1838–1896).



EDWARD CASWALL (1814–1878).
From the German (*c.* 1800?).

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair;
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

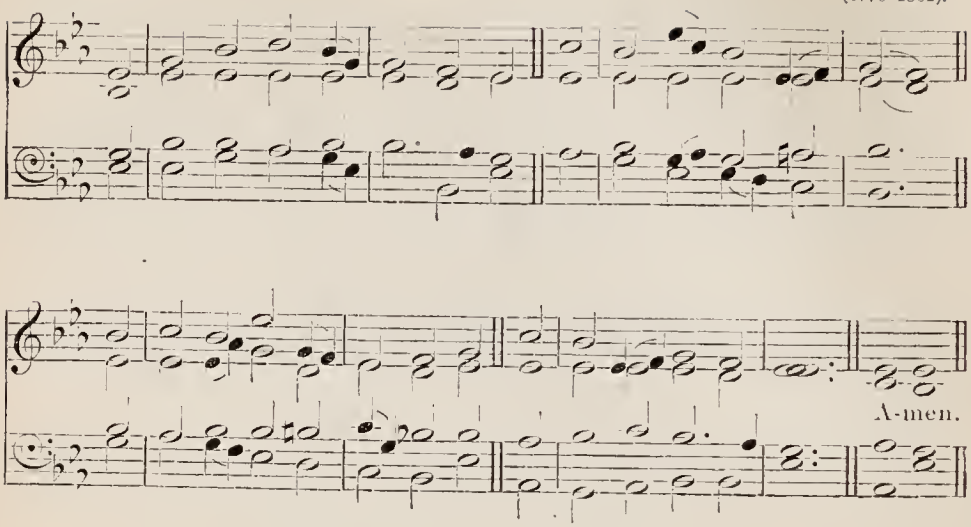
In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
The powers of darkness fear
When this sweet chant they hear,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

To God, the Word, on high,
The host of angels cry,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise;
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

KILMARNOCK. (C.M.) ♩ = 72. NEIL DOUGALL (1776–1862).



'JOHN KNOX'S' *Psalter* (1564). Psalm ciij. 13–18.

AND looke what pitie parents deare,
vnto their children beare:
Like pitie bear'th the Lord to such,
as worship him in feare.

The Lord that made vs know'th our shape,
our mould and fashion iust:
How weake and fraile our nature is,
and how we are but dust,

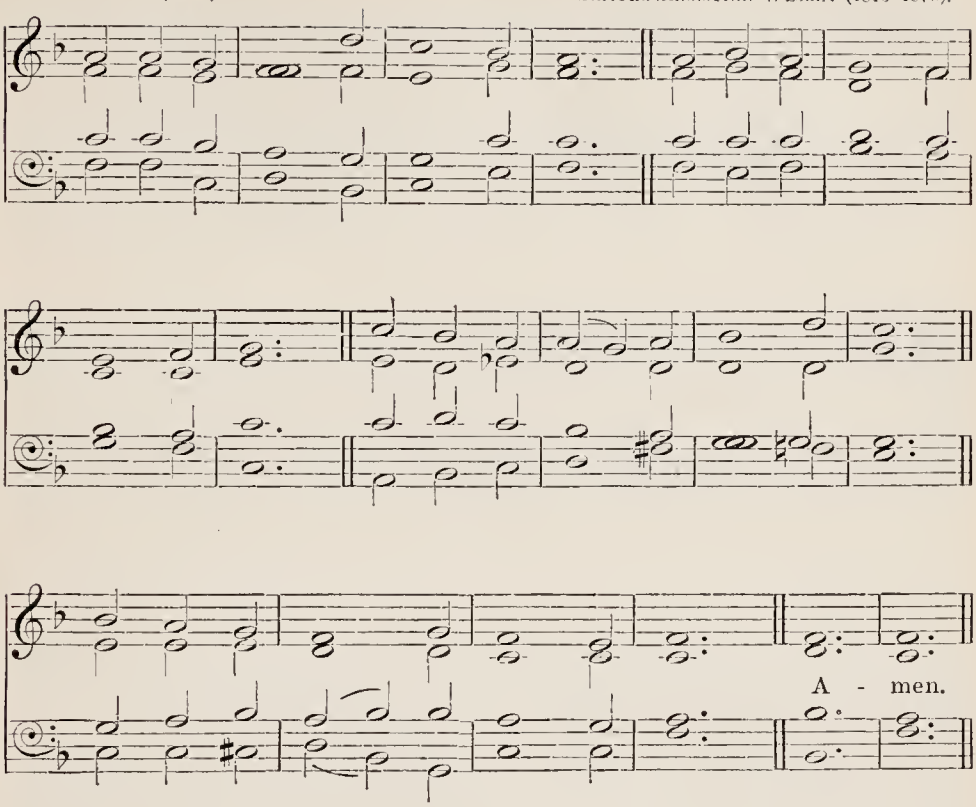
And how the time of mortall men,
is like the withering hay,
Or like the flowre right faire on field,
that fad'th full soone away,

Whose glose and beautie stormie winds
doe vtterlie disgrace,
And mak'th that after their assaults,
such blossoms haue no place.

But yet the goodnesse of the Lord,
with his shall euer stand:
Their childrens children doe receiue,
his righteousnesse at hand,

I meane who keepe his Couenant,
with all their whole desire,
And not forget to doe the thing,
that he doth them require.

WINSCOTT. (L.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810-1876).



WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS (1823-1880).

ONE Lord there is, all lords above;
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

But ah! to Wrong, what is his name?
This Lord is a consuming flame
To every wrong beneath the sun:
He is one Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame!

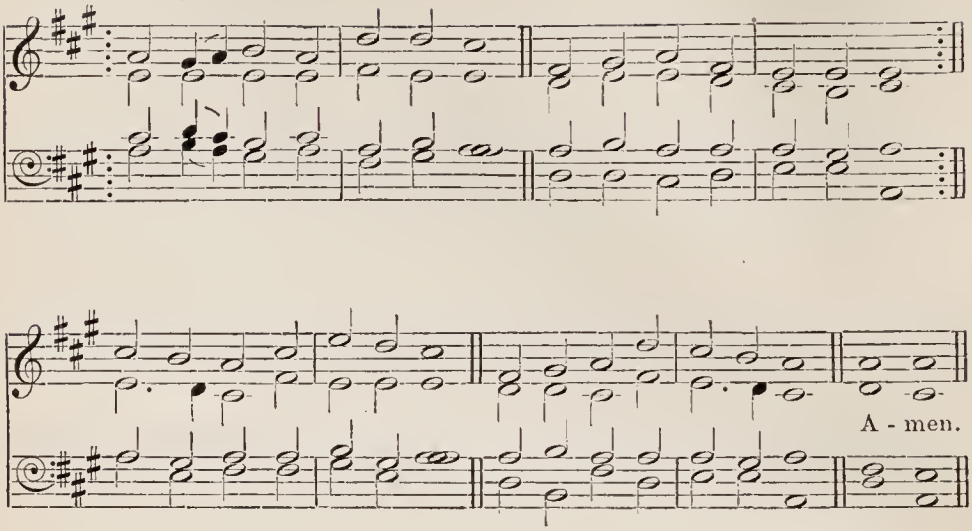
Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me?

If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies;
With things that harm, and things that hate;
And roam by night, and miss the gate—

The happy gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with an Everlasting Name.

69

DIX. (77.77.77.) ♩ = 96. CONRAD KOCHER (1786–1872).



FOLLIOTT SANDFORD PIERPOINT (1835–).

FOR the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Father, unto thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree, and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Father, unto thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

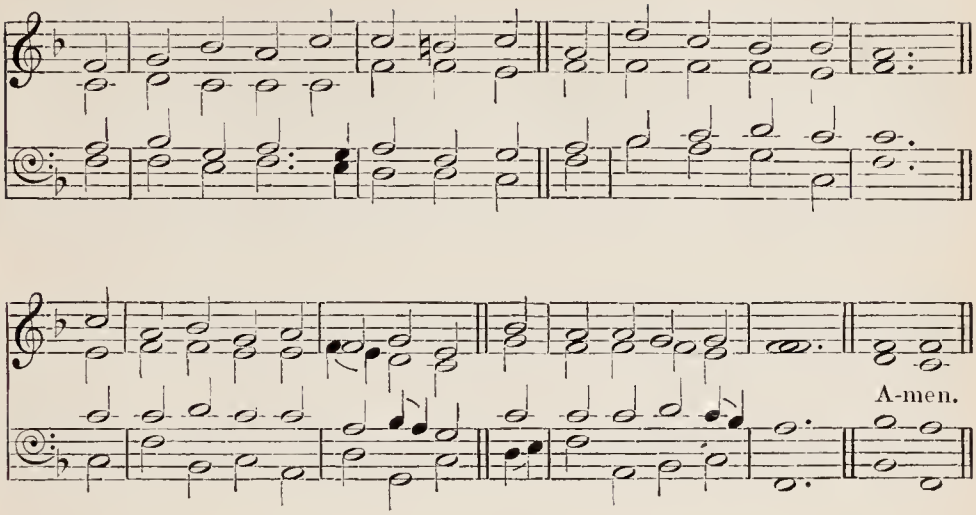
For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Father, unto thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,
Father, unto thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For each perfect gift of thine,
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth, and buds of heaven,
Father, unto thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

For thy Church that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Its pure sacrifice of love,
Father, unto thee we raise
This our sacrifice of praise.

SALISBURY. (C.M.) ♩ = 76. RAVENSCROFT'S *Psalmes* (1621).



ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796). Psalm xc. 1–6.

O THOU, the first, the greatest Friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at thy command;

That pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

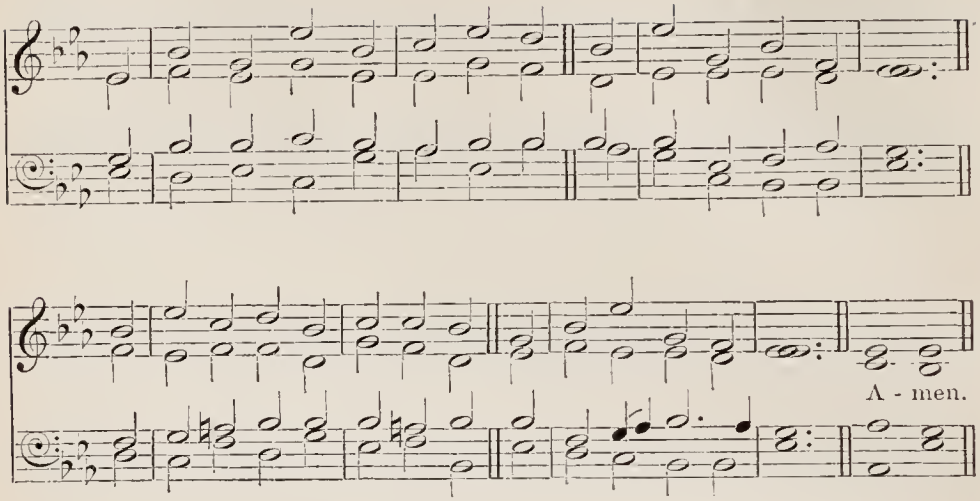
Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that 's past.

Thou giv'st the word; thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies,
All wither'd and decay'd.

LONDON NEW. (C.M.) ♩ = 80. *Psalmes*, Edinburgh (1635).



WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800).

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

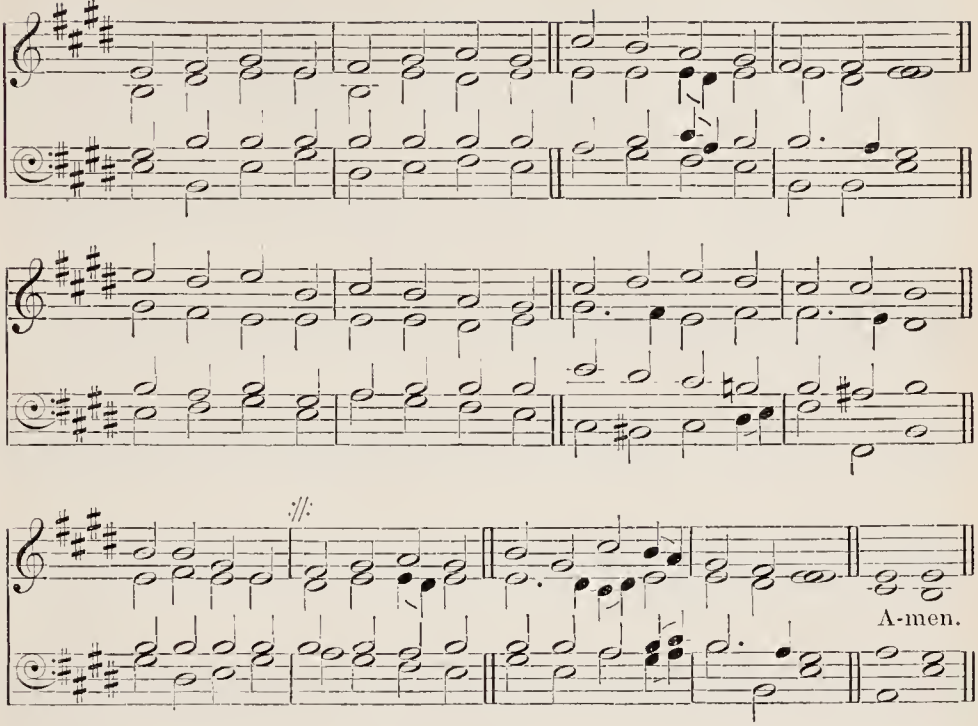
Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

ST. THOMAS. (S 7. S 7. S 7.) ♩ = 76. J. F. WADE'S *Cantus Diversi* (1751).



GEORGE RAWSON (1807–1889). Psalm xcix.

GOD the Lord is King—before him
Earth, with all thy nations, wait!
Where the cherubim adore him,
Sitteth he in royal state:
He is holy;
Blessèd, only Potentate!

God the Lord is King of glory,
Zion, tell the world his fame;
Ancient Israel, the story
Of his faithfulness proclaim:
He is holy;
Holy is his awful name.

In old times when dangers darkened,
When, invoked by priest and seer,
To his people's cry he hearkened;
Answered them in all their fear:
He is holy; [near.
As they called, they found him

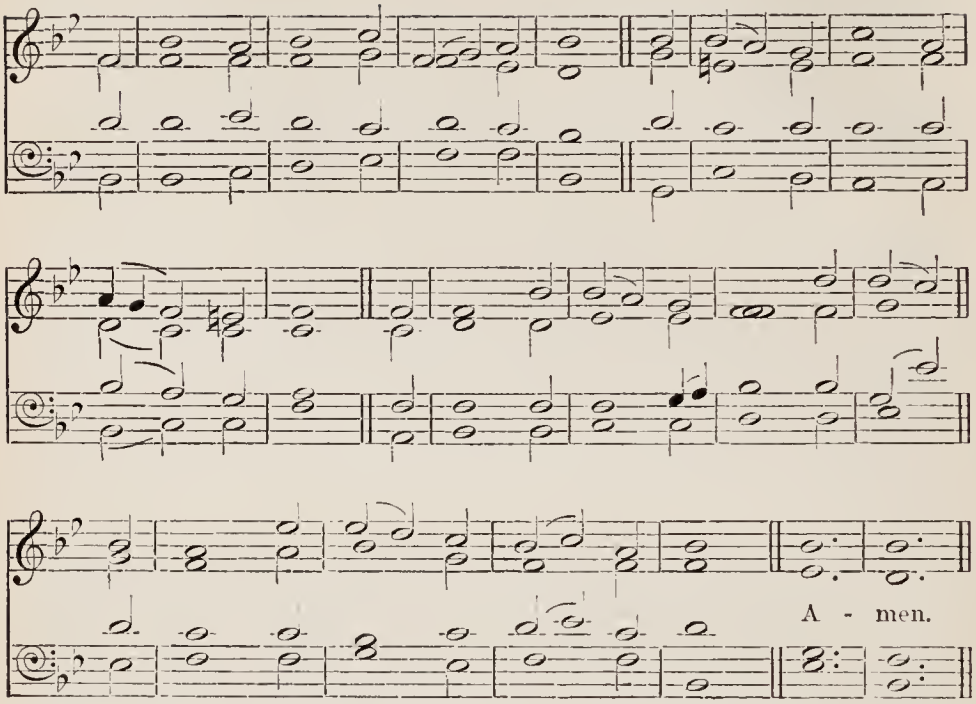
Laws divine to them were spoken
From the pillar of the cloud;
Sacred precepts, quickly broken!
Fiercely then his vengeance flowed:
He is holy; [bowed.
To the dust their hearts were

But their Father God forgave them
When they sought his face once more;
Ever ready was to save them,
Tenderly did he restore:
He is holy;
We, too, will his grace implore.

God in Christ is all forgiving,
Waits his mercy to fulfil:
Come, exalt him, all the living;
Come, ascend his Zion still!
He is holy;
Worship at his holy hill.

73

WALTON. (L.M.) ♂ = 84. WILLIAM GARDINER'S *Sacred Melodies* (1815).



JOSIAH CONDER (1789-1855).

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice:
From world to world the joy shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

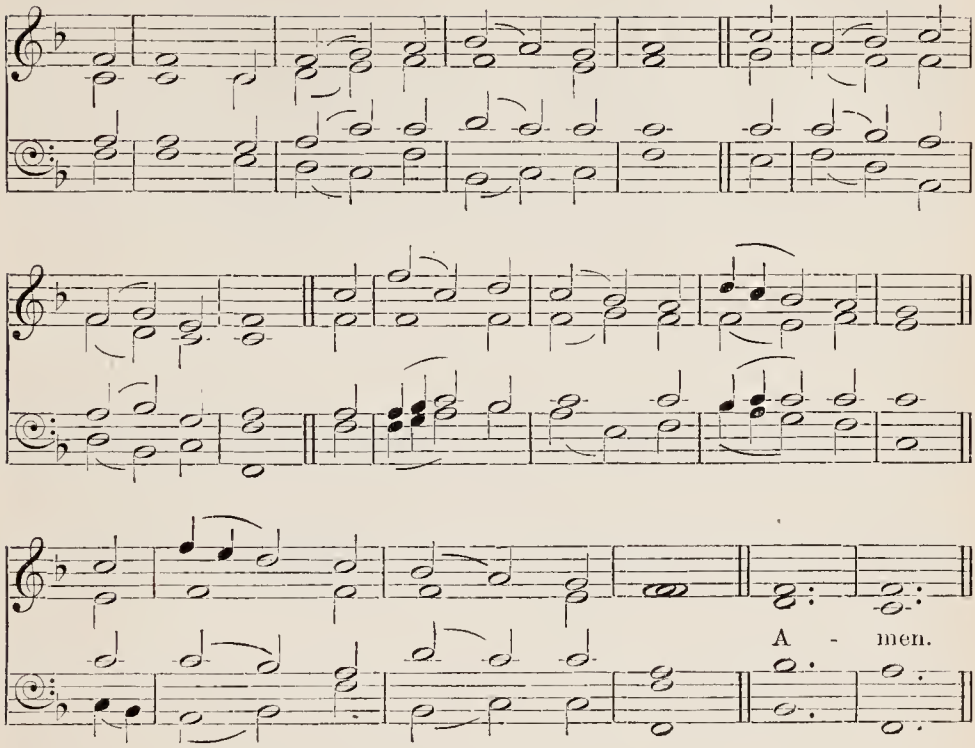
Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Alike pervaded by his eye,
All parts of his dominion lie:
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And the thin boundary between.

One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns,—and life and death are yours.
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

IRISH. (C.M.) ♂ = 80.

From *A Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems*, Dublin (1749).



ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748) *altered.*

SUPREME in wisdom as in power
The Rock of Ages stands;
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of his hands.

He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart,
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

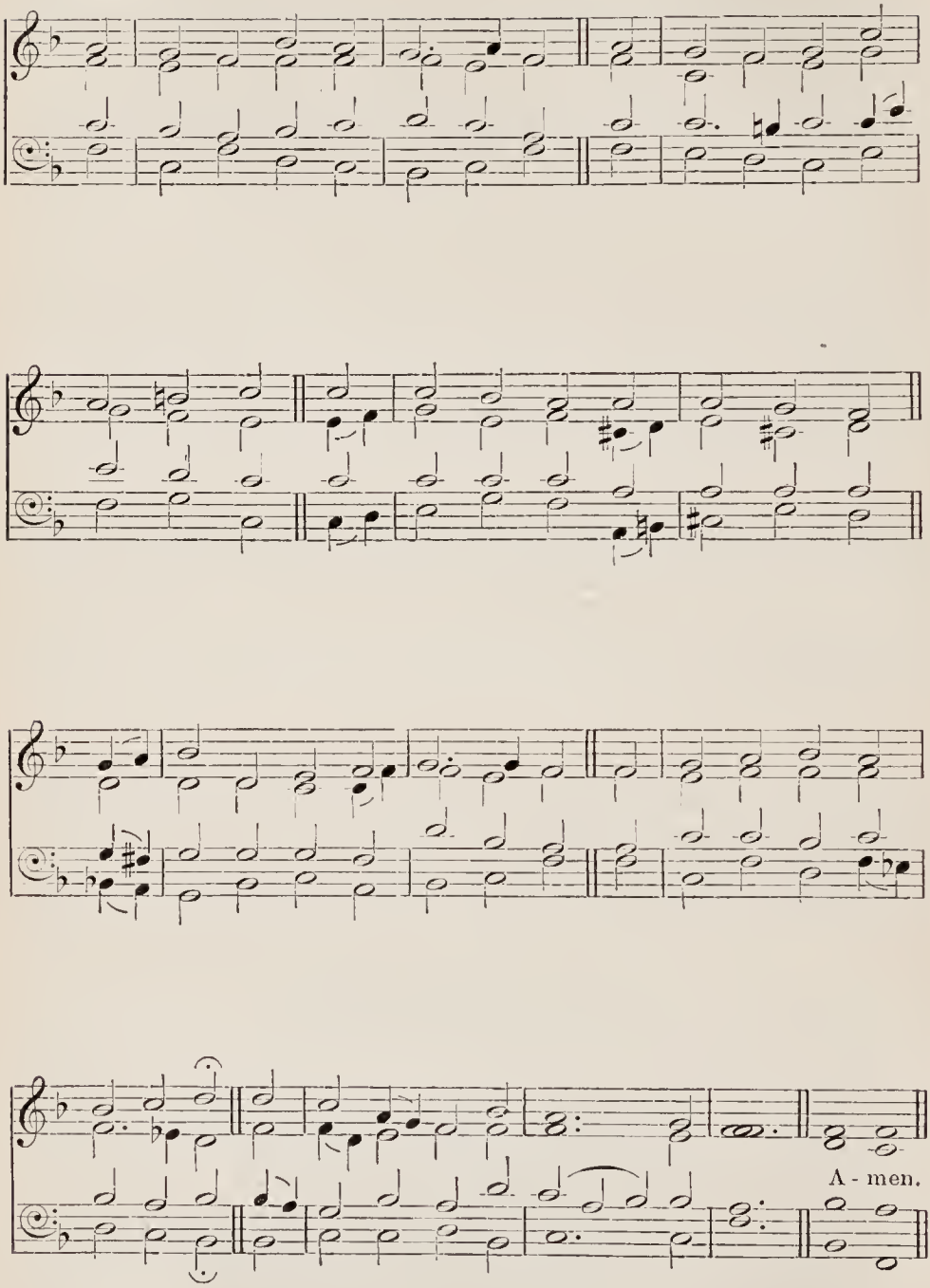
Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love,
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

75

ST. MATTHIAS. (88.88.88.) ♩ = 84. WILLIAM HENRY MONK (1823-1889).



EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE (1821–1891).

O LIGHT! whose beams illumine all
From twilight dawn to perfect day,
Shine thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray;
At morn and eve thy radiance pour,
That youth may love, and age adore.

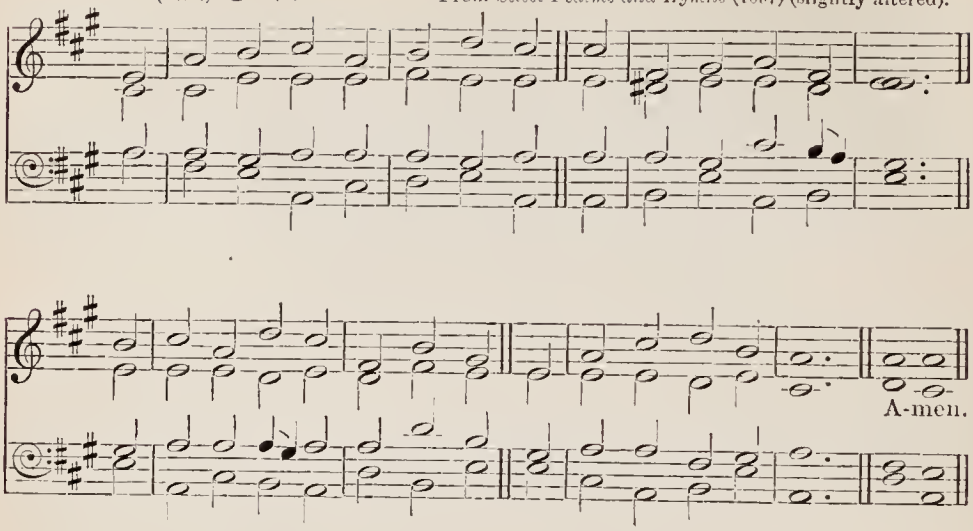
O Way! through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace.
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease;
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, through thee.

O Truth! before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,
To thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the poor and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn thou our darkness into light.

O Life! the well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless, what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme, what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be thou our Conqueror over death.

ST. JAMES. (C.M.) ♩ = 76.

RAPHAEL COURTEVILLE (d. 1772).
From *Select Psalms and Hymns* (1697) (slightly altered).



GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE (1799–1859).

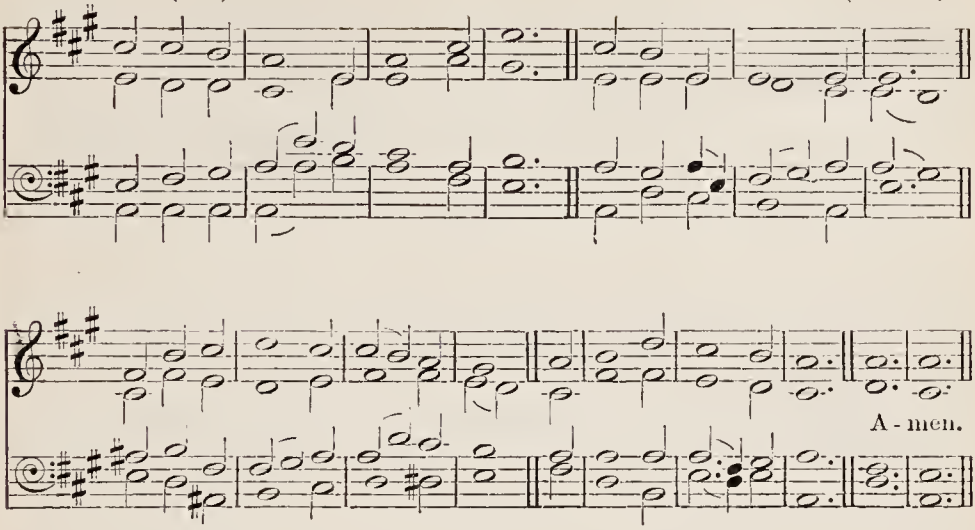
THOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
Whose joys eternal flow.

GERONTIUS. (C.M.) ♩ = 92. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823-1876).



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890).

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

Oh loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

Oh wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

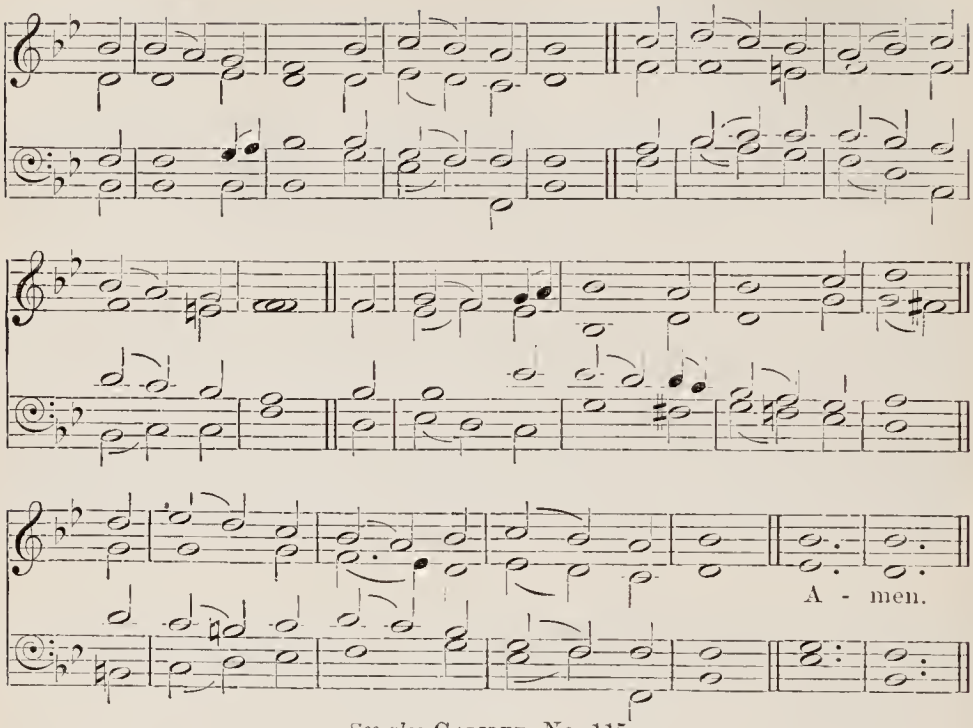
And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's presence and his very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

Oh generous love! that he who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise,
In all his words most wonderful,
Most sure in all his ways.

WAREHAM. (L.M.) ♩ = 88. WILLIAM KNAPP (1698–1768).



See also GALILEE, No. 115.

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809–1892).

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how:
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

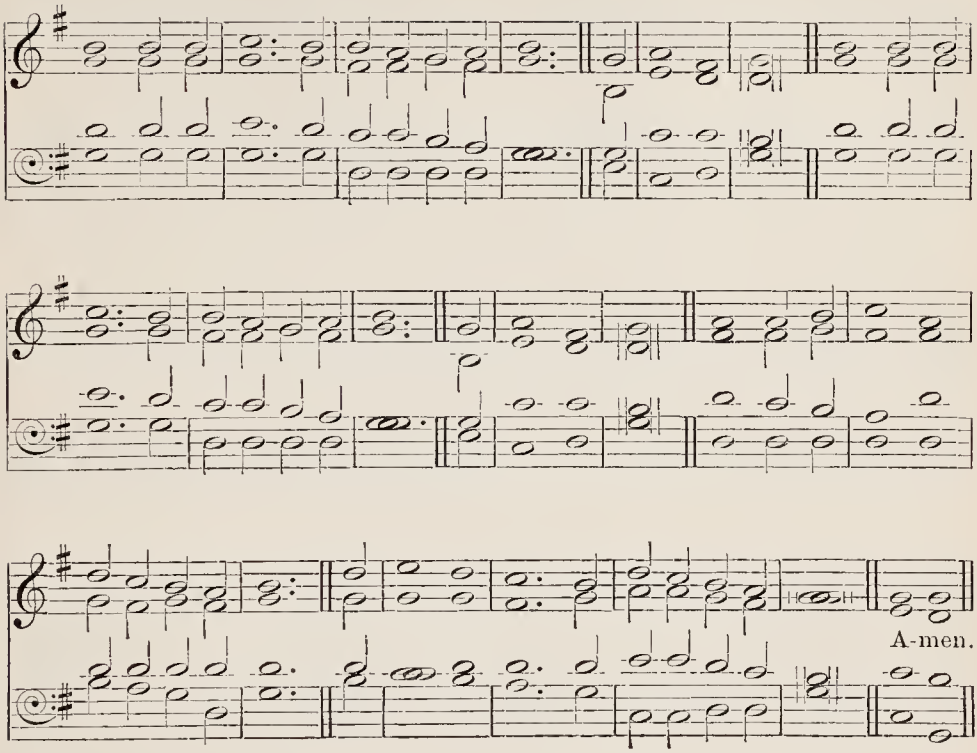
Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster: we are fools and slight,
We mock thee when we do not fear:
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain world to bear thy light.

SANDON. (10 4. 10 4. 10 10.) ♩ = 96. CHARLES HENRY PURDAY (1799–1885).



DUKE OF ARGYLL (1845–). Psalm cxxi.

UNTO the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes,
Oh whence for me shall my salvation come,
From whence arise ?
From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,
From God the Lord, who heaven and earth hath made.

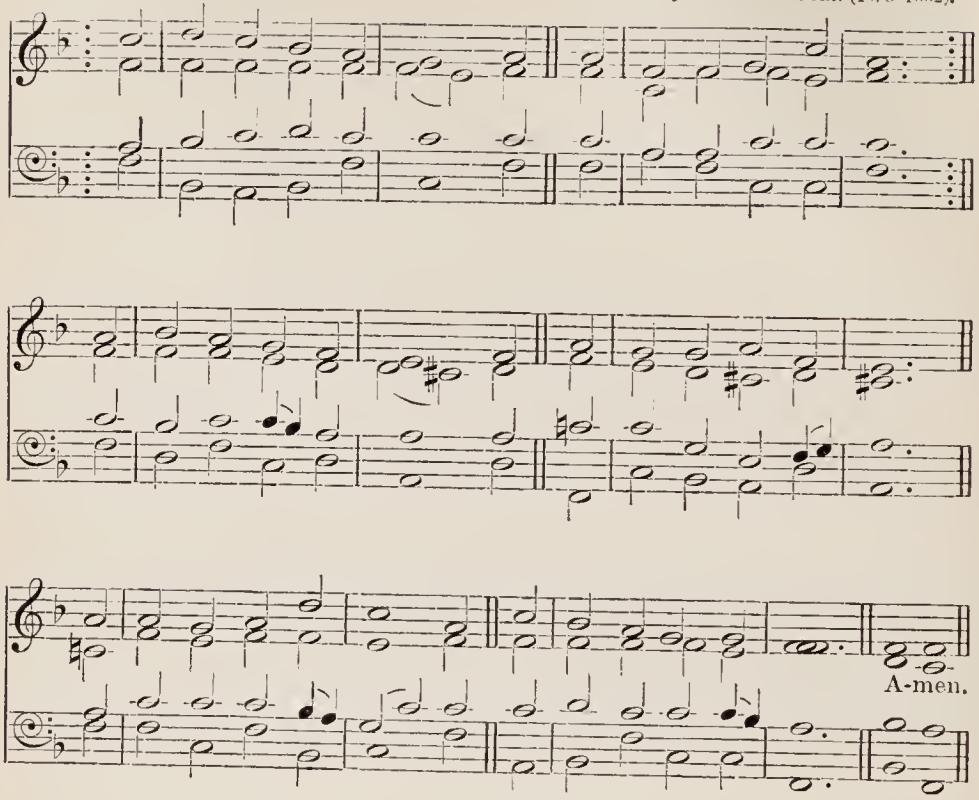
He will not suffer that thy foot be moved :
Safe shalt thou be.
No careless slumber shall his eyelids close,
Who keepeth thee.
Behold, he sleepeth not, he slumbereth ne'er,
Who keepeth Israel in his holy care.

Jehovah is himself thy keeper true ;
Thy changeless shade ;
Jehovah evermore on thy right hand
Himself hath made.
And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.

From every evil shall he keep thy soul,
From every sin :
Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,
Thy coming in.
Above thee watching, he whom we adore
Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore.

CRÜGER. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 80.

Adapted by WILLIAM HENRY MONK from a Chorale by JOHANN CRÜGER (1598-1662).



JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854). Psalm lxxii.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;

To give them songs for sighing,
  Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
  Were precious in his sight.

He shall come down like showers
  Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
  Spring in his path to birth :
Before him on the mountains
  Shall peace the herald go ;
And righteousness in fountains
  From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
  To him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
  His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion
  Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
  In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before him,
  And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore him,
  His praise all people sing ;
To him shall prayer unceasing
  And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
  A kingdom without end.

O'er every foe victorious,
  He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
  All-blessing and all-blest :
The tide of time shall never
  His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
  That name to us is Love.

CORDE NATUS. (87.87.877.) Plainsong Melody (12th cent.).

To be sung in unison in free time.

A-men.

AURELIUS CLEMENS PRUDENTIUS (348-413).
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE (1818-1866).

CORDE NATUS EX PARENTIS.

OF the Father sole begotten,
Ere the worlds began to be,
He the Alpha and Omega,
He the source, the ending he,
Of the things that are, that have been,
And that future years shall see,
Evermore and evermore.

He is here, whom seers in old time
  Chanted of, while ages ran ;
Whom the writings of the prophets
  Promised since the world began :
Then foretold, now manifested
  To receive the praise of man
    Evermore and evermore.

Oh that ever-blessèd birthday,
  When the Virgin, full of grace,
Of the Holy Ghost incarnate
  Bare the Saviour of our race ;
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
  First displayed his sacred face,
    Evermore and evermore.

Praise him, O ye heavens of heavens !
  Praise him, angels in the height !
Every Power and every Virtue
  Sing the praise of God aright :
Let no tongue of man be silent,
  Let each heart and voice unite,
    Evermore and evermore.

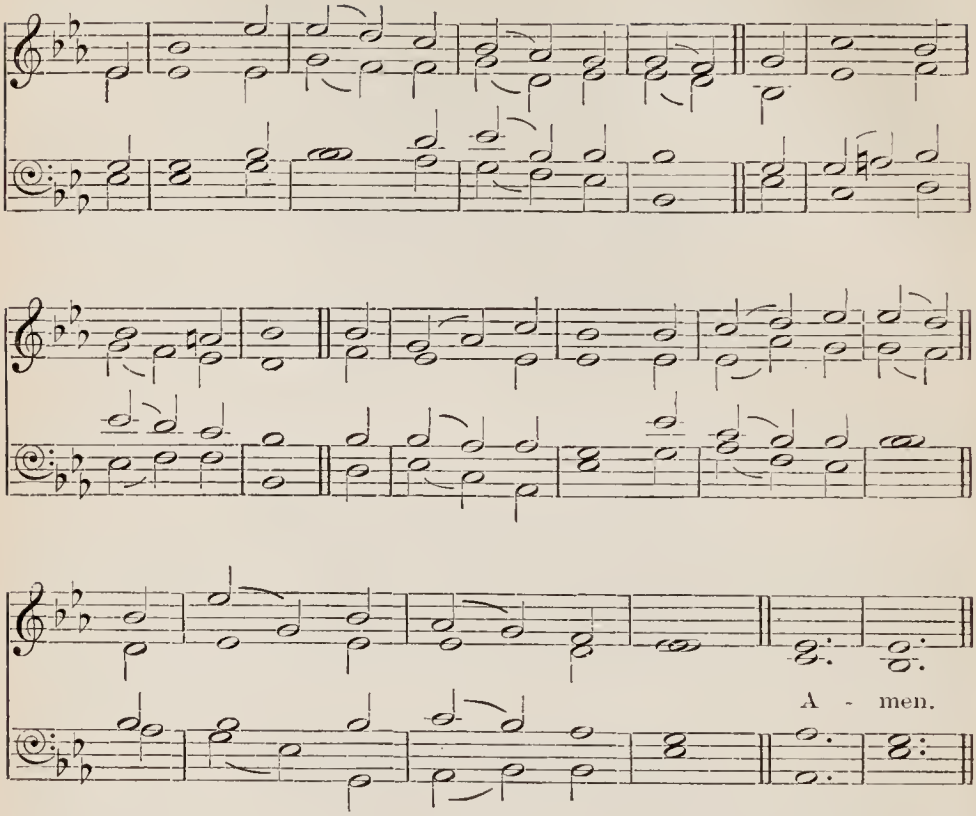
Thee let age, and thee let manhood,
  Thee let choirs of infants sing,
Thee the matrons and the virgins,
  And the children answering ;
Let their modest song re-echo,
  And their heart its praises bring,
    Evermore and evermore.

Laud and honour to the Father,
  Laud and honour to the Son,
Laud and honour to the Spirit,
  Ever Three and ever One,
Con-substantial, co-eternal,
  While unending ages run,
    Evermore and evermore.

82

(FIRST TUNE)

ABRIDGE, (C.M.) ♩ = 84. ISAAC SMITH (c. 1735–1800).



PHILIP DODDRIDGE (1702–1751).

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

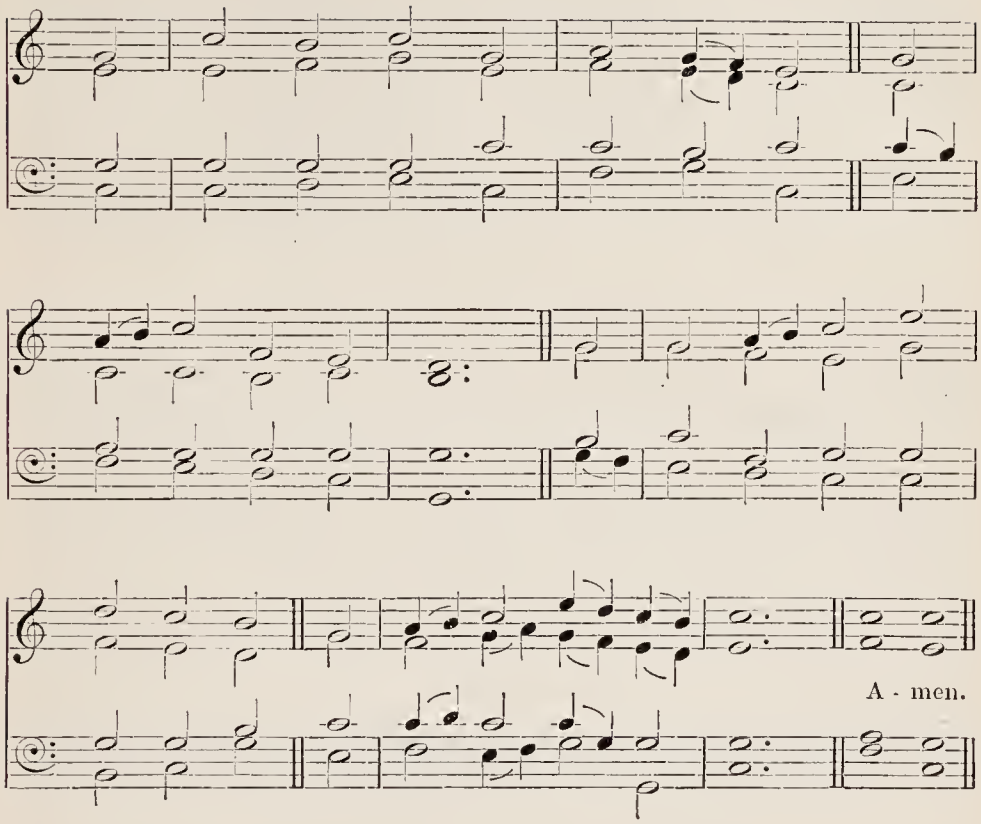
He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from the thick films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

82

(SECOND TUNE)

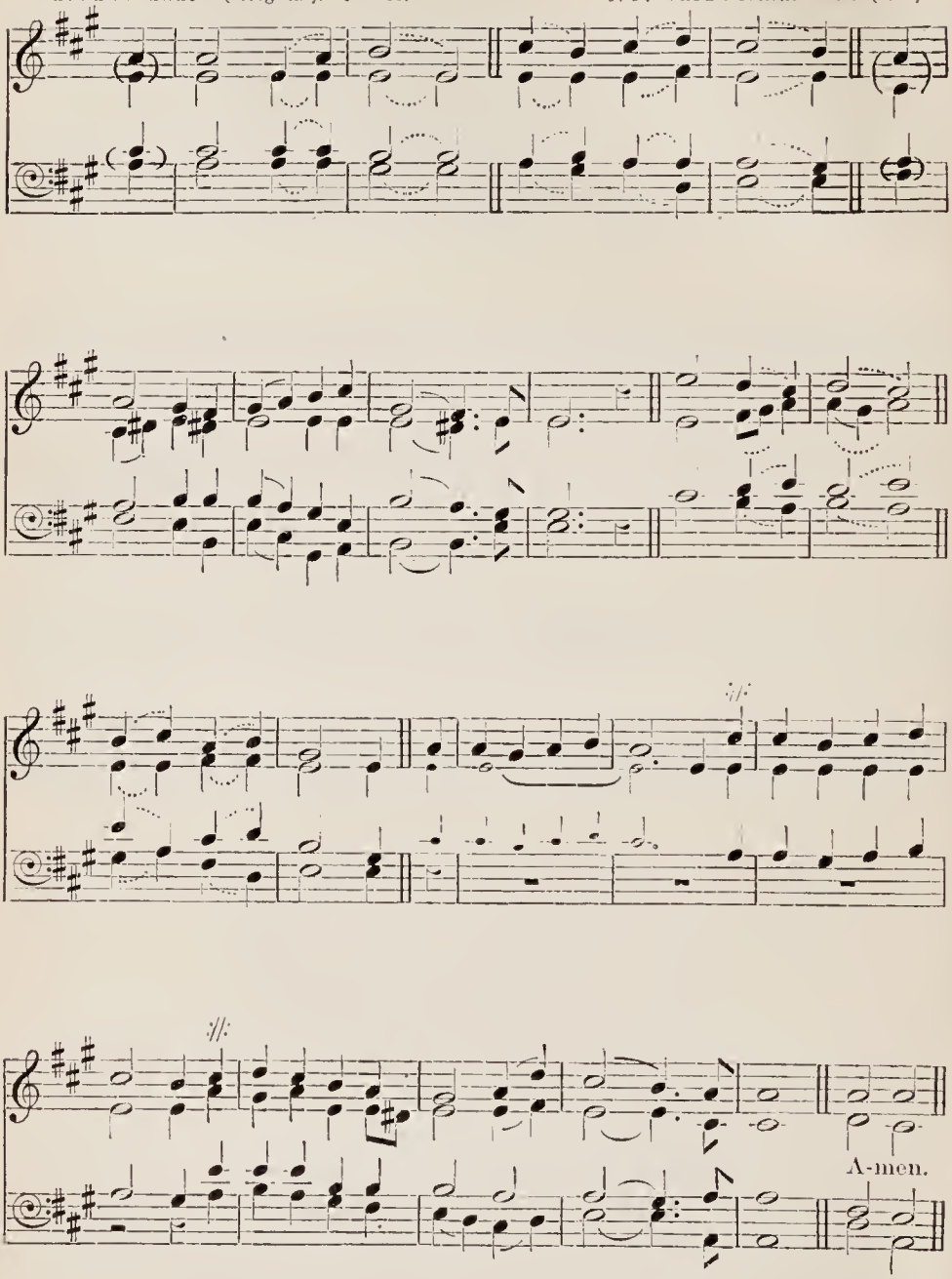
CREDITON. (C.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 76. THOMAS CLARK (1775–1859).



He comes, the broken heart to bind,
  The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
  To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
  Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
  With thy belovèd name.

ADESTE FIDELES. (Irregular). ♩ = 88. J. F. WADE'S *Cantus Diversi* (1751).



83

Anon. (18th cent.)
Tr. Frederick Oakeley (1802-1880).

Adeste fideles.

OH COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Oh come ye, oh come ye to Bethlehem ;
Come and behold him
Born the King of angels ;
Oh come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

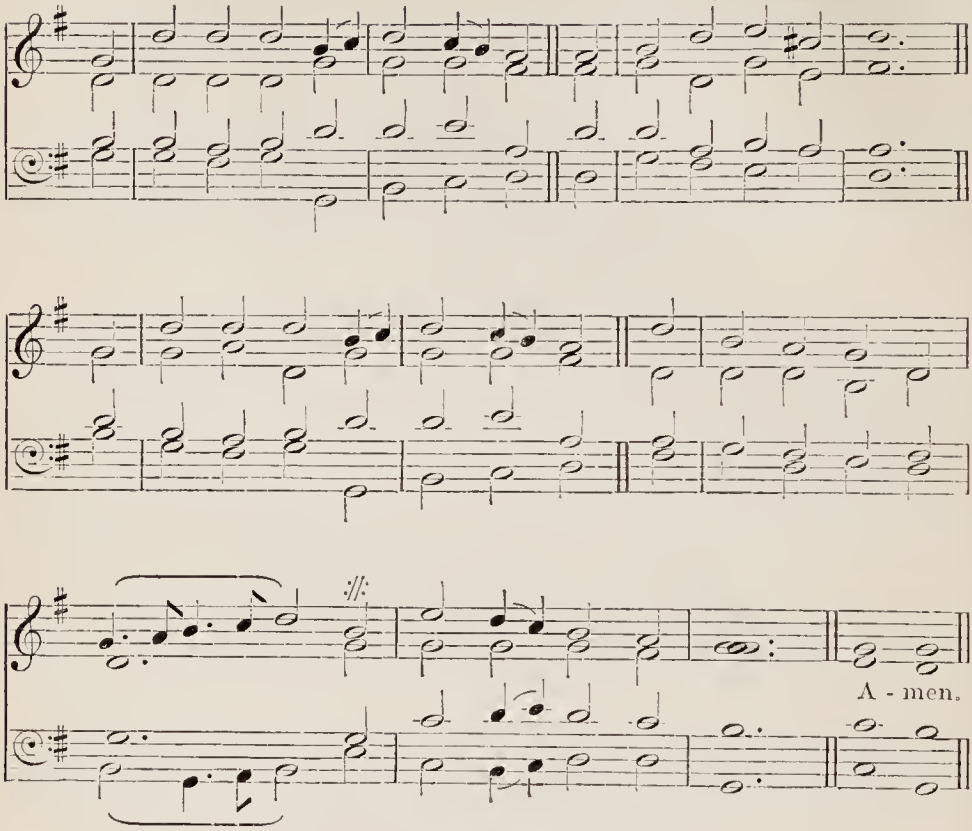
God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo ! he abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
Very God,
Begotten, not created ;
Oh come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above :
' Glory to God
In the highest ' ;
Oh come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
Born this happy morning ;
Jesu, to thee be glory given,
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing :
Oh come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

ST. GEORGE. (C.M.) ♩ = 96.

Traditional: founded on the Chorale *Lobt Gott, ihr Christen, allzugleich.*



See also WINCHESTER OLD, No. 249.

NAHUM TATE (1652–1715).

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

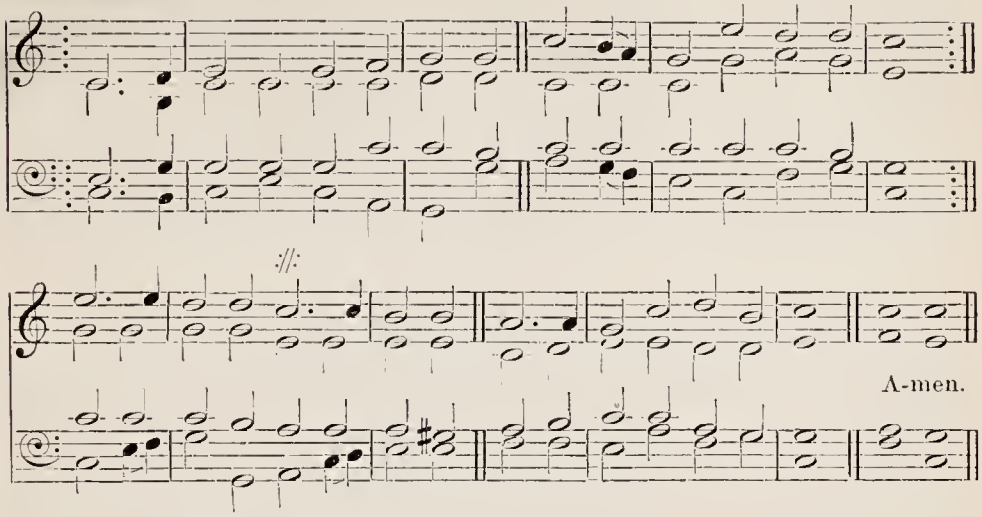
'To you in David's town this day
Is born of David's line
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

'The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:

'All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease.'

UNSER HERRSCHER. (87.87.87.) ♩ = 88. JOACHIM NEANDER (1650–1680).



JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771–1854).

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the Infant Light;

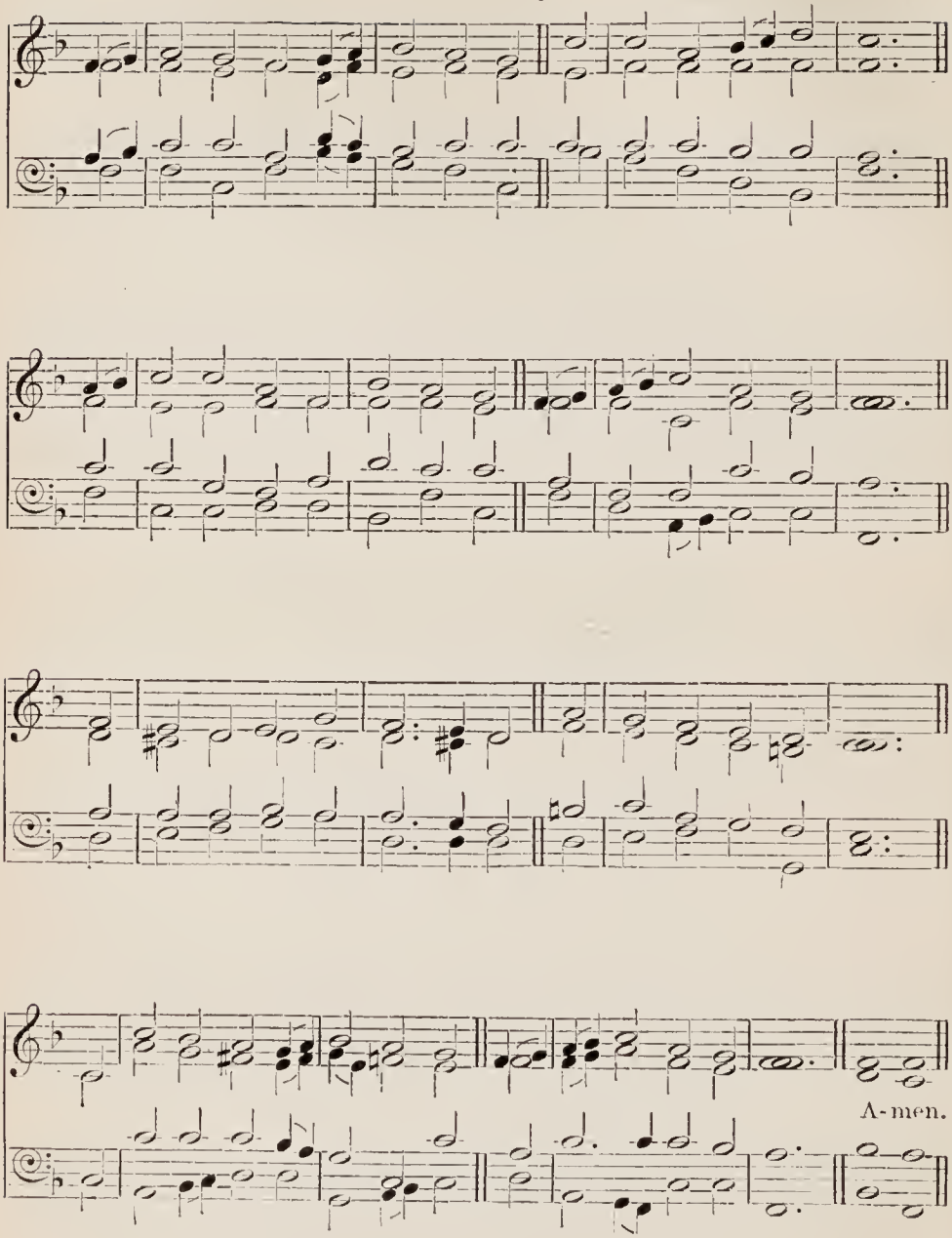
Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear;

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence;
Mercy calls you, break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born king.

86

NOEL. (D.C.M.) ♩ = 96. Arranged by ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842–1900).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

86

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS (1810–1876).

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold :
' Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King ! '
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled ;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world ;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long ;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring ;
Oh hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing !

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now ! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing ;
Oh rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing !

For, lo ! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA.
(6 6 10. 6 6 10. 8 12.) ♂ = 104.

ERNEST CAMPBELL MACMILLAN (1893-).

A-men.

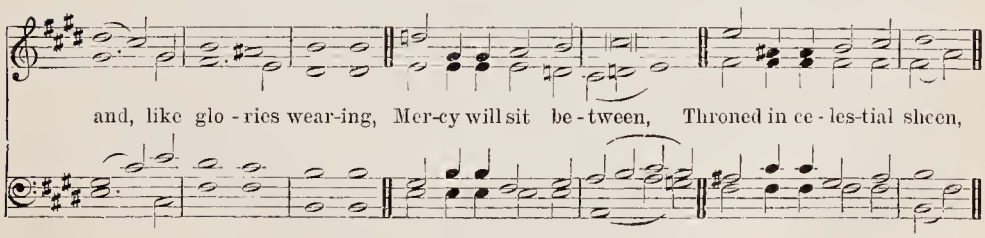
JOHN MILTON (1608–1674).

RING out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so,)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow :
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, truth and justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

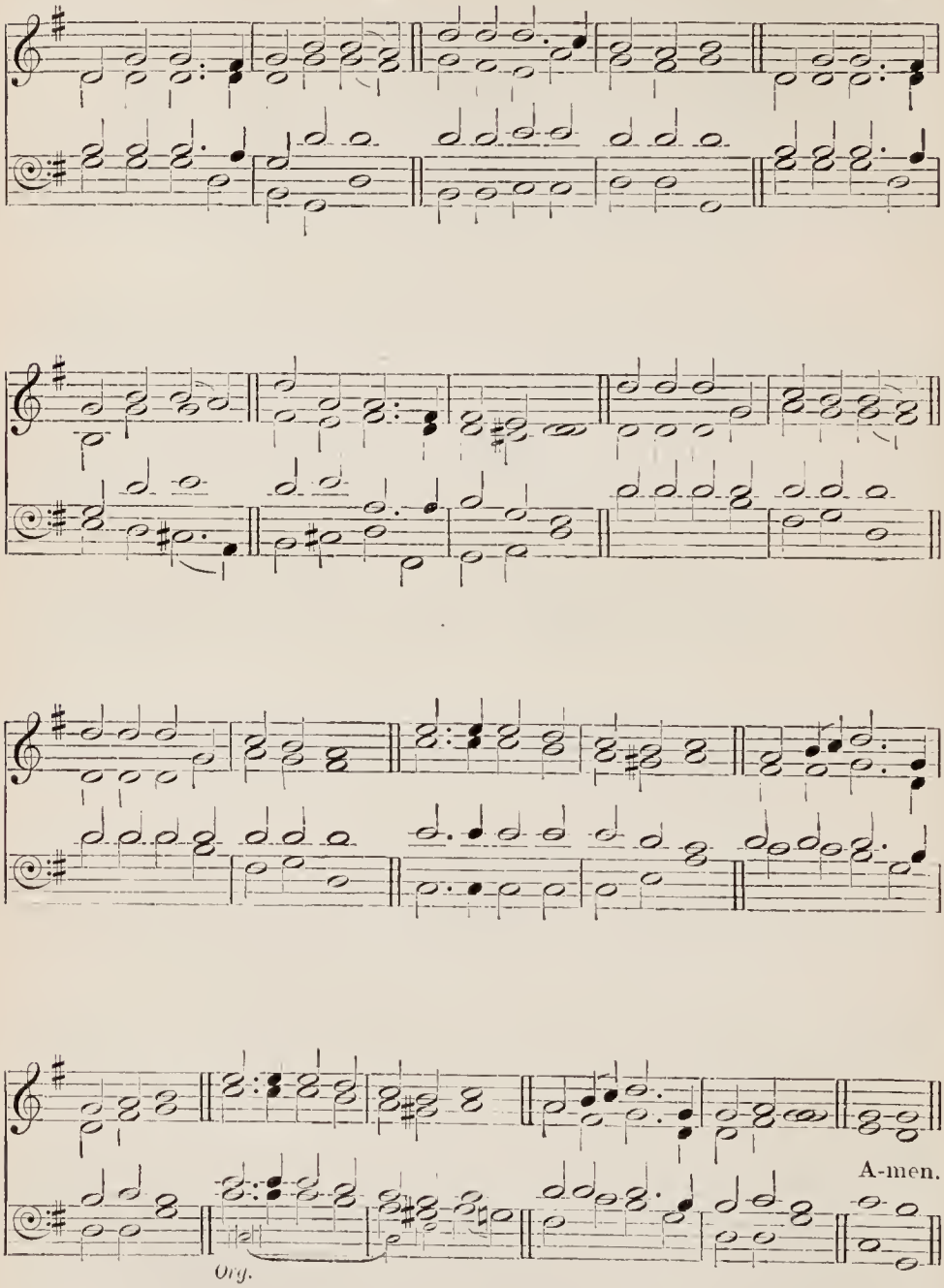
NOTE.—*In the last verse, third and fourth lines, the rhythm must be altered thus* :—



88

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY (1809–1847).
Adapted by W. H. CUMMINGS.

MENDELSSOHN. (77. 77. D. 77.) ♩ = 96.



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

88

CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788), GEORGE WHITEFIELD (1726–1790), MARTIN MADAN (1760), and others.

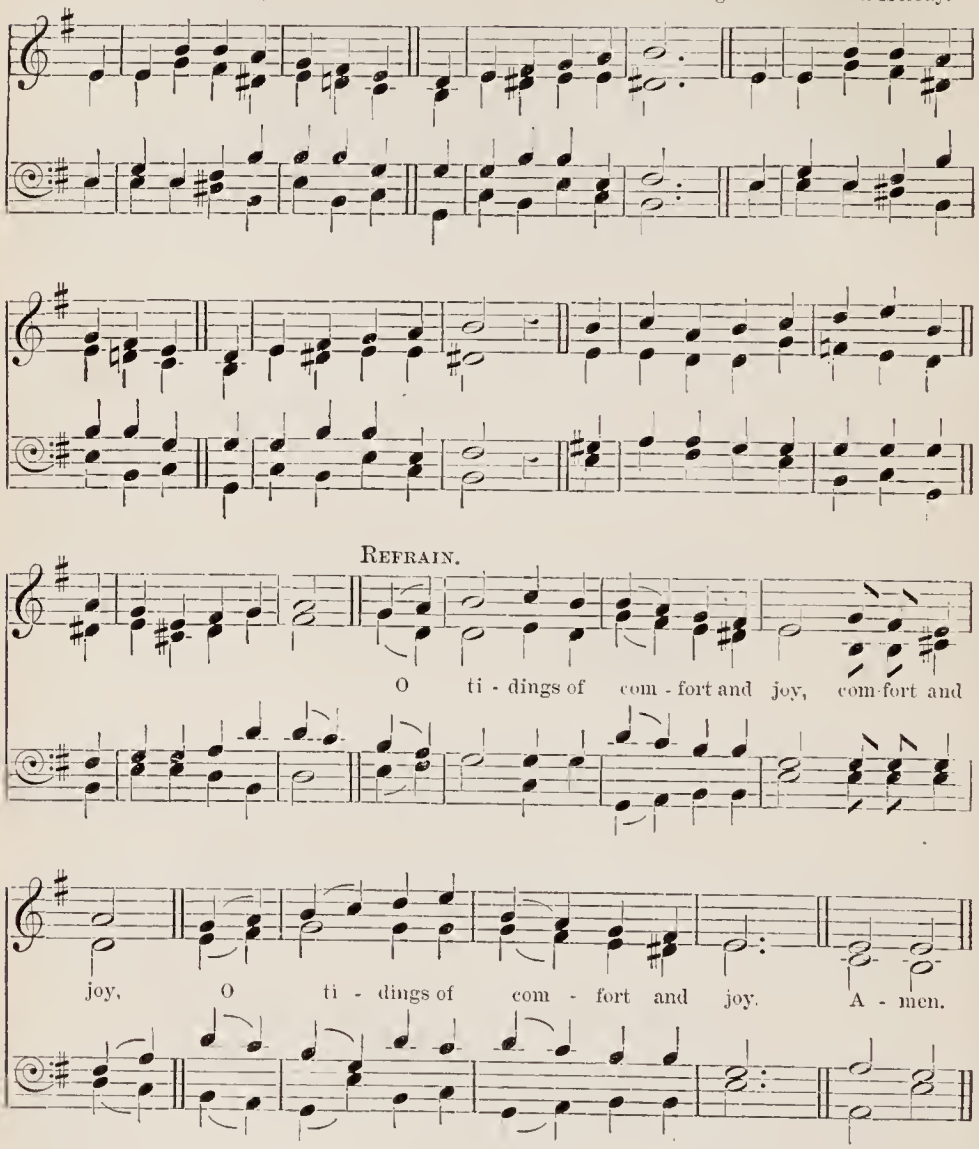
HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled:
Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

GOD REST YOU MERRY, GENTLEMEN.
(8 6. 8 6. 8 6. and refrain.) ♩ = 108.

English Traditional Melody.



English Traditional.

GOD rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day,
To save us all from Satan's pow'r
When we were gone astray;
O tidings of comfort and joy.

In Bethlehem, in Jewry,
  This blessèd Babe was born,
And laid within a manger,
  Upon this blessèd morn ;
The which his Mother Mary,
  Did nothing take in scorn.
                O tidings, &c.

From God our Heavenly Father,
  A blessèd Angel came ;
And unto certain Shepherds
  Brought tidings of the same :
How that in Bethlehem was born
  The Son of God by Name.
                O tidings, &c.

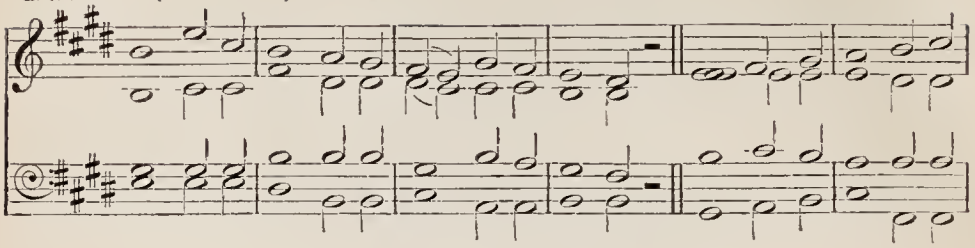
'Fear not then,' said the Angel,
  'Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
  Of a pure Virgin bright,
To free all those who trust in Him
  From Satan's power and might.'
                O tidings, &c.

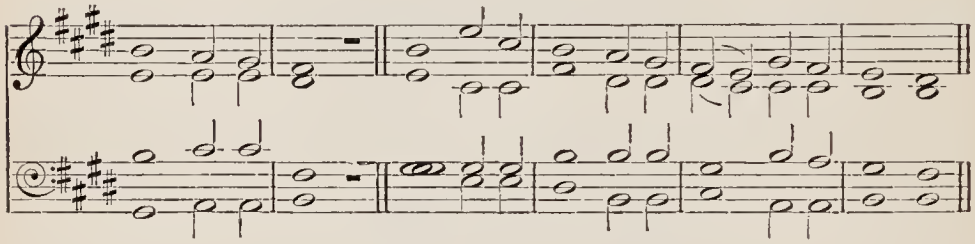
The shepherds at those tidings
  Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding,
  In tempest, storm, and wind :
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
  The Son of God to find.
                O tidings, &c.

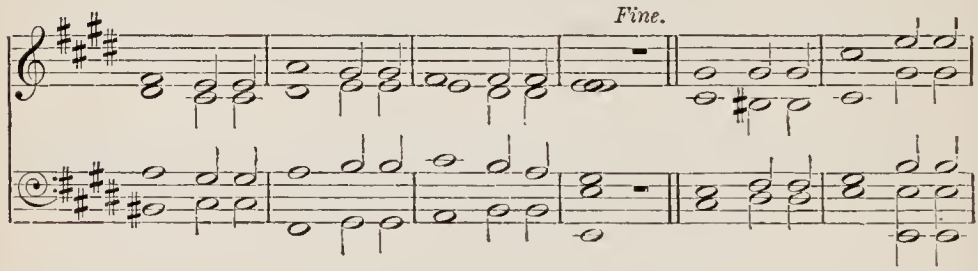
And when they came to Bethlehem
  Where our dear Saviour lay,
They found him in a manger,
  Where oxen feed on hay ;
His Mother Mary kneeling down,
  Unto the Lord did pray.
                O tidings, &c.

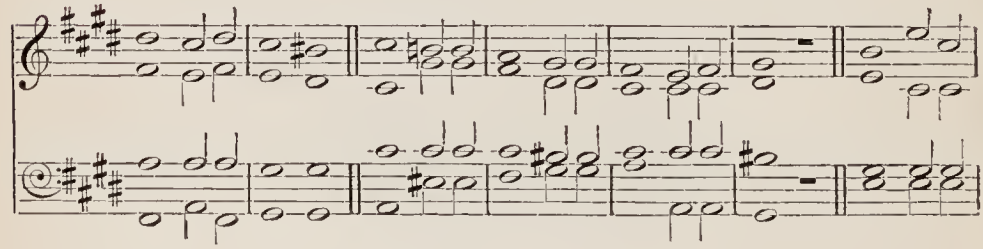
Now to the Lord sing praises,
  All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
  Each other now embrace ;
This holy tide of Christmas
  All other doth deface.
                O tidings, &c.

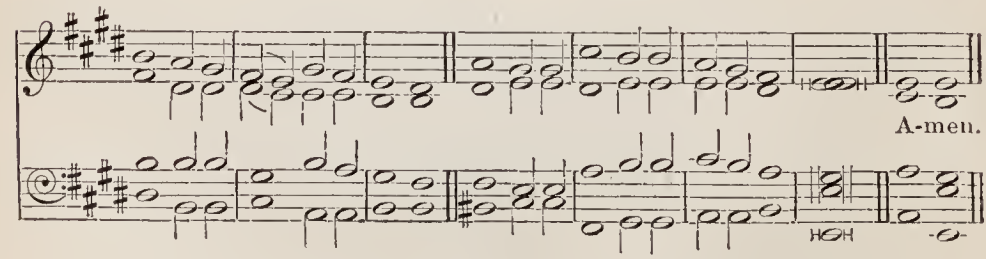
EPIPHANY. (11 10, 11 10, D.) ♩ = 104. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876).











Reginald Heber (1783-1826).

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

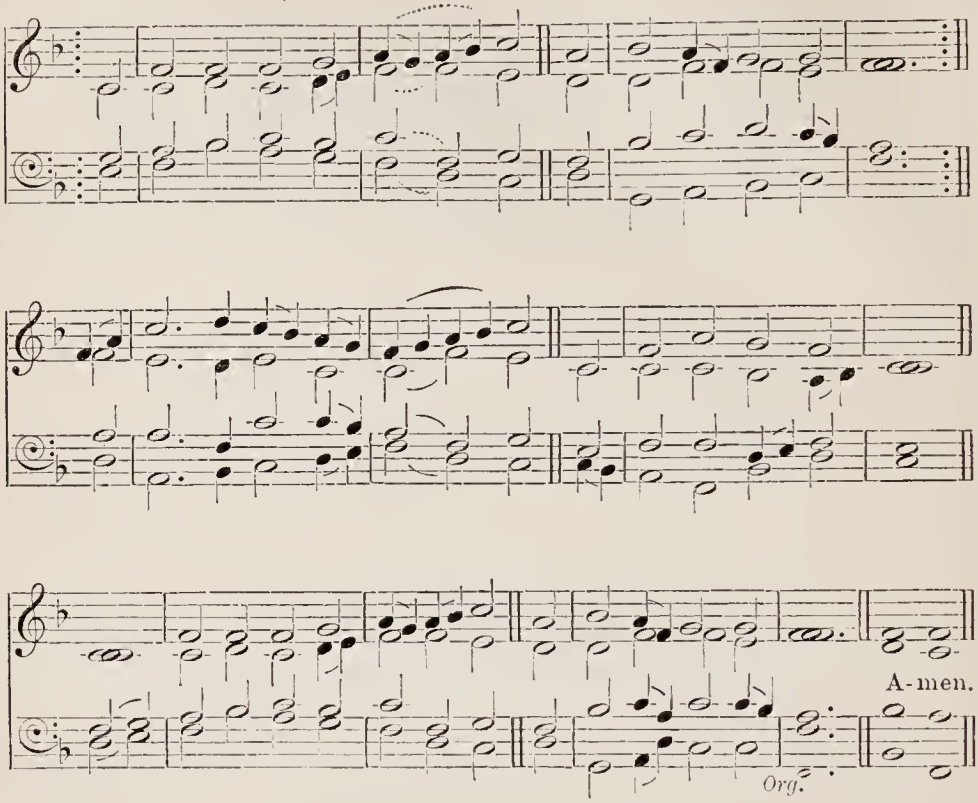
Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Note.—*The last stanza should be sung to the first half of the tune.*

FOREST GREEN. (D.C.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. English Traditional Melody.



PHILLIPS BROOKS (1835–1893).

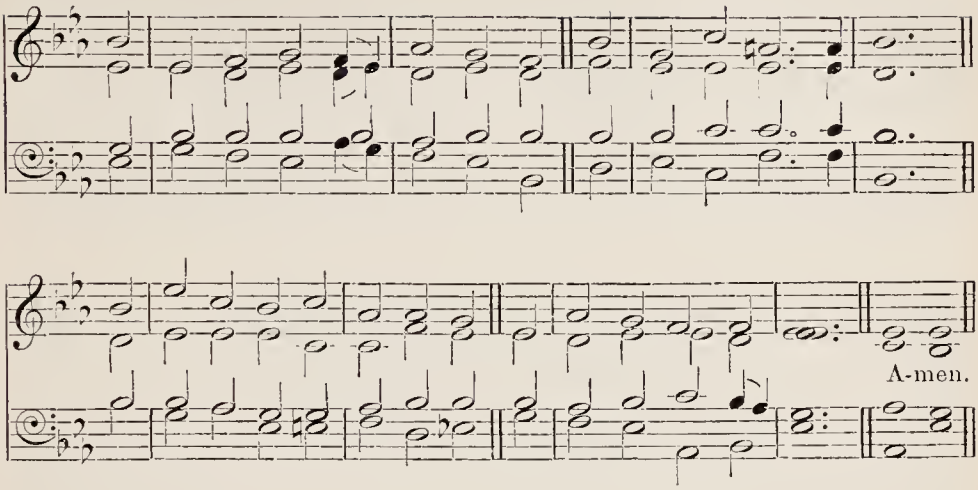
O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven:
No ear may hear his coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him, still
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the heavenly angels
The great glad tidings tell:
Oh come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

ST. BERNARD. (C.M.) ♩ = 76. JOHN RICHARDSON (1816–1879).



EDWARD DENNY (1796–1889).

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

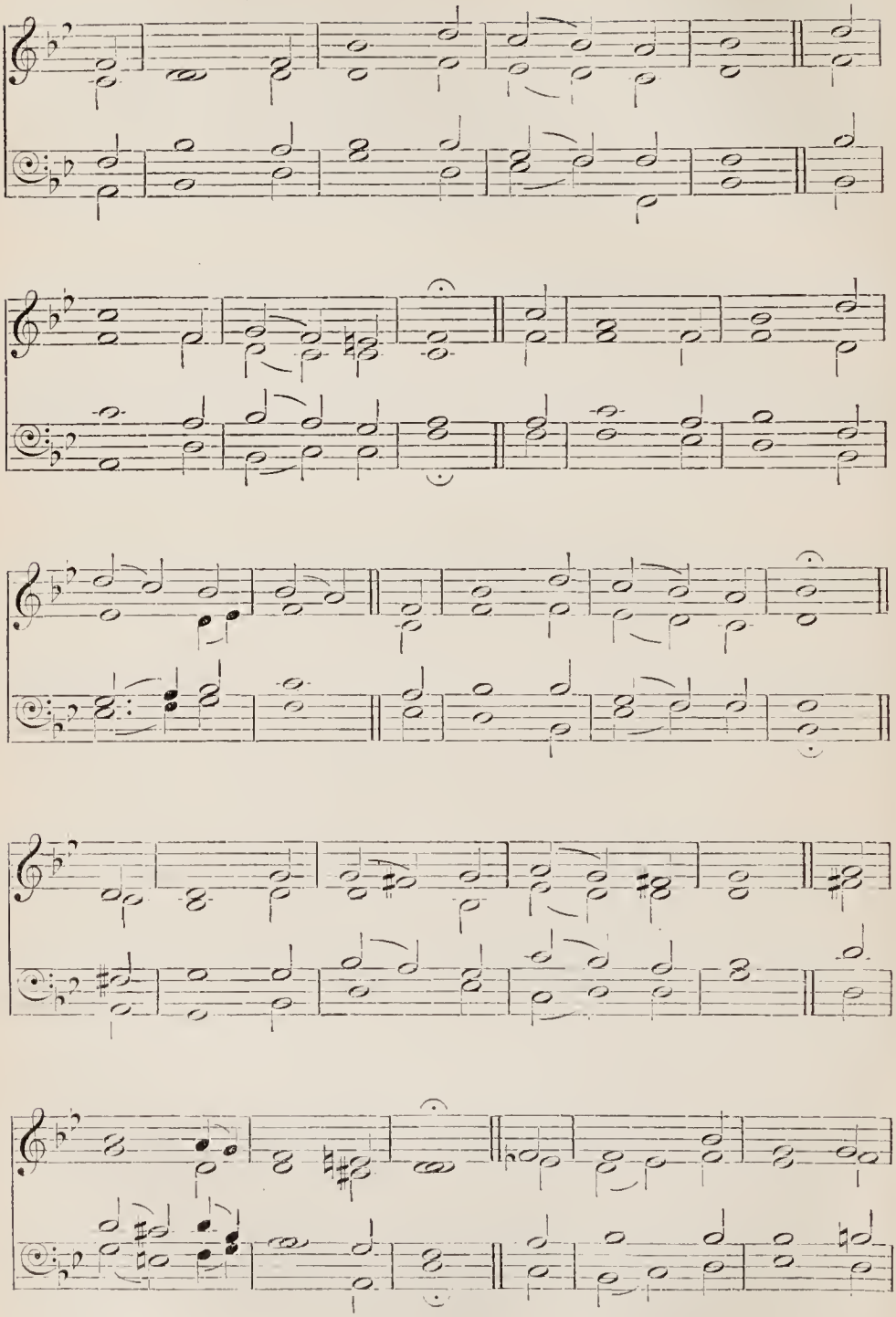
Oh give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

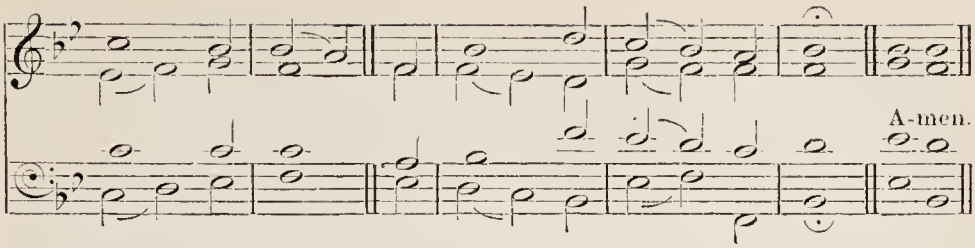
One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
The gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

93

ST. MATTHEW. (D.C.M.) ♩ = 92.

WILLIAM CROFT (1678–1727)
(Modern form of Tune).





EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE (1821–1891).

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old,
Was strong to heal and save ;
It triumphed o'er disease and death,
O'er darkness and the grave ;
To thee they went—the blind, the dumb,
The palsied, and the lame,
The leper with his tainted life,
The sick with fevered frame.

And lo ! thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight ;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned thee the Lord of light.
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

Be thou our great deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death ;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With thine almighty breath ;
To hands that work, and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise thee evermore.

94

Melody by Melchior Teschner (*c.* 1615).
Adapted and harmonized by
Johann Sebastian Bach.

ST. THEODULPH. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 60.

Fine.

D.C.

A-men.

Theodulph (d. 821).
Tr. J. M. Neale (1818–1866).

Gloria, laus et honor.

ALL glory, laud, and honour,
To thee, Redeemer, King!
To whom the lips of children
Made sweet hosannas ring.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessèd One.

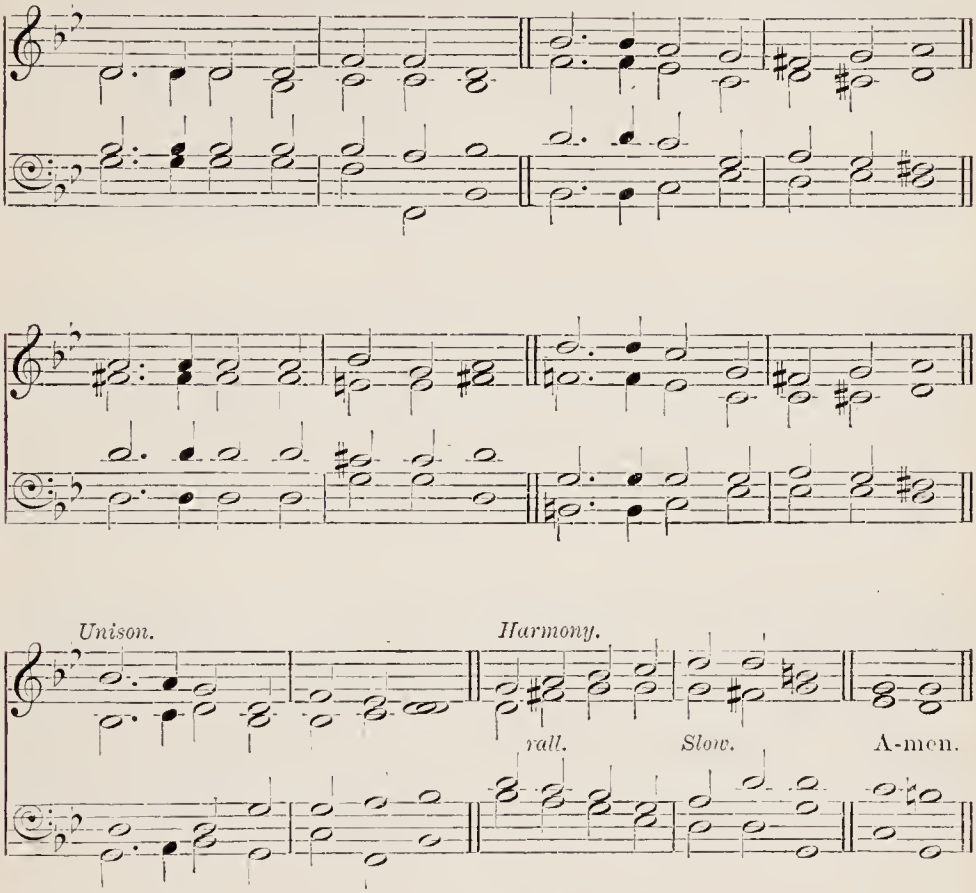
The company of Angels
Are praising thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went:
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.

To thee before thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise:
To thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.

Thou didst accept their praises,
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

VENIT HORA. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.) ♂ = 72. JOHN STAINER (1840–1901).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771–1854).

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

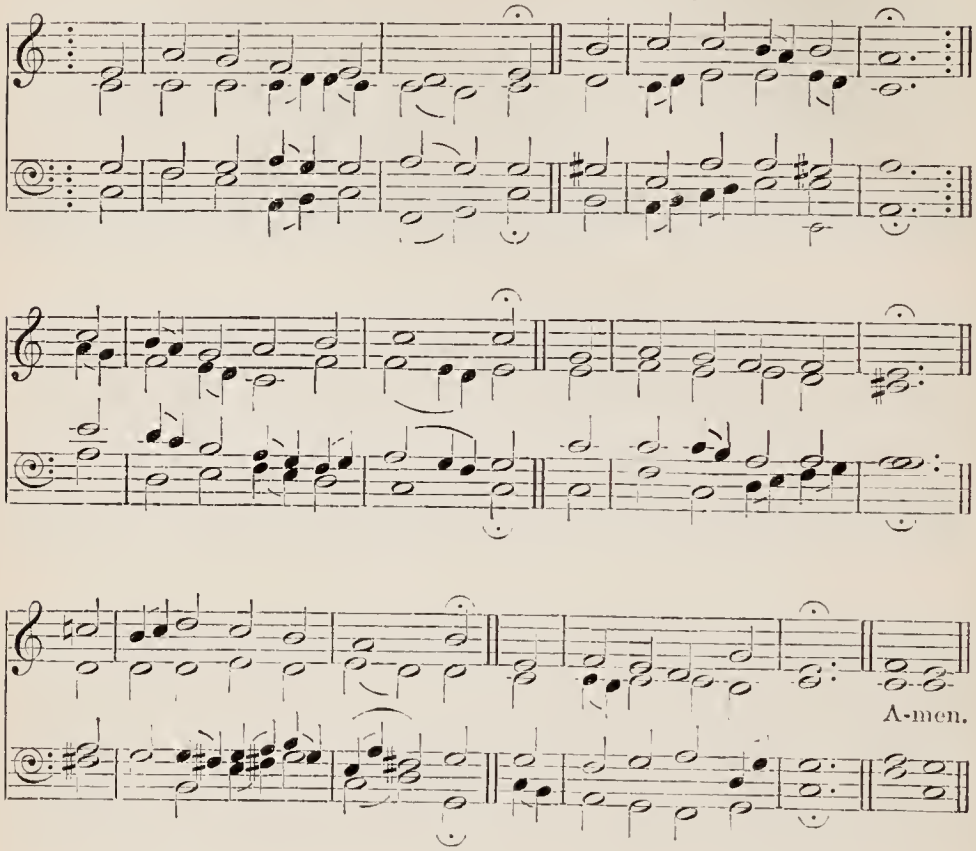
Follow to the judgement-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned;
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs his Soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his Feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own Sacrifice complete:
'It is finished,' hear him cry;—
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless Clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen;—he meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise!

PASSION CHORALE. (7 6. 7 6. D.) (FIRST VERSION) ♩ = 56.

HANS LEO HASSLER (1564–1612).
Harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.



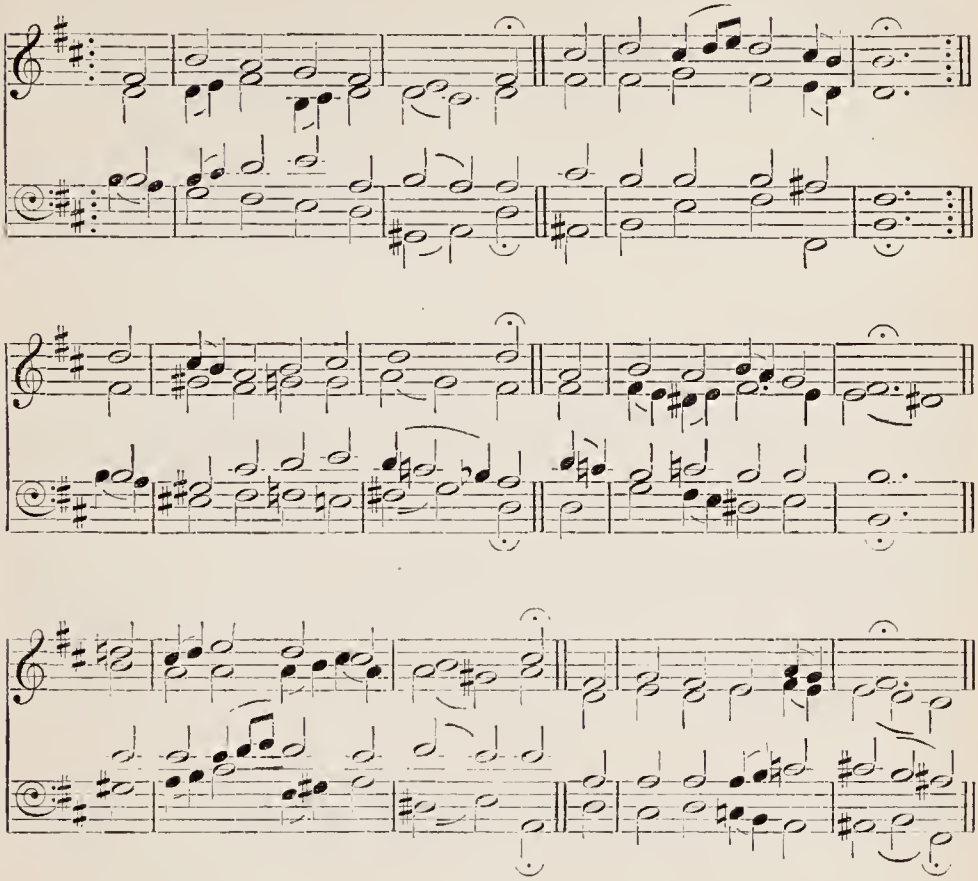
PAULUS GERHARDT (1607–1676).
Tr. HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER (1821–1877).

O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.

O SACRED head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving thee of life;

PASSION CHORALE (O HAUPT VOLL BLUT UND WUNDEN). (7 6. 7 6. D.) (SECOND VERSION) ♩ = 48. HANS LEO HASSLER (1564–1612). Harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

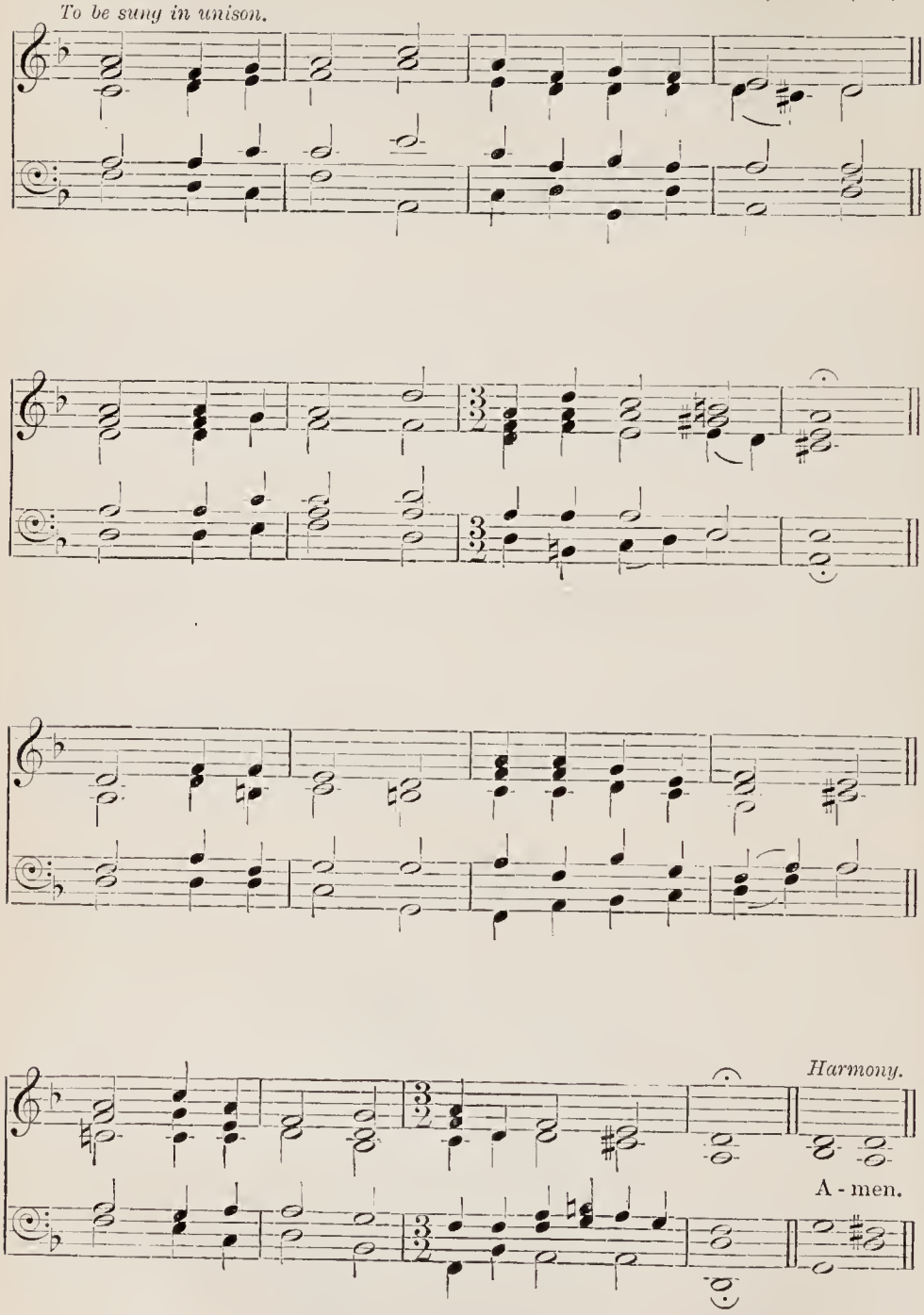


Oh agony and dying!
  Oh love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
  Turn thou thy face on me.

In this thy bitter passion,
  Good Shepherd, think of me
With thy most sweet compassion,
  Unworthy though I be:
Beneath thy cross abiding
  For ever would I rest,
In thy dear love confiding,
  And with thy presence blest.

DONNE SECOURS. (11 10. 11 10.) 𝅗𝅥 = 52. *Pseaumes octante trois*, Geneva (1551).

To be sung in unison.



97

Tr. (1889) from the French of JACQUES BRIDAINE (1701–1767) by THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK (1836–1896).

MY Lord, my Master, at thy feet adoring,
I see thee bowed beneath thy load of woe ;
For me, a sinner, is thy life-blood pouring ;
For thee, my Saviour, searce my tears will flow.

Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold thee,
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came ;
How oft of faithful love my lips have told thee,
While thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame.

With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain ;
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in thy meekness ;
When I am wronged how quiekly I complain !

My Lord, my Saviour, when I see thee wearing
Upon thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or seorn ?

O Victim of thy love, O pangs most healing,
O saving death, O wounds that I adore,
O shame most glorious ! Christ, before thee kneeling,
I pray thec keep me thine for evermore.

98

(FIRST TUNE)

MEDITATION. (C.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88.

JOHN HENRY GOWER (1855–).

A-men.

(SECOND TUNE)

HORSLEY. (C.M). 𝅗𝅥 = 88.

WILLIAM HORSLEY (1774–1858).

A-men.

98

Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–1895).

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains he had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

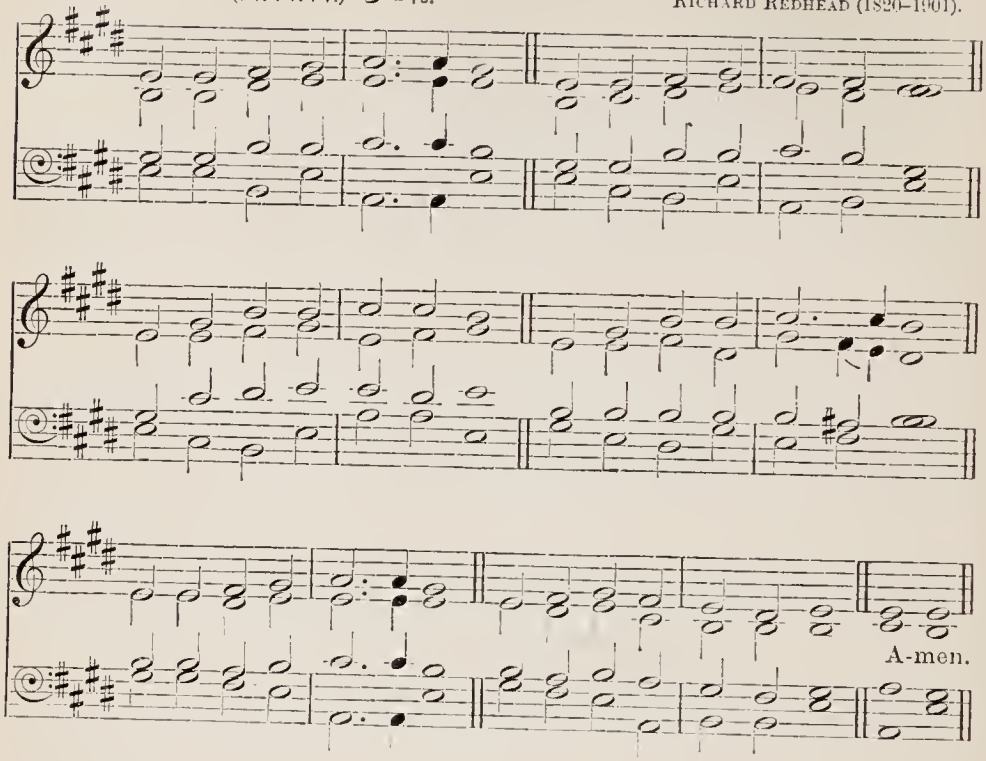
He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin ;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do.

REDHEAD No. 76. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.) 𝅗𝅥 = 72.

RICHARD REDHEAD (1820–1901).



RICHARD MANT (1776–1848).

SON of Man, to thee I cry—
By the holy mystery
Of thy dwelling here on earth,
By thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, thy presence let me see :
Manifest thyself to me.

Lamb of God, to thee I cry—
By thy bitter agony,
By thy pangs, to us unknown,
By thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, thy presence let me see ;
Manifest thyself to me.

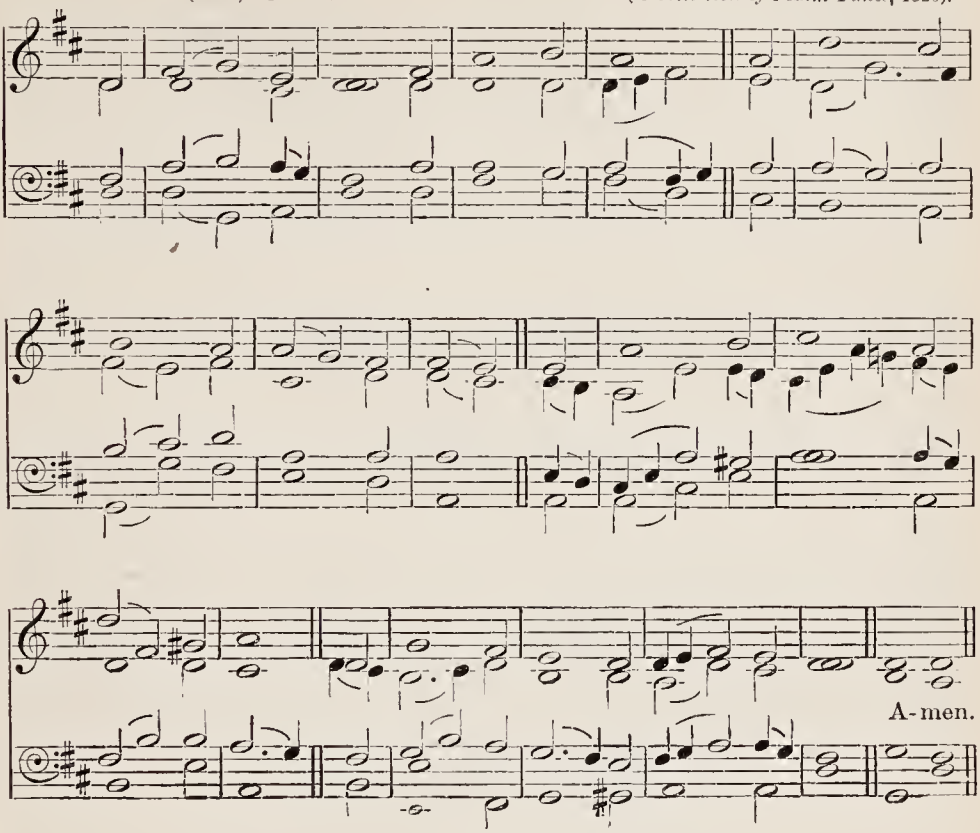
Prince of Life, to thee I cry—
By thy glorious majesty,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, thy presence let me see ;
Manifest thyself to me.

Lord of Glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With thy love my bosom fill ;
Prompt me now to do thy will ;
Then thy presence let me see !
Manifest thyself to me !

100

Adapted by Edward Miller (1731–1807).
Harmony chiefly from Samuel Webbe (1740–1816).
(*A Collection of Psalm Tunes*, 1820).

ROCKINGHAM. (L.M.) ♩ = 72.



Isaac Watts (1674–1748).

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

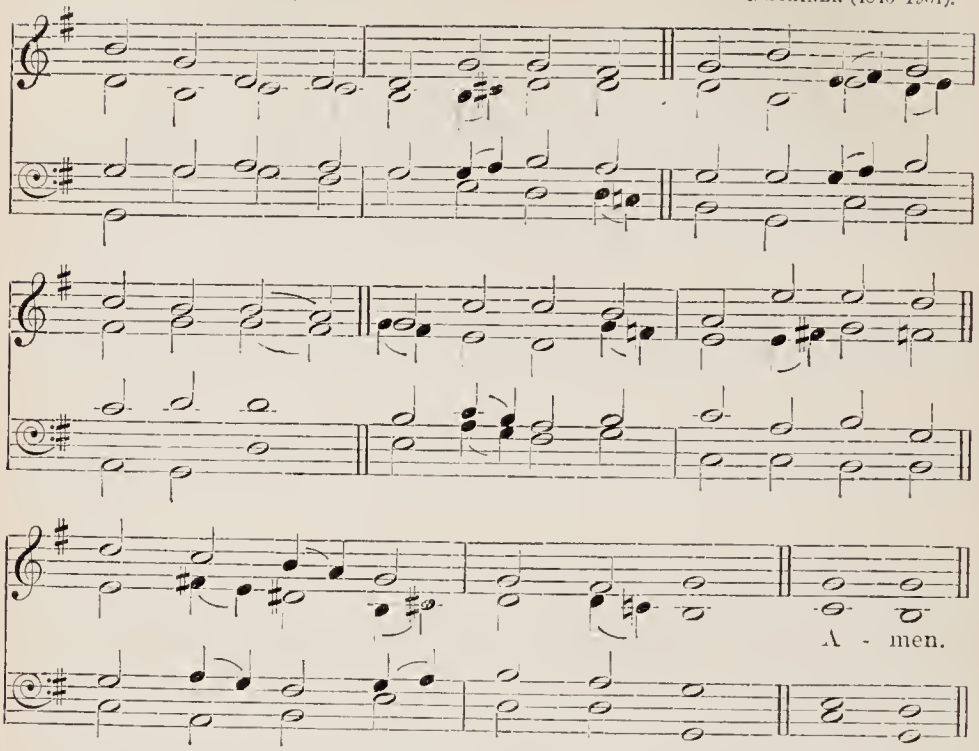
See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

101

CROSS OF JESUS. (87.87.) ♩ = 80. JOHN STAINER (1840–1901).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

NOTE.—*The original setting of this tune will be found at* No. 176.

JOHN BOWRING (1792–1872).

IN the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

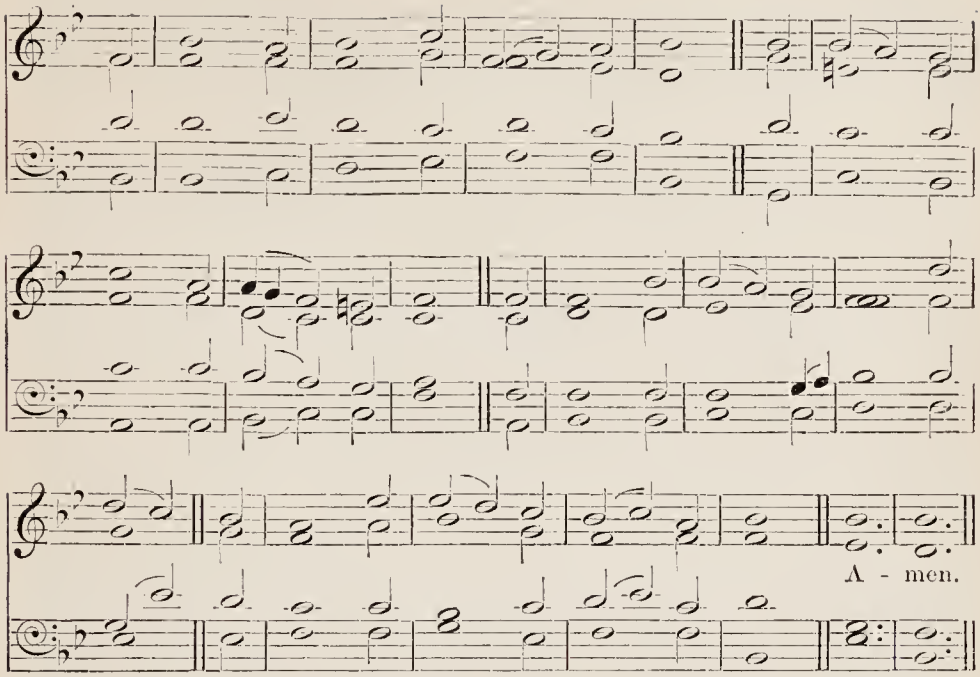
When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way:
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

102

WALTON. (L.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 84. WILLIAM GARDINER'S *Sacred Melodies* (1815).



THOMAS KELLY (1769–1854).

WE sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

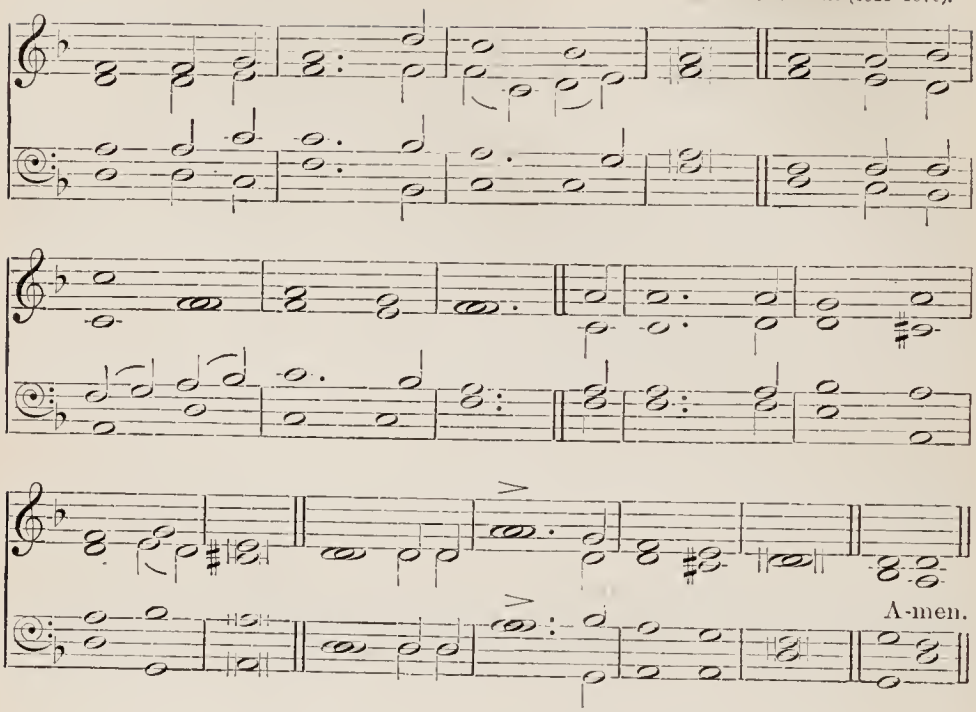
Inscribed upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, 'God is Love';
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light;

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

ST. CROSS. (L.M.) ♩ = 84. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823-1876).



FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814-1863).

OH come and mourn with me awhile!
The Saviour calls us to his side;
Oh, come, together let us mourn:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

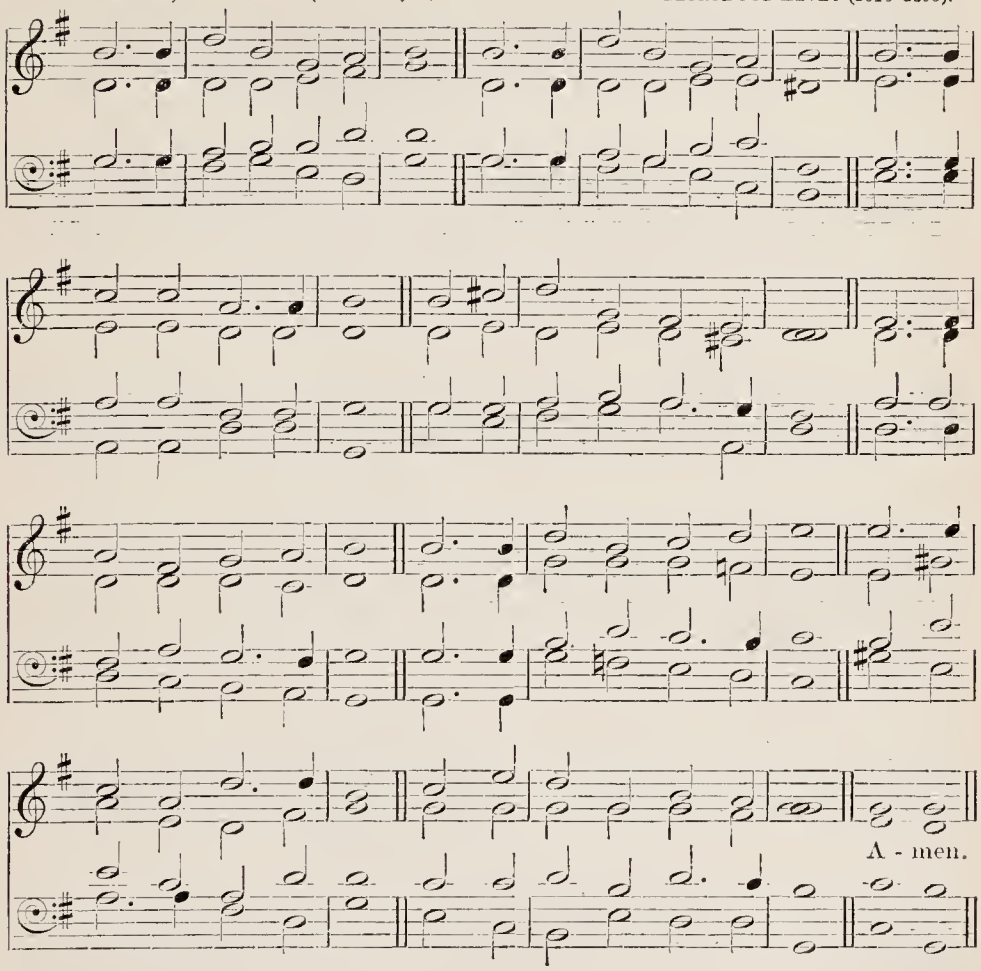
Seven times he spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's dwelling is:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

Oh love of God! Oh sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried,
And victory remains with love:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified!

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR. (77.77.D.) ♩ = 92. GEORGE JOB ELVEY (1816-1893).



CHARLES WESLEY (1707-1788).

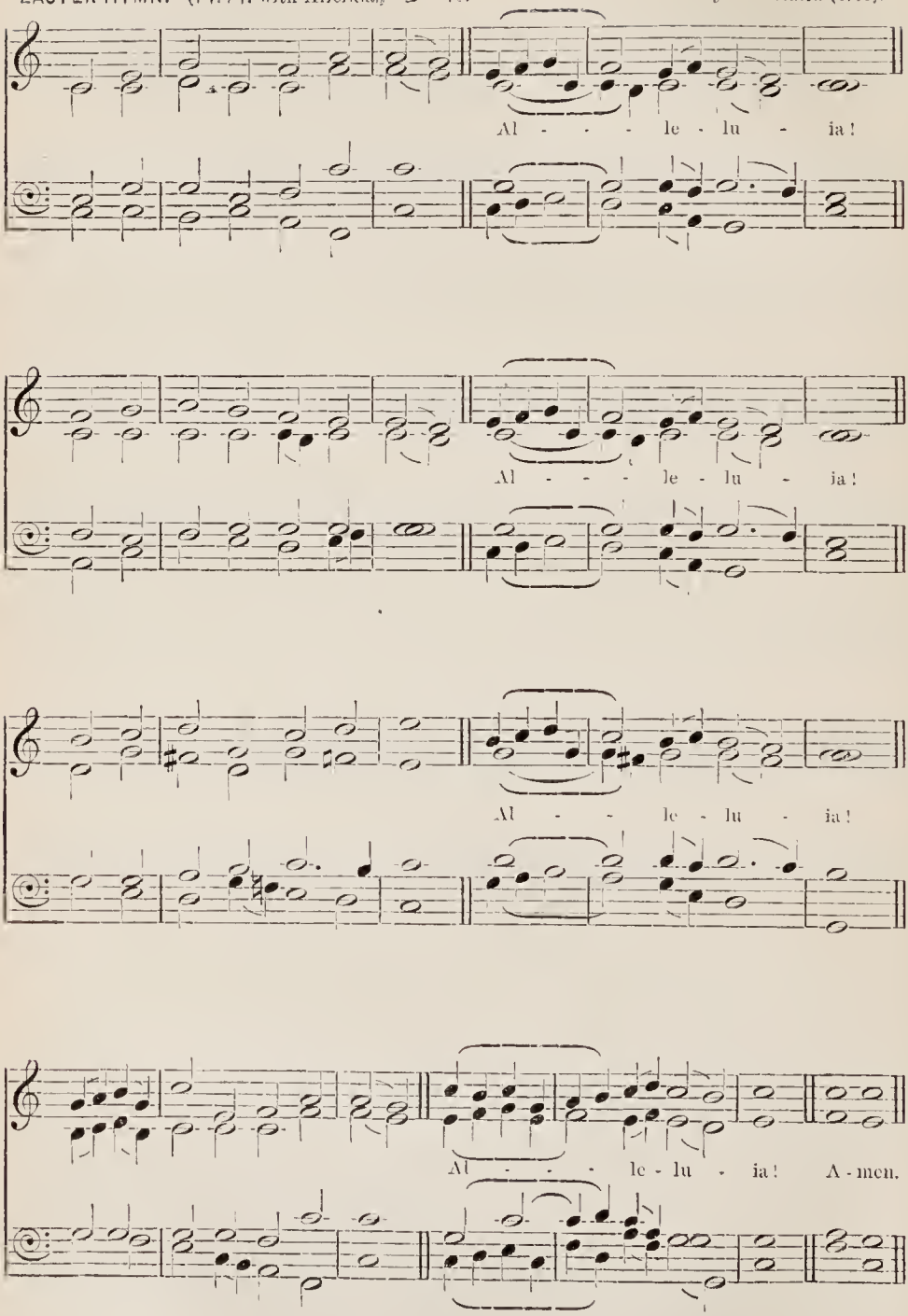
'CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,'
Sons of men, and angels, say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; and, earth, reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Lives again our glorious king;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where thy victory, O grave?

Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
Hail! the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection thou!

EASTER HYMN. (7 7. 7 7. with Alleluia.) ♩ = 76. *Lyra Davidica* (1708).



Anon. (14th cent.?).
Tr. Anon. (1708 and 1816) and
CHARLES WESLEY (1740).

SURREXIT CHRISTUS HODIE.

JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who did once, upon the cross,
Suffer to redeem our loss.
Alleluia !

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly king,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

But the pain which he endured
Our salvation has procured ;
Now above the sky he 's king,
Where the angels ever sing.

Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love ;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia !

VICTORY. (8 8 8, and Alleluias.) ♩ = 76.

Adapted from GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI DA PALESTRINA (1515–1594).

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Org. *p*

Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

From the Latin (18th cent.?). *Tr.* FRANCIS POTT (1832–1909)

FINITA JAM SUNT PROELIA.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun.
Alleluia!

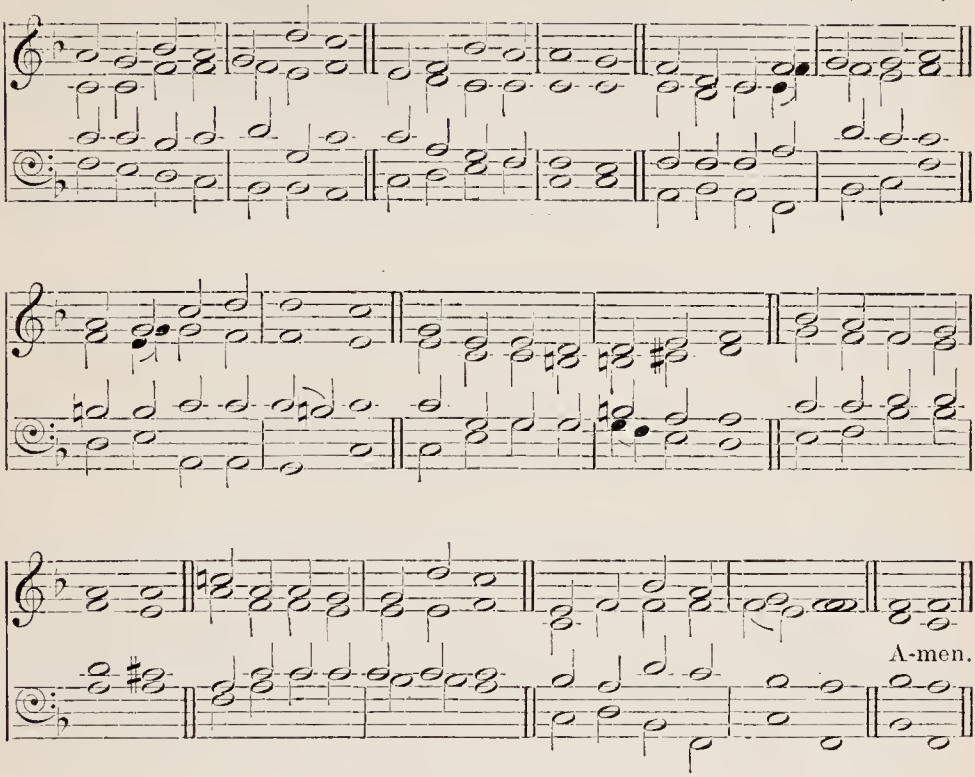
The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.

The three sad days have quickly sped;
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen head!

He brake the fast-bound chains of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumph tell.

Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to thee.
Alleluia!

MARTYRS. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 88. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810-1876).



ST. JOHN DAMASCENE (d. 780). *Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE (1818-1866).

Αἴσωμεν πάντες λαοί.

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness;
God hath brought his Israel
Into joy from sadness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesu's Resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold thee as a mortal;
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

ASCENSION. (7 7. 7 7., with Alleluias.) ♩ = 96. WILLIAM HENRY MONK (1823–1889).

Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - - ia!

Al - - le - lu - - ia! A - men.

CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788).

HAIL the day that sees him rise
Ravished from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven!

There the pompous triumph waits:
'Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in!'

Circled round with angel powers,
Their triumphant Lord, and ours,
Conqueror over death and sin,
Take the King of glory in!

Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

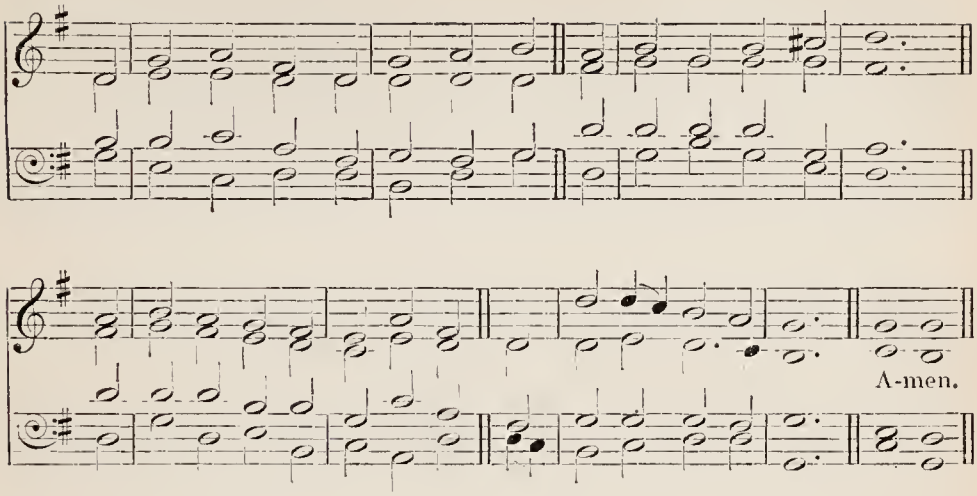
See, he lifts his hands above!
See, he shows the prints of love!
Hark! his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his church below!

Still for us his death he pleads;
Prevalent, he intercedes;
Near himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

There we shall with thee remain,
Partners of thy endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee!

ST. MAGNUS. (C.M.) ♩ = 72. JEREMIAH CLARK (1670-1707).



THOMAS KELLY (1769-1854).

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings and Lord of lords
And heaven's eternal light.

The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

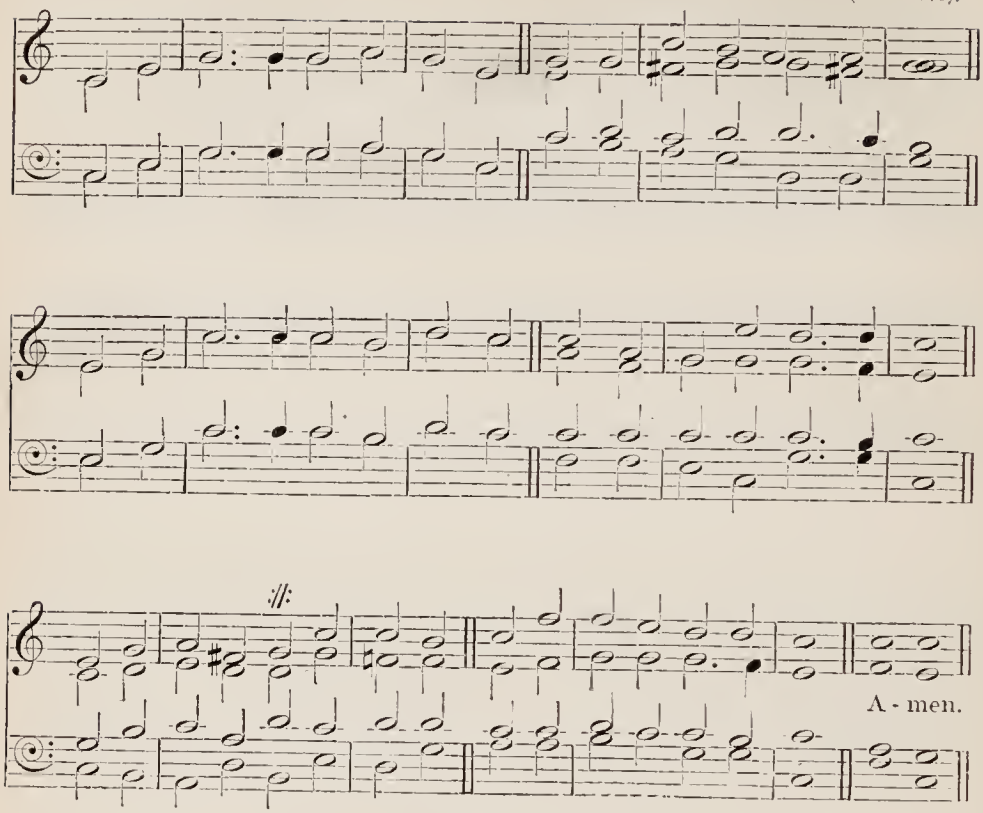
To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

TRIUMPH. (87. 87. 87.)

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT (1805–1876).



THOMAS KELLY (1769–1854).

LOOK, ye saints! the sight is glorious!
See the Man of Sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to him shall bow:
Crown him! crown him!
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

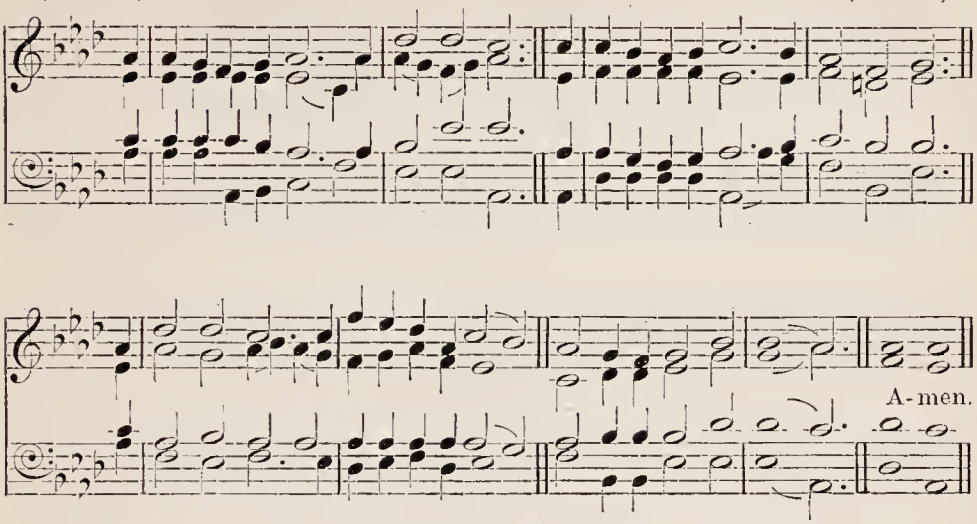
Crown the Saviour! angels, crown him!
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the vault of heaven rings:
Crown him! crown him!
Crown the Saviour, King of kings!

Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus Messiah's claim;
Saints and angels throng around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him! crown him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station:
Oh what joy the sight affords!
Crown him! crown him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

AND DIDST THOU LOVE THE RACE?
(10 10. 10 6.) ♂ = 52.

ALEXANDER THOM CRINGAN (1860-).



JEAN INGELOW (1820-1897).

AND didst thou love the race that loved not thee?
And didst thou take to heaven a human brow?
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea?
Art thou his kinsman now?

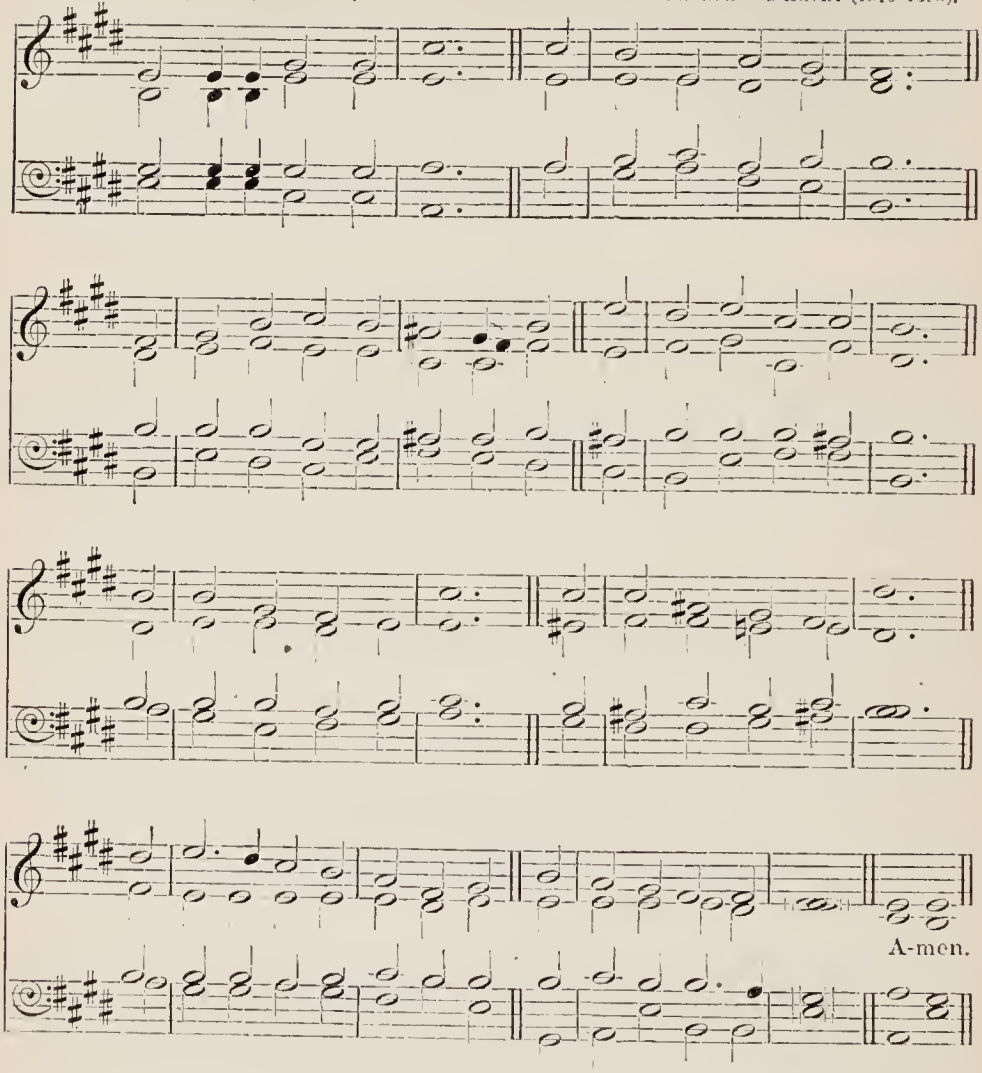
O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough!
O Man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath!

By that one likeness which is ours and thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless, thou dost shine,
To draw us sinners in;

By thy last silence in the judgement-hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray thee visit me.

Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes which never saw thine earthly day
Should miss thy heavenly reign.

DIADEMATA. (D.S.M.) ♩ = 100. GEORGE JOB ELVEY (1816–1893).



MATTHEW BRIDGES (1800–1894).

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne ;
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own :
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

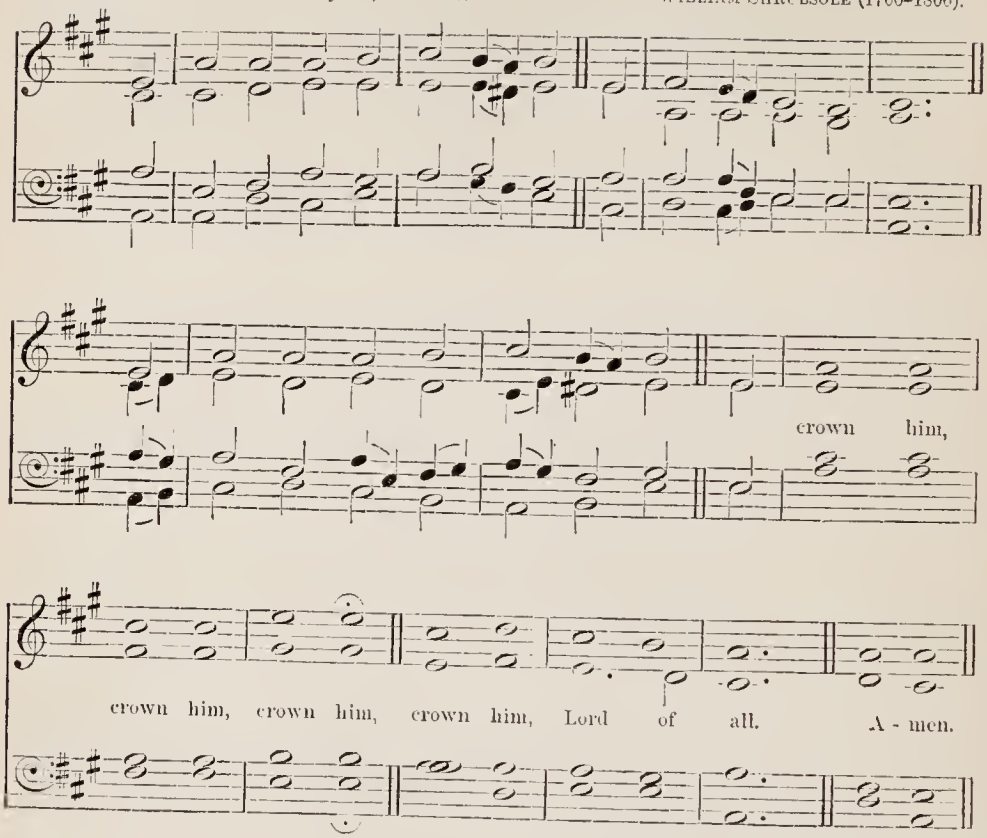
Crown him the Lord of Love :
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified :
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

Crown him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose arm those crimson trophies won
Which now his brow adorn :
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem ;
The Root whence mercy ever flows,
The Babe of Bethlehem.

Crown him the Lord of Peace :
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise :
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

Crown him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime,
All hail, Redeemer, hail !
For thou hast died for me ;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

MILES' LANE. (C.M., with repeat.) (FIRST TUNE) ♩ = 80. WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE (1760–1806).



EDWARD PERRONET (1726–1792) and others.

ALL hail the power of Jesu's name;
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
To crown him Lord of all.

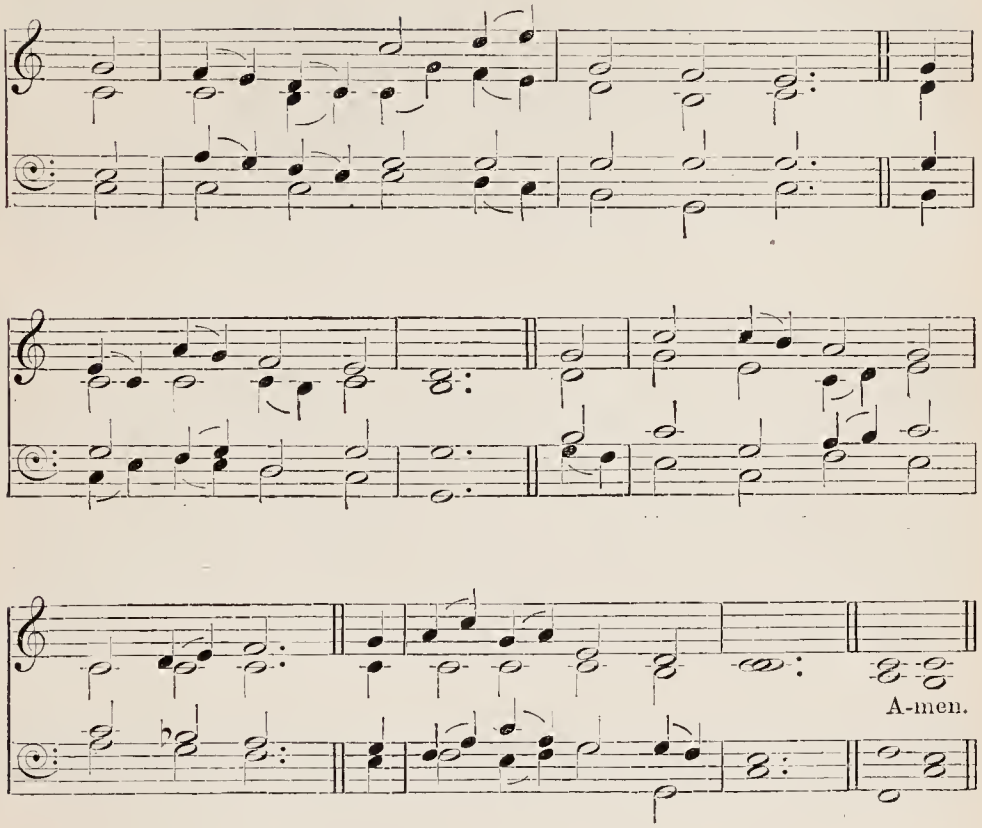
Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye Martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Praise him whose way of pain ye trod,
And crown him Lord of all.

113

(SECOND TUNE)

UNIVERSITY. (C.M.) ♩ = 72. JOHN RANDALL (1715–1799).



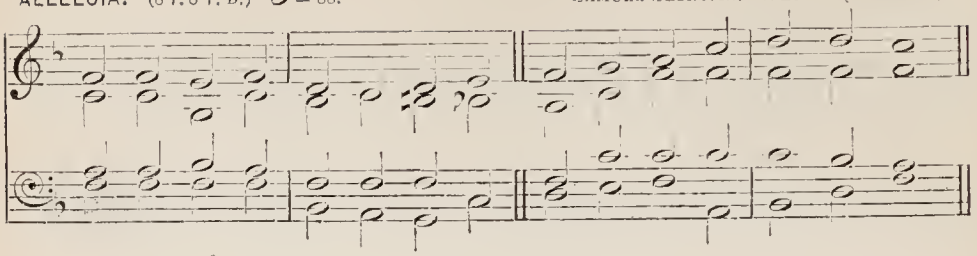
Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
  The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
  And crown him Lord of all.

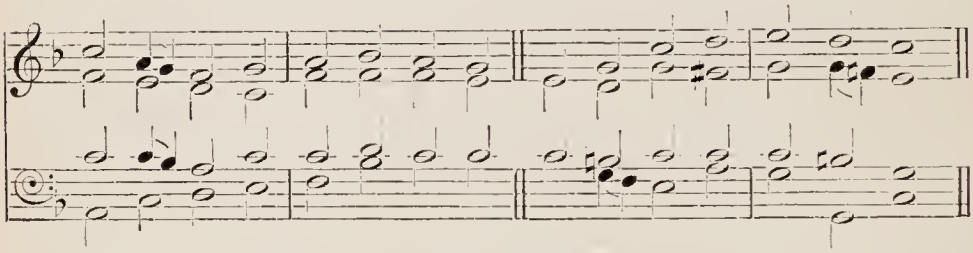
Let every tribe and every tongue
  Responsive to the call,
Lift high the universal song,
  And crown him Lord of all.

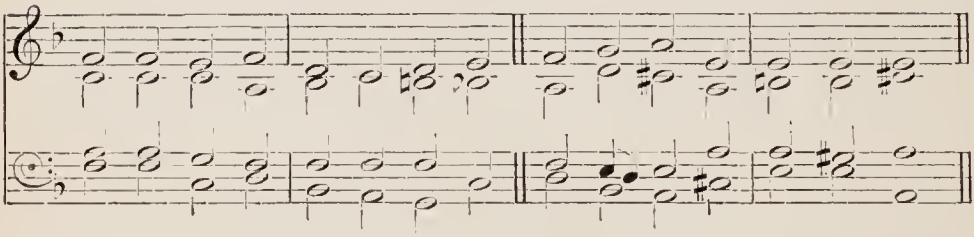
Oh that with yonder sacred throng
  We at his feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
  And crown him Lord of all.

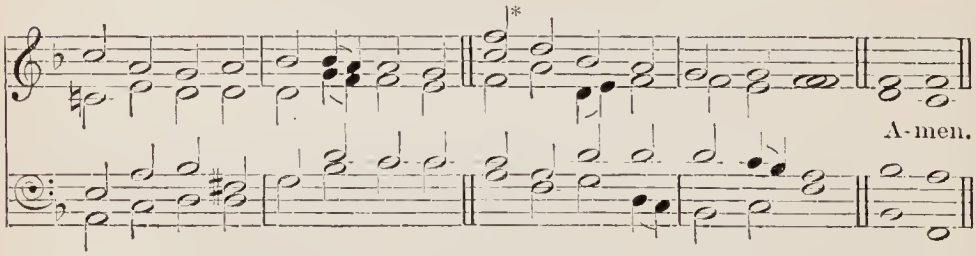
ALLELUIA. (8 7. 8 7. D.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876).









* Treble C or F.

114

William Chatterton Dix (1837–1898).

ALLELUIA, sing to Jesus,
His the sceptre, his the throne ;
Alleluia, his the triumph,
His the victory alone :
Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood ;
Jesus out of every nation
Hath redeemed us by his blood.

Alleluia, not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now ;
Alleluia, he is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how ;
Though the cloud from sight received him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget his promise,
'I am with you evermore' ?

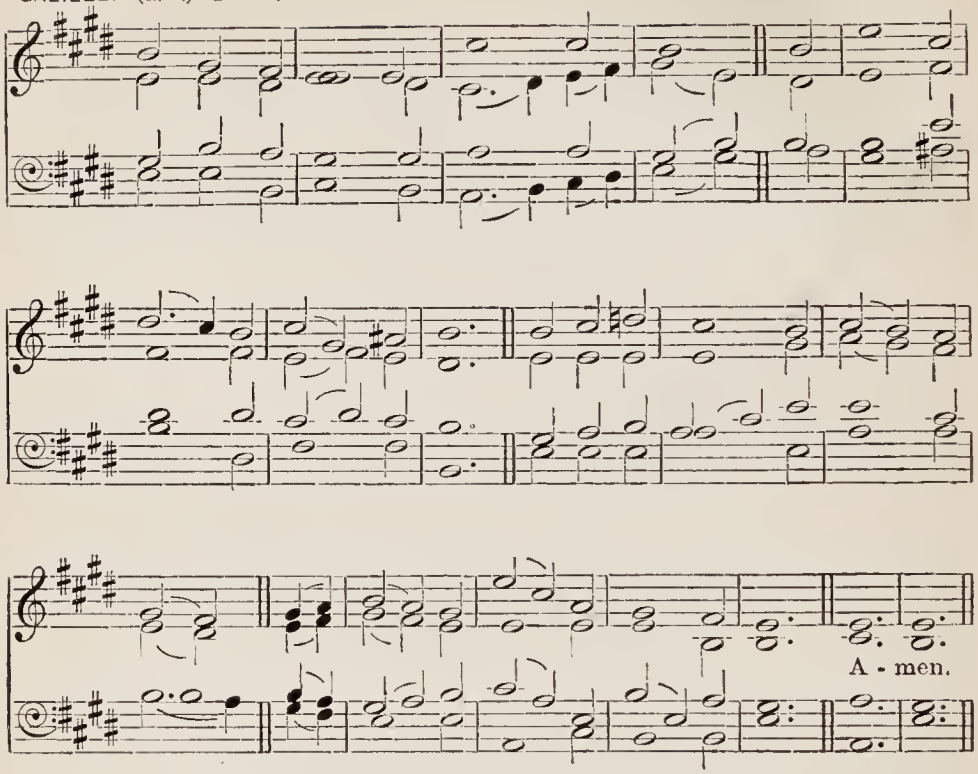
Alleluia, Bread of angels,
Thou on earth our food, our stay ;
Alleluia, here the sinful
Flee to thee from day to day ;
Intercessor, friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

Alleluia, King eternal,
Thee the Lord of lords we own ;
Alleluia, born of Mary,
Earth thy footstool, heaven thy throne :
Thou within the veil hast entered
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest ;
Thou on earth both priest and victim
In the Eucharistic feast.

115

(FIRST TUNE)

GALILEE. (L.M.) ♩ = 88. PHILIP ARMES (1830–1908).



ISAAC WATTS (1674–1748).

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

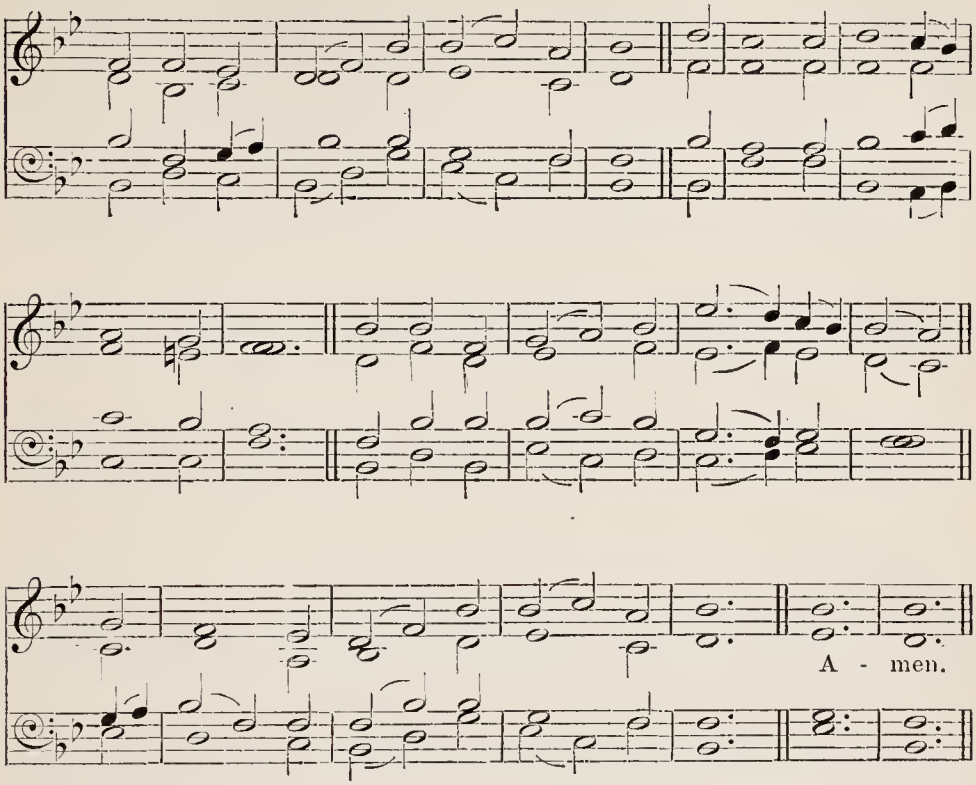
For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

115

(SECOND TUNE)

WARRINGTON. (L.M.) ♩ = 84. RALPH HARRISON (1748–1810).



Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

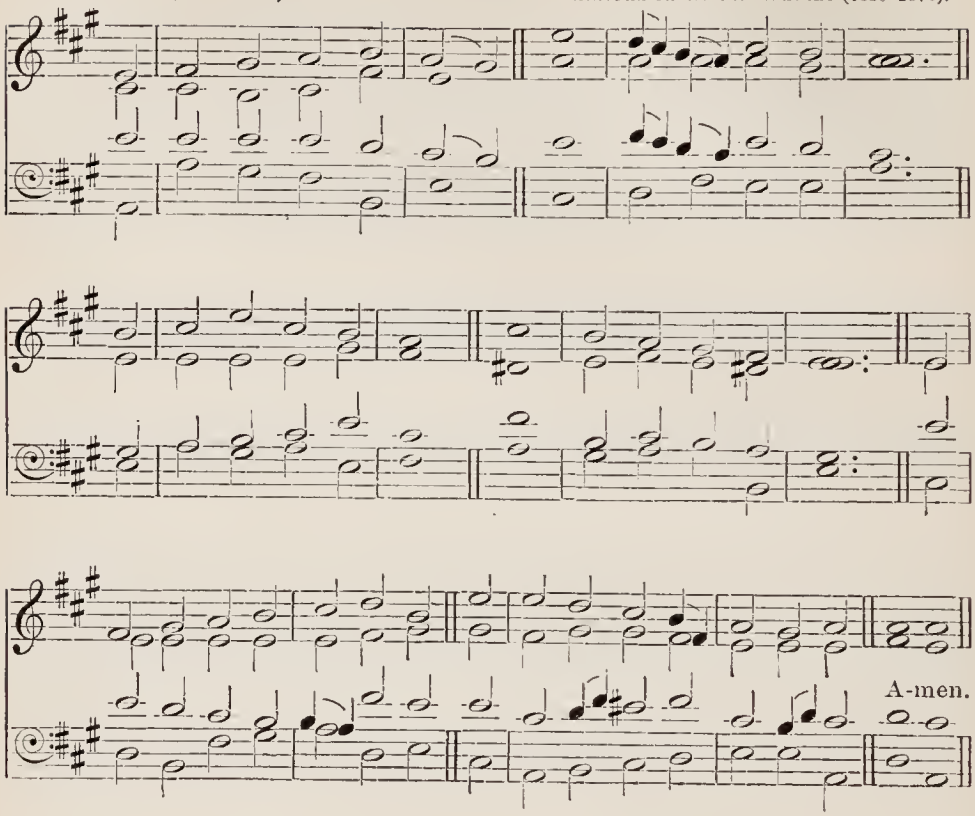
Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

116

(FIRST TUNE)

HAREWOOD. (6 6, 6 6, 8 8.) ♩ = 80.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810-1876).



CHARLES WESLEY (1707-1788).

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

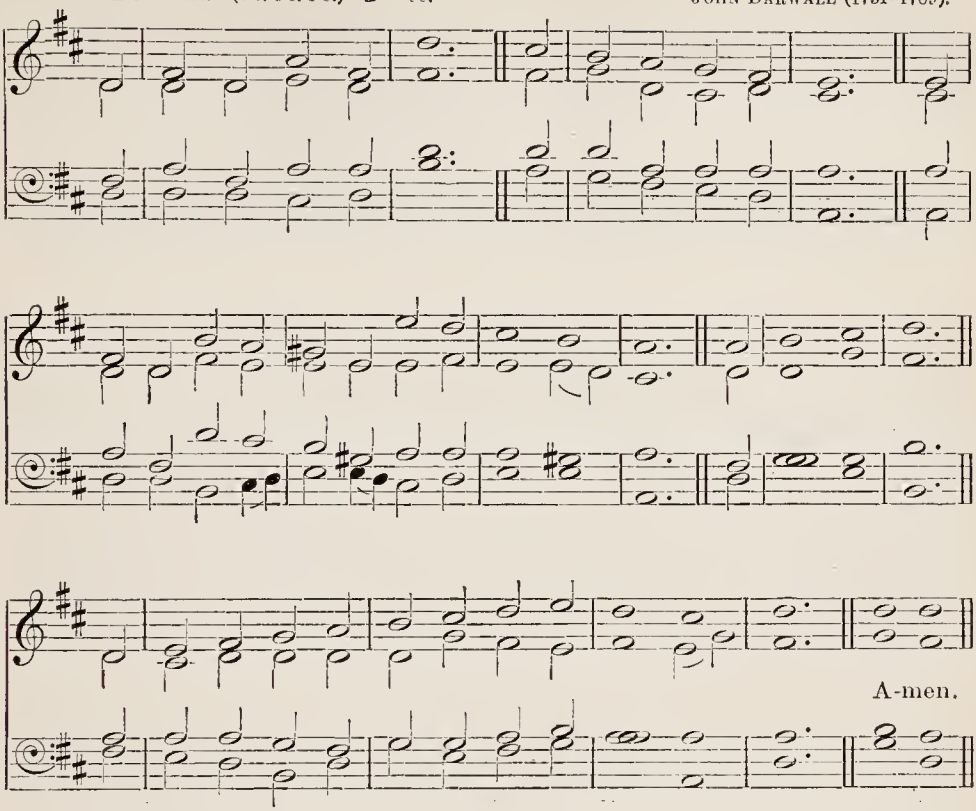
Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.

His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given.

116

(SECOND TUNE)

DARWALL'S 148TH. (6 6. 6 6. 8 8.) ♩ = 96. JOHN DARWALL (1731–1789).



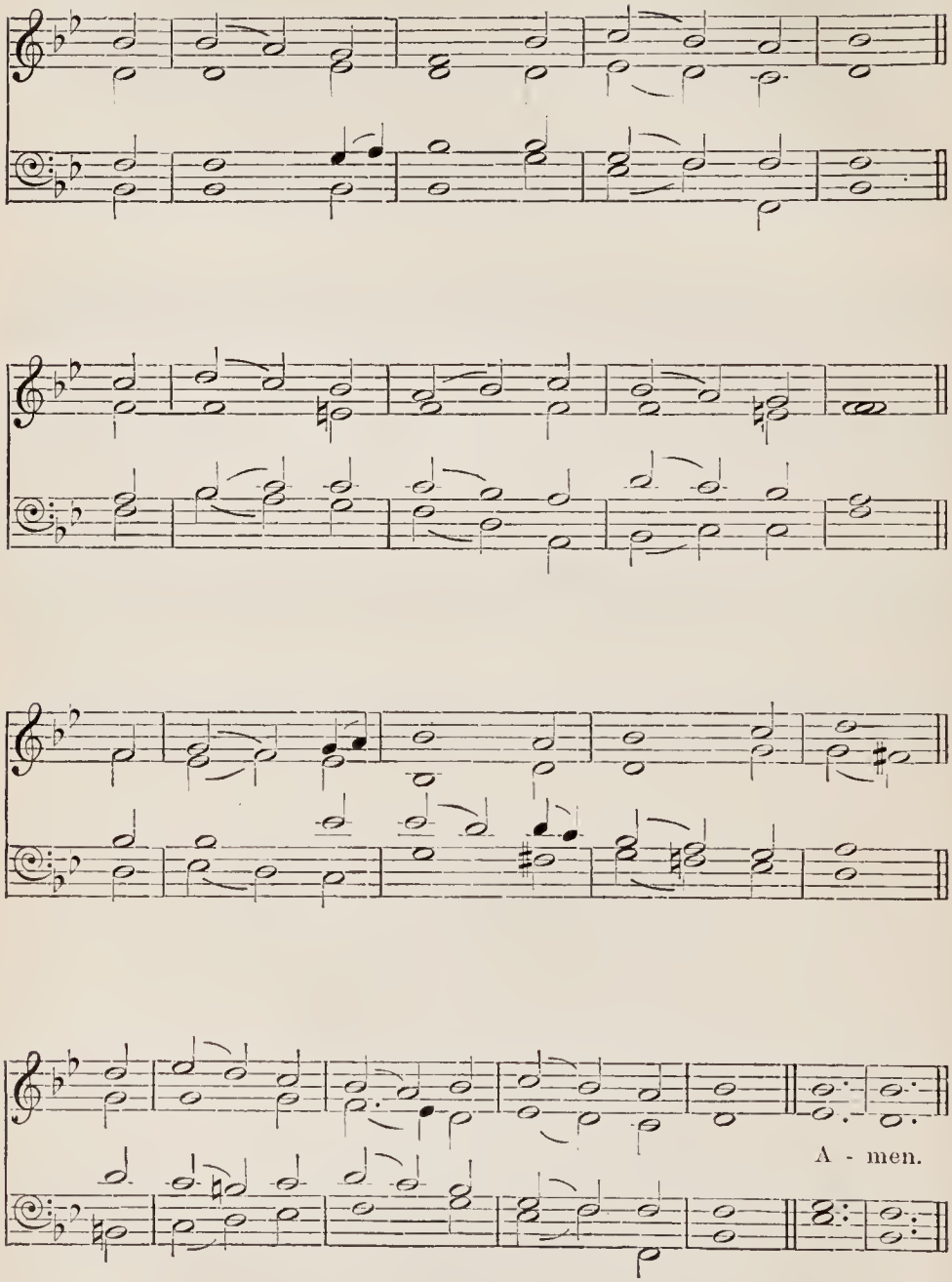
He sits at God's right hand,
  Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
  And fall beneath his feet.

He all his foes shall quell,
  Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
  With pure seraphic joy.

Rejoice in glorious hope;
  Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
  To their eternal home.
    We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
    The trump of God shall sound, rejoice!

117

WAREHAM. (L.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. WILLIAM KNAPP (1698-1768).



117

MICHAEL BRUCE (1746–1767). Scottish Paraphrase of Heb. iv. 14–16.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The patron of mankind appears.

He who for men in merey stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
The guardian God of human race.

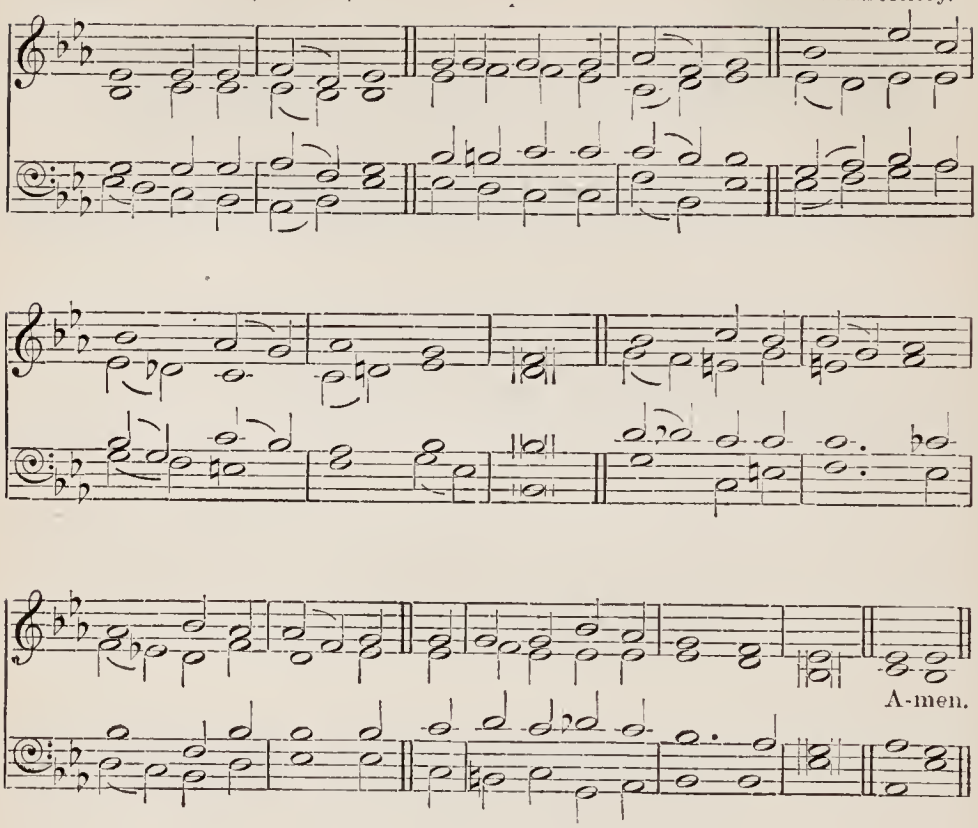
Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

CRUSADERS' HYMN. (5 6 8. 10 8.) ♩ = 88. Traditional Melody.



From the German.

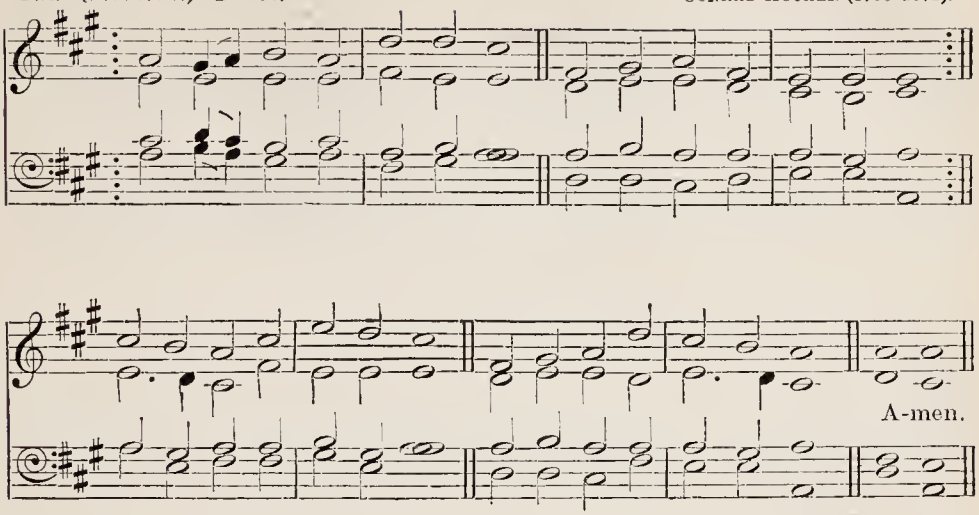
FAIREST Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
O thou of God and man the Son ;
Thee will I cherish, thee will I honour,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring ;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And fair the twinkling, starry host ;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

119

DIX. (7 7. 7 7. 7 7.) 𝅗𝅥 = 96. CONRAD KOCHER (1786-1872).



CHARLES WESLEY (1707-1788).

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
  Triumph o'er the shades of night!
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
  Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return
  Till thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

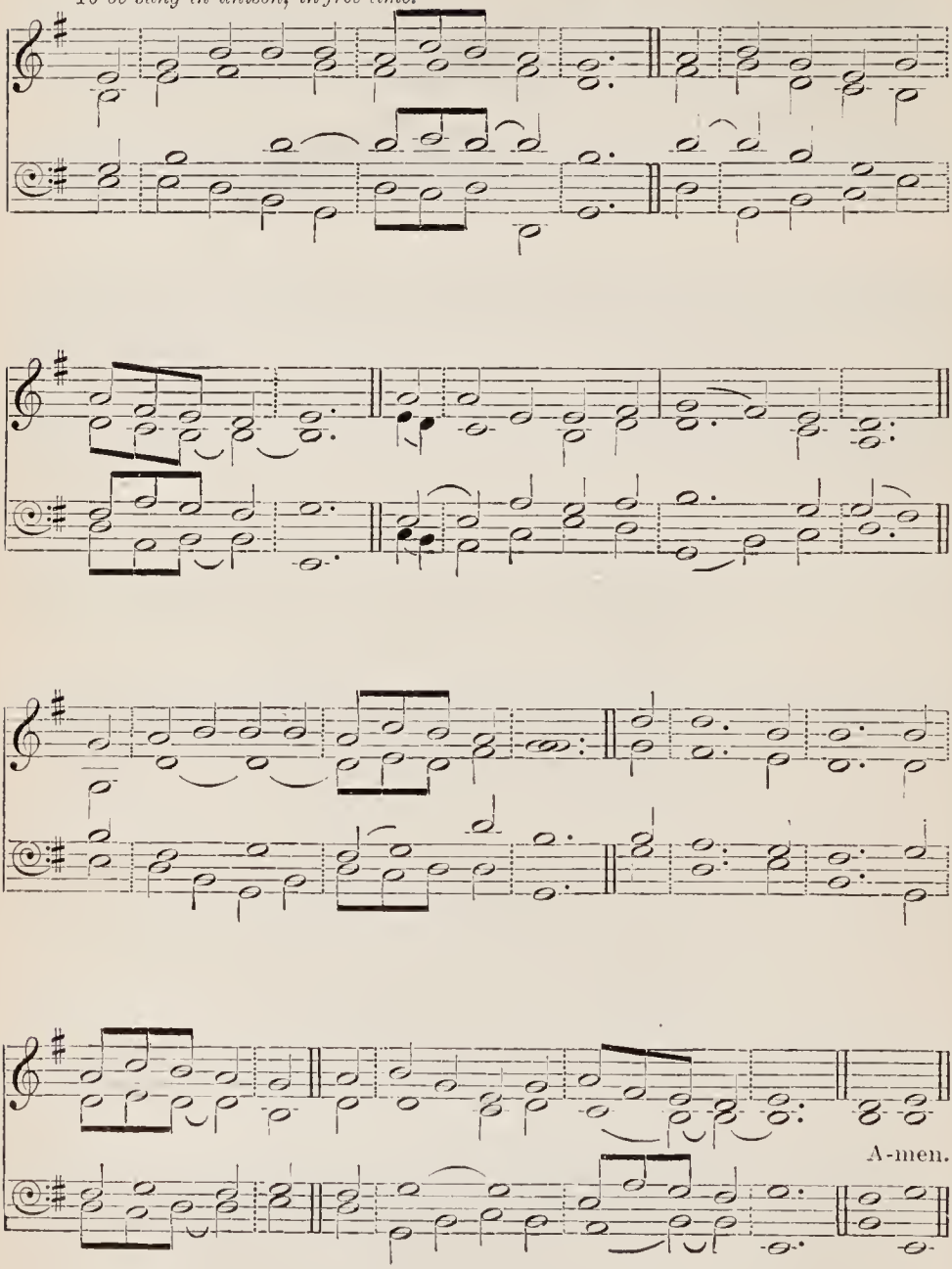
Visit then this soul of mine,
  Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
  Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day!

120

VENI EMMANUEL. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.)

Plainsong Melody (13th cent.), from a French Missal in the National Library, Lisbon.

To be sung in unison, in free time.



From the Latin. *Tr.* JOHN MASON NEALE (1818-1866).

VENI, VENI EMMANUEL.

O COME, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, thou Rod of Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

O come, thou Day-spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by thine Advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

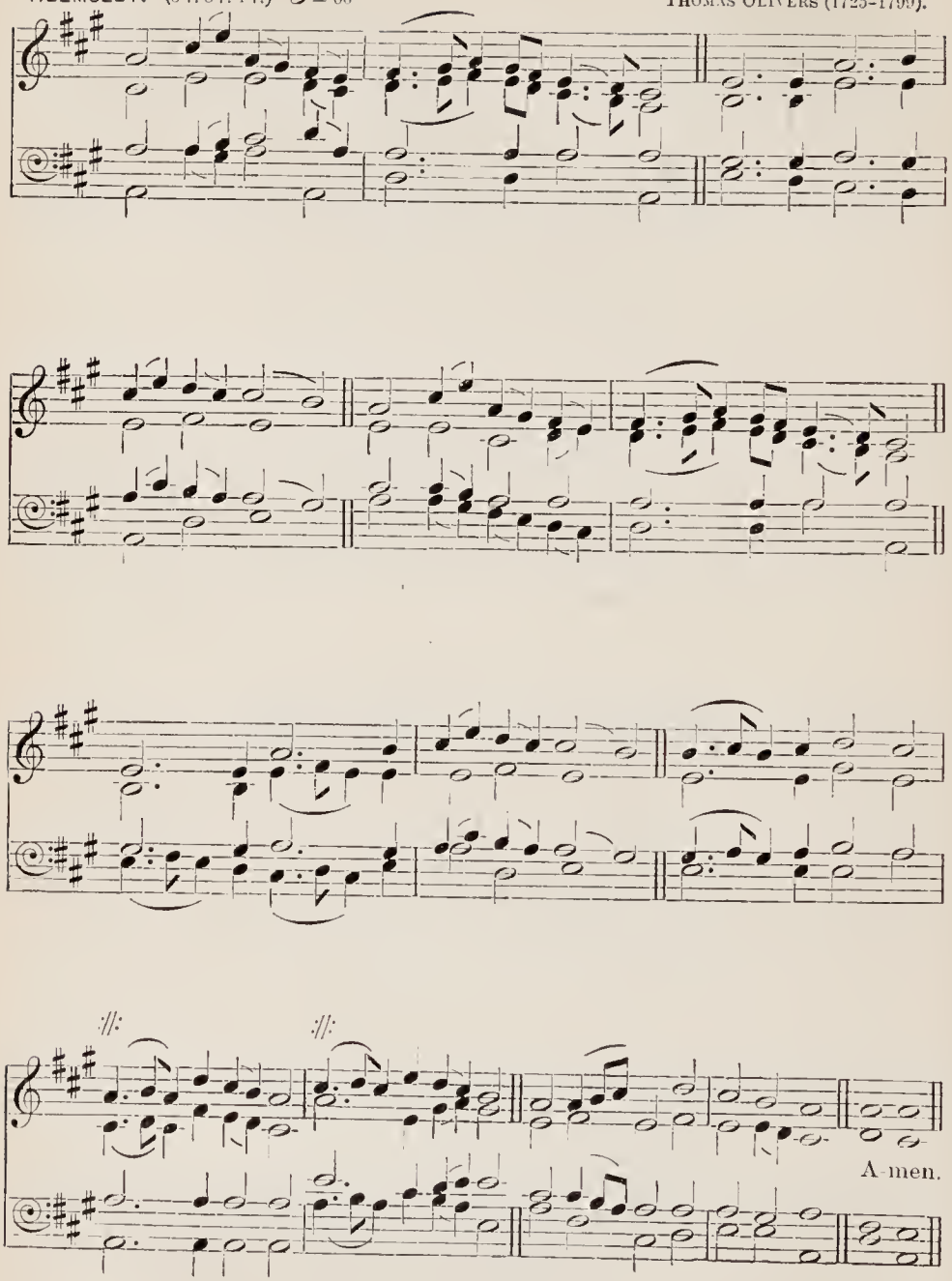
O come, thou Key of David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

O come, O come, thou Lord of Might,
Who to thy tribes, on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

121

HELMSLEY. (8 7. 8 7. 4 7.) 𝅗𝅥 = 66

THOMAS OLIVERS (1725-1799).



See also TRIUMPH, No. 110.

CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788) and
JOHN CENNICK (1718–1755).

LO! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train:
Alleluia!
God appears, on earth to reign.

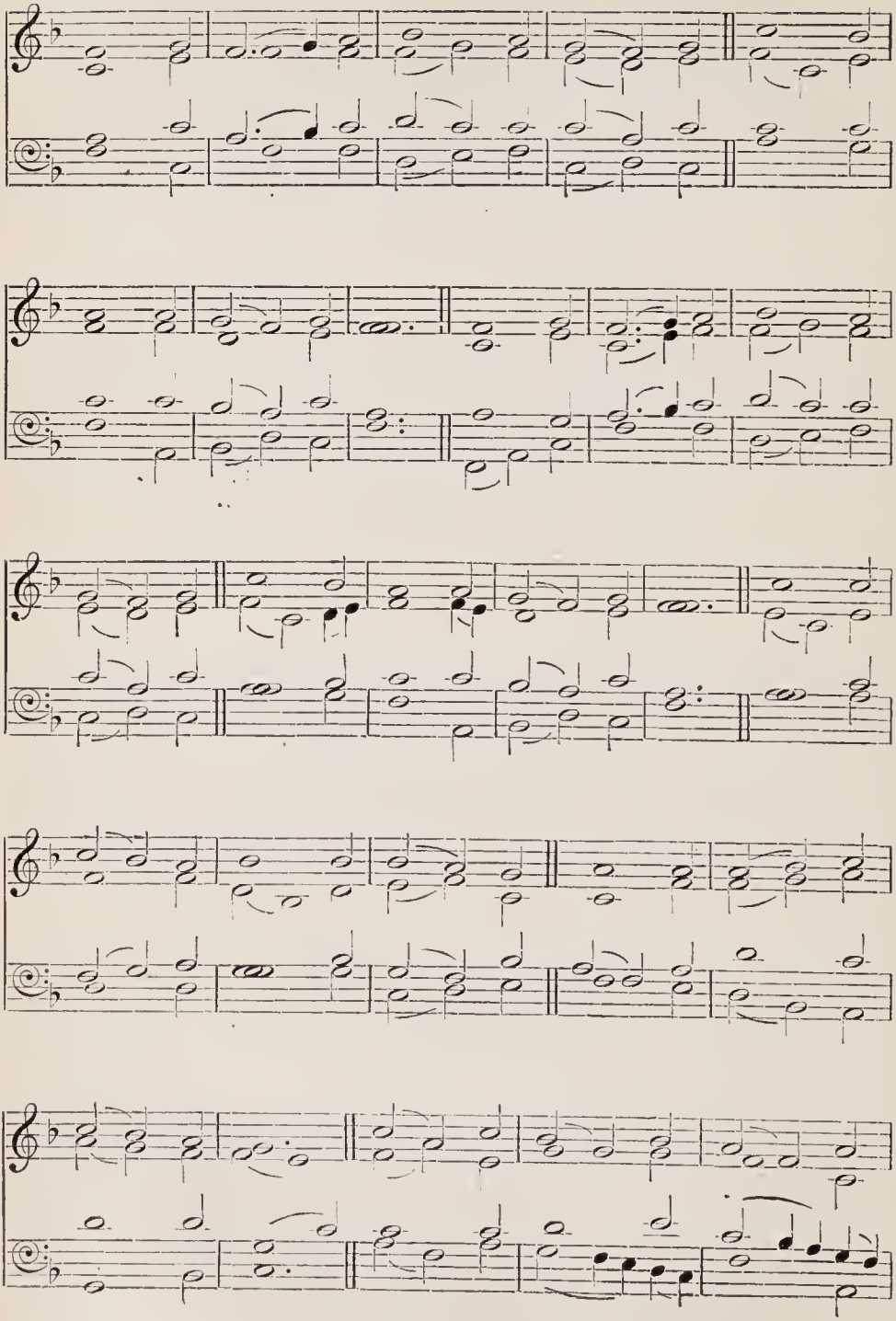
Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing
Shall the true Messiah see.

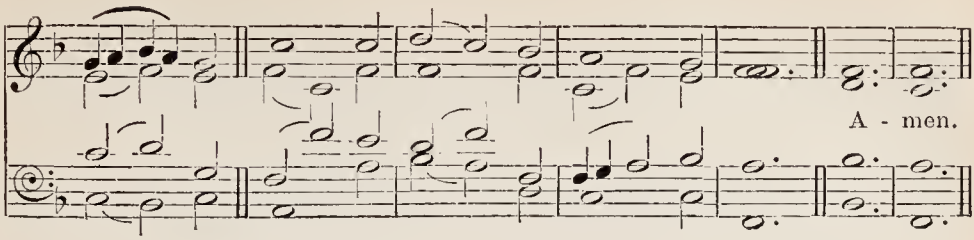
Those dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears,
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransomed worshippers:
With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars!

Yea, amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own:
Come, Jehovah!
Everlasting God, come down.

122

HYFRYDOL. (87. 87. D.) ♩ = 76. R. H. PRICHARD (1811-1887).





CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788).

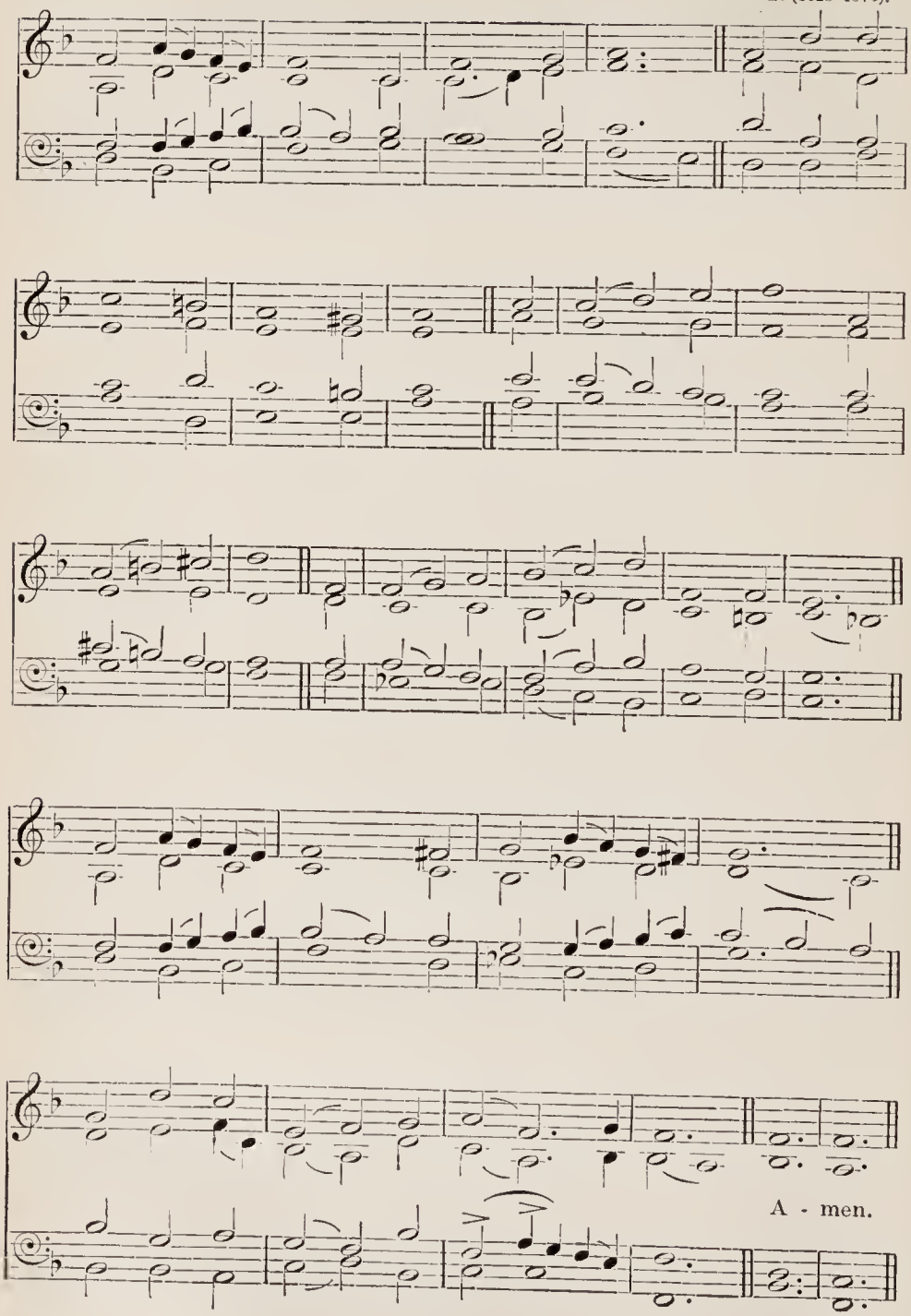
COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us ;
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born thy people to deliver ;
Born a child, and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever ;
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
By thy own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone :
By thy all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

123

VENI CITO. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) 𝅗𝅥 = 80.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823-1876).



LAWRENCE TUTTIETT (1825–1897).

O QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all ;
For, awful though thine advent be,
All shadows from the truth will fall,
And falsehood die, in sight of thee :
O quickly come ; for doubt and fear
Like clouds dissolve when thou art near.

O quickly come, great King of all ;
Reign all around us, and within ;
Let sin no more our souls enthral,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin :
O quickly come ; for thou alone
Canst make thy scattered people one.

O quickly come, true Life of all,
For death is mighty all around ;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found :
O quickly come ; for grief and pain
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

O quickly come, sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way,
And weakly souls begin to fall
With weary watching for the day :
O quickly come ; for round thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

124

Words by THOMAS of Celano (d. 1255).
Solesmes. Modes i and ii.
Set by BASIL HARWOOD.

DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA.

DIES IRAE. (8 8 8.)

To be sung in unison, in free time.

1. Di - es ir - ae, di - es il - la Sol - vet saec - lum
2. Quan - tus tre - mor est fu - tu - rus Quan - do Ju - dex
7. Quid sum mis - er tunc dic - tu - rus? Quem pa - tro - num
8. Rex tre - men - dae ma - jes - ta - tis, Qui sal - van - dos
13. Qui Ma - ri - am ab - sol - vis - ti, Et la - tro - nem
14. Pre - ces me - ae non sunt dig - nae, Sed tu bo - nus

in fa - vil - la; Tes - te Da - vid cum Si - byl - la.
est ven - tu - rus Cunc - ta stric - te dis - cus - su - rus.
ro - ga - tu - rus? Cum vix jus - tus sit se - cu - rus.
sal - vas gra - tis, Sal - va me, fons pi - e - ta - tis.
ex - au - dis - ti, Mi - hi quo - que spem de - dis - ti.
fac be - nig - ne Ne per - en - ni cre - mer ig - ne.

3. Tu - ba mi - rum spar - gens so - num, Per se - pul - chra
4. Mors stu - pe - bit et na - tu - ra Cum re - sur - get
9. Re - cor - da - re, Je - su pi - e. Quod sum cau - sa
10. Quae - rens me, se - dis - ti las - sus, Re - de - mis - ti
15. In - ter ov - es lo - cum prae - sta Et ab hae - dis
16. Con - fu - ta - tis ma - le - dic - tis Flam - mis a - cri -

re - gi - on - um, Co - get om - nes an - te thro-num.
cre - a - tu - ra, Ju - di - can - ti re-spon - su - ra
tu - ae vi - ae, Ne me per - das il - la di - e.
cru - cem pas - sus, Tan - tus la - bor non sit cas - sus.
me se - que - stra, Sta - tu - ens in par - te dex - tra.
bus ad - dic - tis, Vo - ca me cum ben - e - dic - tis.

5. Li - ber scrip - tus pro - fer - e - tur, In quo to - tum con-
6. Ju - dex er - go cum se - de - bit, Quid - quid la - tet ap-
11. Jus - te ju - dex ul - ti - o - nis, Do - num fac re - mis-
12. In - ge - mis - co tan - quam re - us, Cul - pa ru - bet vul-
17. Or - o sup - plex et ac - cli - nis, Cor con - tri - tum qua-

ti - ne - tur, Un - de mun - dus ju - di - ce - tur.
par - e - bit, Nil in - ul - tum re - man - e - bit.
si - o - nis An - te di - em ra - ti - o - nis.
tus me - us; Sup - pli - can - ti par - ce, De - us.
si ci - nis, Ge - re cu - ram me - i fi - nis.

18. La-cry-mo - sa di - es il - la Qua re-sur-get ex fa-vil-la

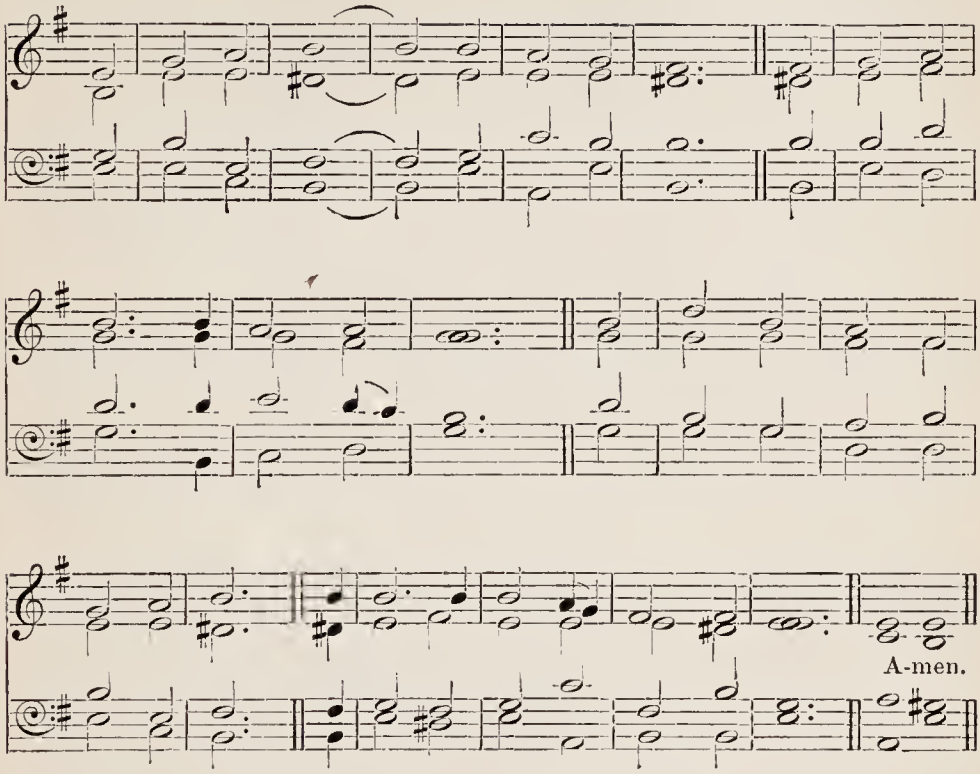
Ju-di-can-dus ho - mo re-us, Hu-ic er-go par - - ce, De-us.

Slower.

Pi - e Je-su Do-mi-ne; Do-na e - is re-qui-em. A-men.

125

BABYLON'S STREAMS. (L.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 76. THOMAS CAMPION (? 1567–1619).



WALTER SCOTT (1771–1832).

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away !
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgement wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

VENI CREATOR. (L.M., with Coda.) Sarum Plainsong.

To be sung in unison, in free time.

Mode viii.

CODA.

Praise to thy e - ter - nal me - rit,

Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spi - rit. A - men.

NOTE.—*When the Latin version is used, omit Coda.*

From the Latin (9th cent. ?). *Tr.* JOHN COSIN (1594-1672).

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire ;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight.

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of thy grace :
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where thou art guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but One ;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

VENI, Creator Spiritus,
Mentes tuorum visita,
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creasti pectora.

Qui Paraclitus diceris,
Donum Dei altissimi,
Fons vivus, ignis, caritas,
Et spiritalis unctio ;

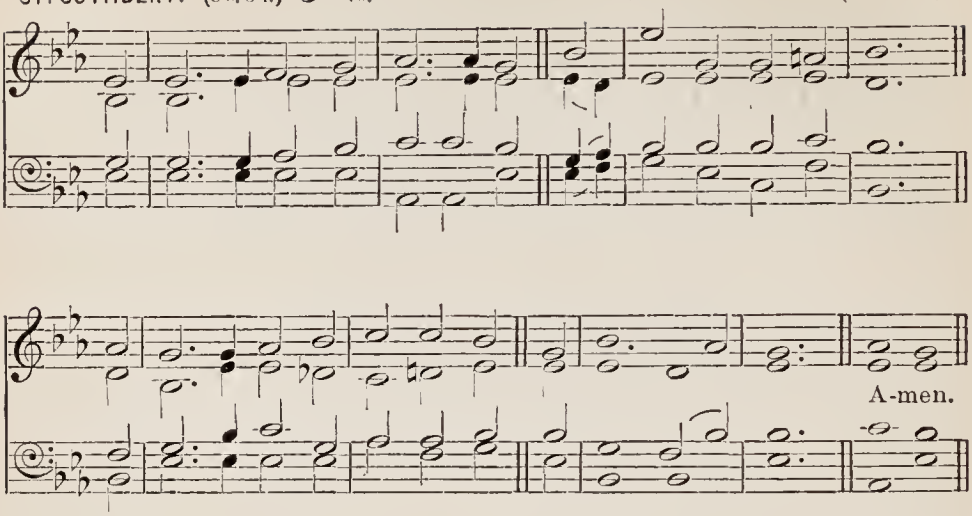
Tu septiformis munere,
Dextrae Dei tu digitus,
Tu rite promisso Patris,
Sermone ditas guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius,
Pacemque dones protinus,
Ductore sic te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus, da, Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Te utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

ST. CUTHBERT. (8 6, 8 4.) ♩ = 76. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823-1876).



HARRIET AUBER (1773-1862).

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love,
On earth to shed.

He came in tongues of living flame
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came—
As viewless too.

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

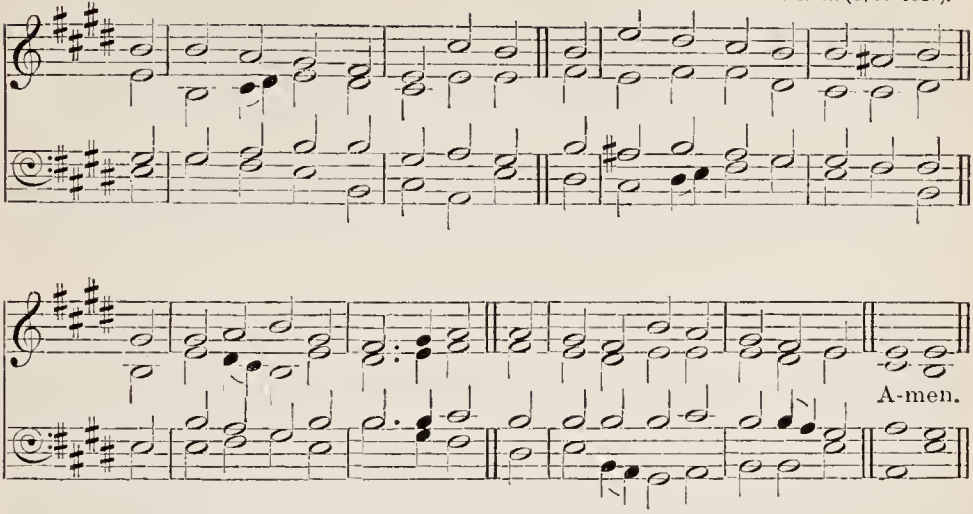
And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
Oh make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee.

Oh praise the Father; praise the Son;
Blest Spirit, praise to thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
The One in Three.

MELCOMBE. (L.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 72. SAMUEL WEBBE THE ELDER (1740–1816).



JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771–1854).

O SPIRIT of the living God !
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race !

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O Spirit of the Lord ! prepare
All the round earth her God to meet :
Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

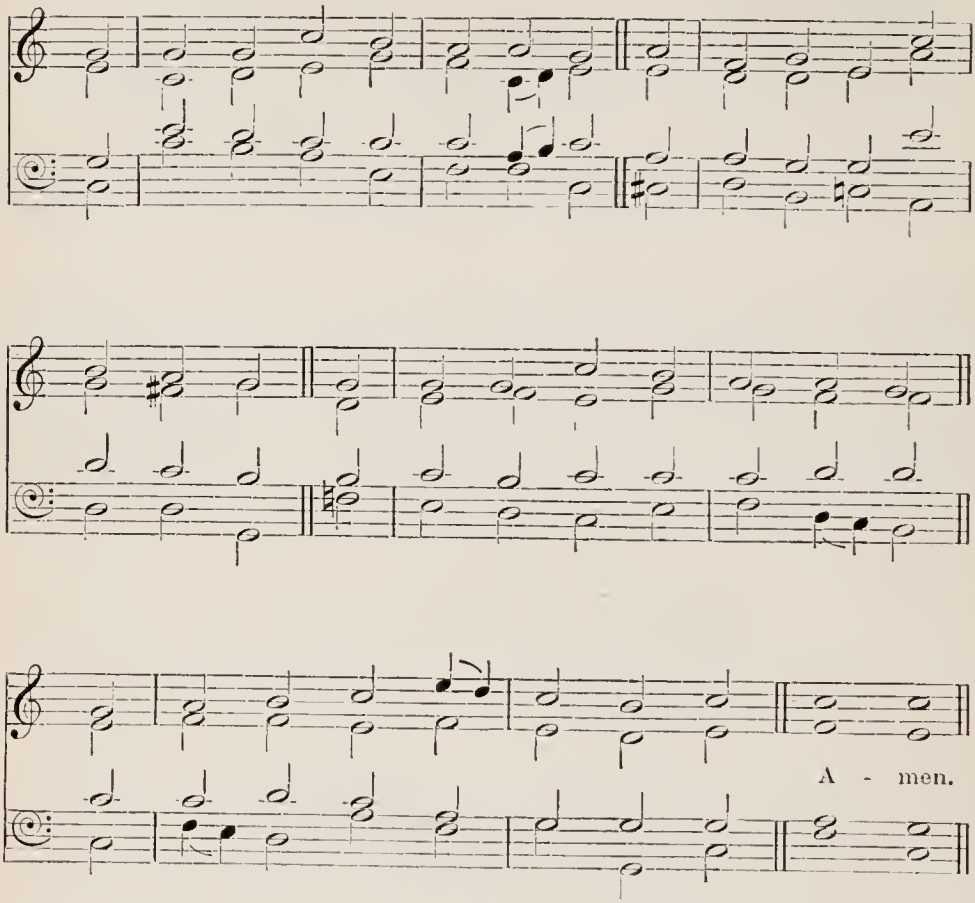
Baptize the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.

129

(FIRST TUNE)

MAINZER. (L.M.) ♩ = 80.

JOSEPH MAINZER (1801–1851).



CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (1823–1895).

SPIRIT of God, that moved of old
Upon the waters' darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

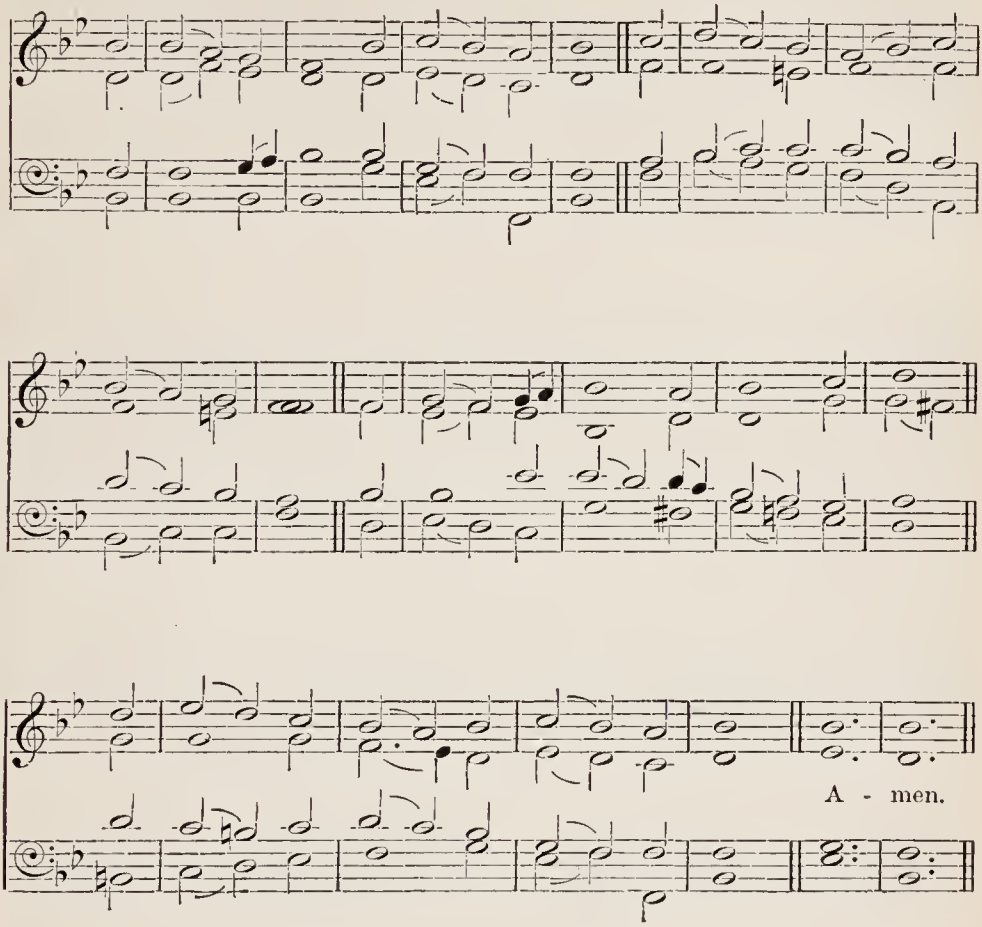
Thou that art power and peace combined,
All highest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove,

129

(SECOND TUNE)

WAREHAM. (L.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88.

WILLIAM KNAPP (1698–1768).



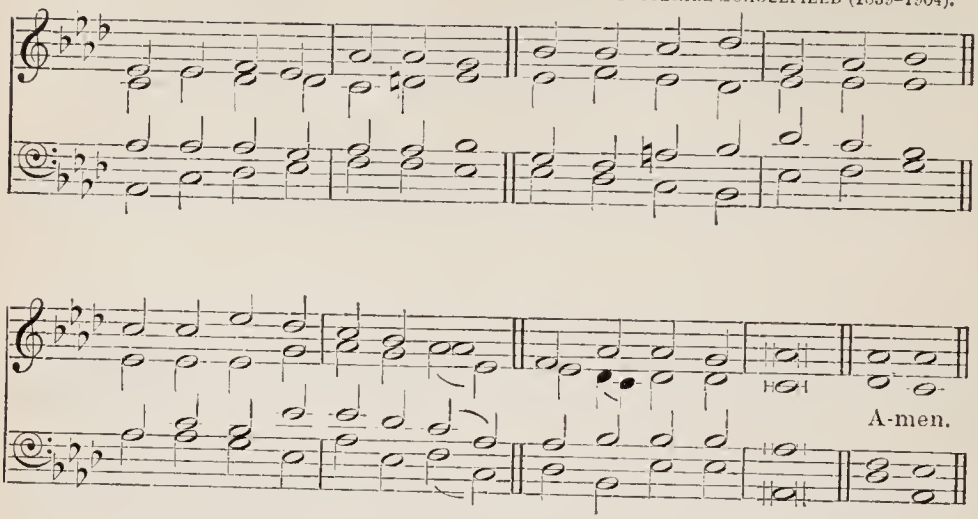
Come, give us still thy powerful aid,
  And urge us on, and keep us thine ;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
  Fit temples for thy grace divine ;

Nor let us quench thy sevenfold light ;
  But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
  O Holy Ghost, the Comforter.

130

IRENE. (7 7. 7 5.) ♩ = 80.

CLEMENT COTTERILL SCHOLEFIELD (1839-1904).



GEORGE RAWSON (1807-1889).

COME to our poor nature's night,
With thy blessèd inward light,
Holy Ghost the Infinite,
Comforter Divine.

We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord ;
Sick and faint—thy strength afford ;
Lost—until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

Like the dew thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

Gentle, awful, holy Guest,
Make thy temple in each breast ;
There thy presence be confessed,
Comforter Divine.

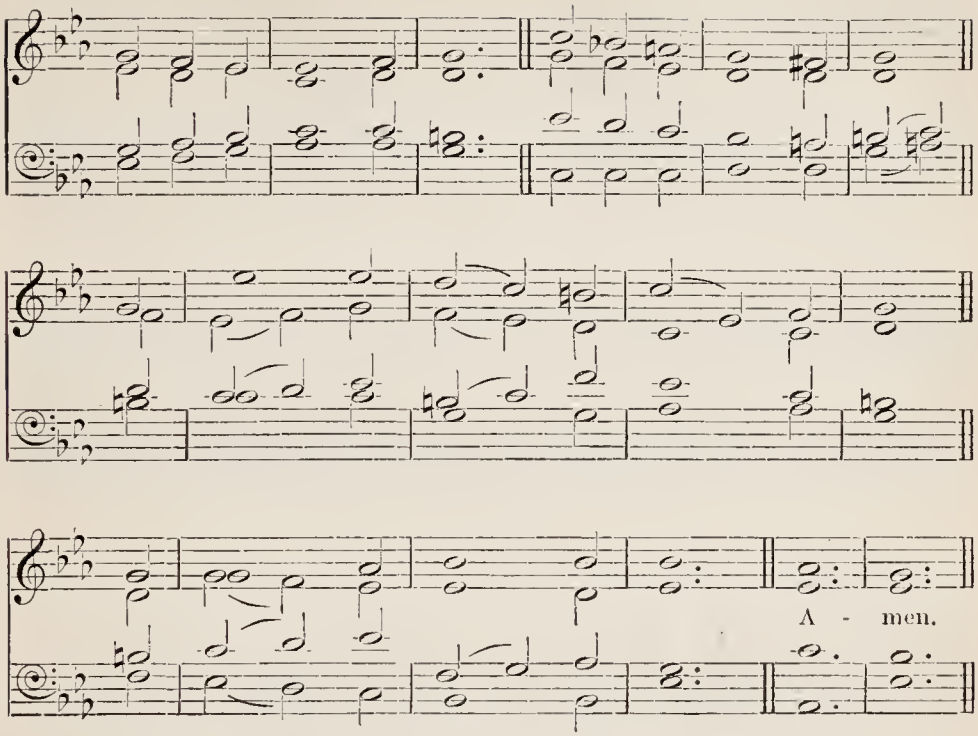
With us, for us, intercede,
And, with voiceless groanings, plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter Divine.

In us 'Abba, Father' cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

Search for us the depths of God ;
Upwards by the starry road,
Bear us to thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

131

VENI SPIRITUS. (S.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 84. JOHN STAINER (1840–1901).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

EDWIN HATCH (1835–1889).

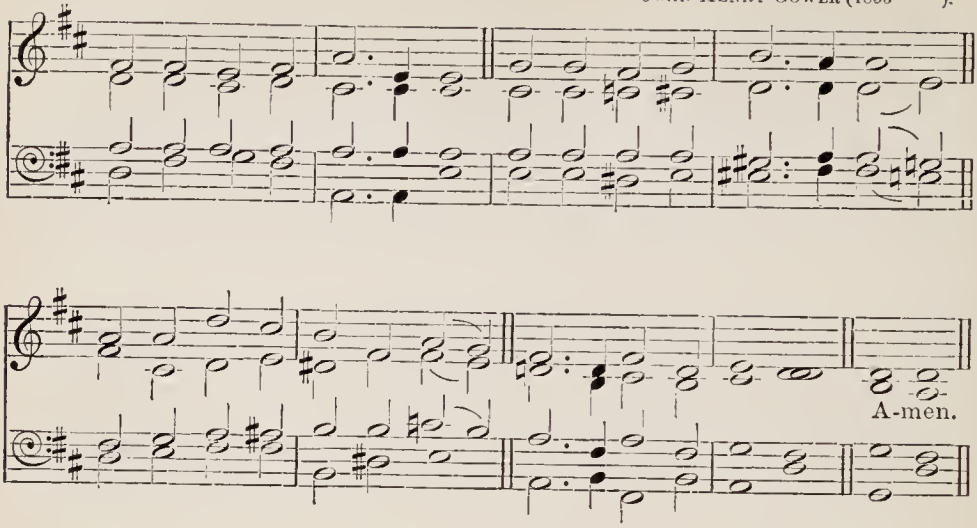
BREATHE on me, Breath of God;
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will,
To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God;
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

GOWER'S LITANY. (7 7. 7 6.) ♂ = 76. JOHN HENRY GOWER (1855-).



THOMAS BENSON POLLOCK (1836–1896).

SPIRIT, strength of all the weak,
Giving courage to the meek,
Teaching faltering tongues to speak;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit, aiding all who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Spirit, Fount of faith and joy,
Giving peace without alloy,
Hope that nothing can destroy;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of love and light divine,
With that hallowing grace of thine,
More and more upon us shine;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy, loving, as thou art,
Come and live within our heart,
Never from us to depart;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

May we soon, from sin set free,
Where thy work may perfect be,
Jesu's face with rapture see:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

GOUDA. (C.M.) ♩ = 88. BERTHOLD TOURS (1838–1897).

A-men.

[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814–1863).

THY home is with the humble, Lord,
The simplest are the best;
Thy lodging is in child-like hearts;
Thou makest there thy rest.

Dear Comforter! Eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for thee.

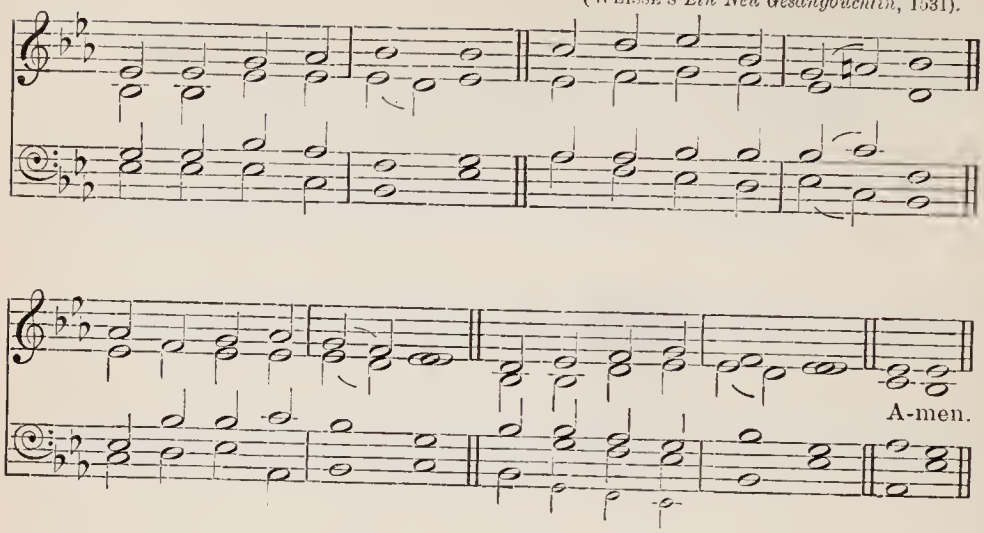
Who made this beating heart of mine,
But thou, my heavenly Guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest.

Thy sweetness hath betrayed thee, Lord!
Great Spirit! is it thou?
Deeper and deeper in my heart,
I feel thee resting now.

134

RAVENSHAW. (66.66.) 𝅗𝅥 = 72.

Melody abridged by
WILLIAM HENRY MONK, from *Ave Hierarchia*
(WEISSE'S *Ein Neu Gesangbuchlin*, 1531).



HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER (1821-1877).

LORD, thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

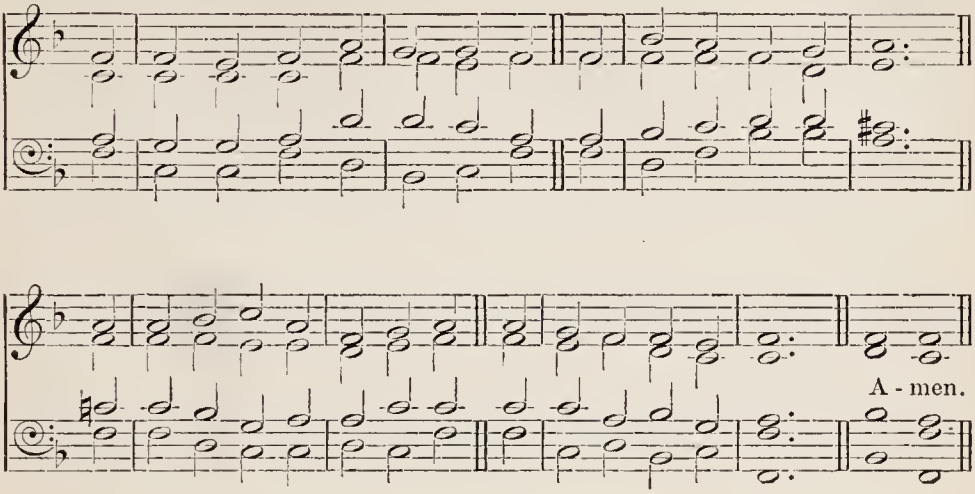
Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure
By thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying.

Oh that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear thee,
Evermore be near thee!

135

ST. FLAVIAN. (C.M.) ♩ = 76. DAY'S *Psalmes* (1562).



Scottish Psalter (1650), slightly altered. From Psalm cxix.

BY what means shall a young man learn
His way to purify ?
If he according to thy word
Thereto attentive be.

Unfeignèdly thee have I sought
With all my soul and heart :
Oh let me not from the right path
Of thy commands depart.

Thy word I in my heart have hid,
That I offend not thee.
O Lord, thou ever blessèd art,
Thy statutes teach thou me.

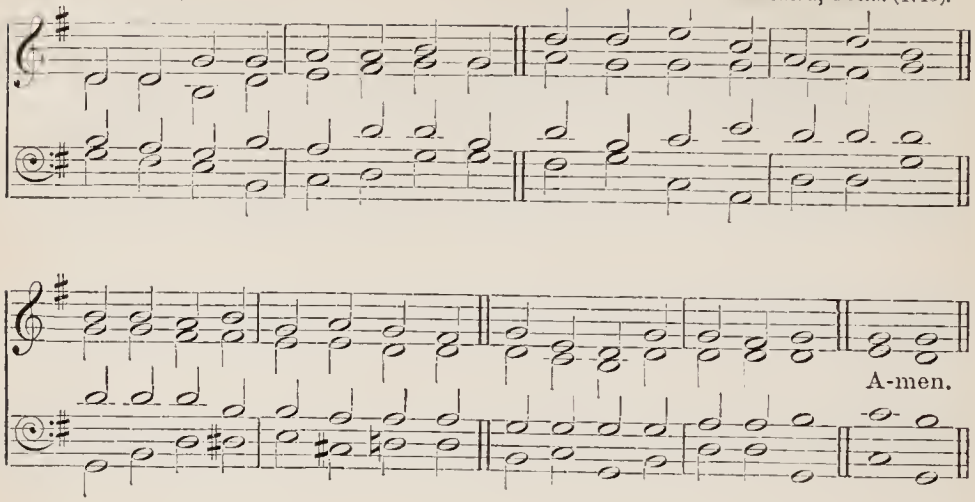
The judgements of thy mouth each one
My lips declarèd have :
More joy thy testimonies' way
Than riches all me gave.

I will thy holy precepts make
My meditation still ;
And have respect to all thy ways
Most carefully I will.

Upon thy statutes my delight
Shall constantly be set :
And, by thy grace, I never will
Thy holy word forget.

136

STUTTGART. (87.87.) ♩ = 84. *Psalmodia Sacra*, Gotha (1715).



FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814–1863).

SOULS of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep ?

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round his feet ?

There 's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea,
There 's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgement given.

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Saviour ;
There is healing in his Blood.

There is plentiful redemption
In the Blood that has been shed ;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

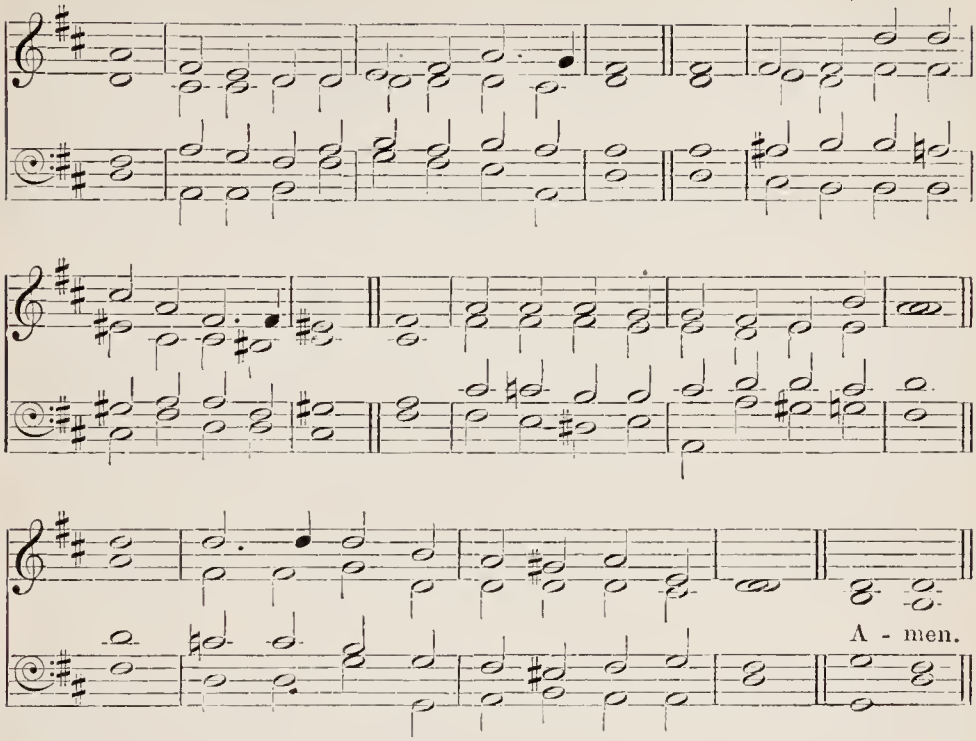
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

Pining souls, come nearer Jesus,
And oh come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His great tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word :
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

137

DALKEITH. (10 10. 10 10.) ♩ = 80. THOMAS HEWLETT (1845–1874).



FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE (1824–1897).

CHRIST in his heavenly garden walks all day,
And calls to souls upon the world's highway;
Wearied with trifles, maim'd and sick with sin,
Christ by the gate stands, and invites them in.

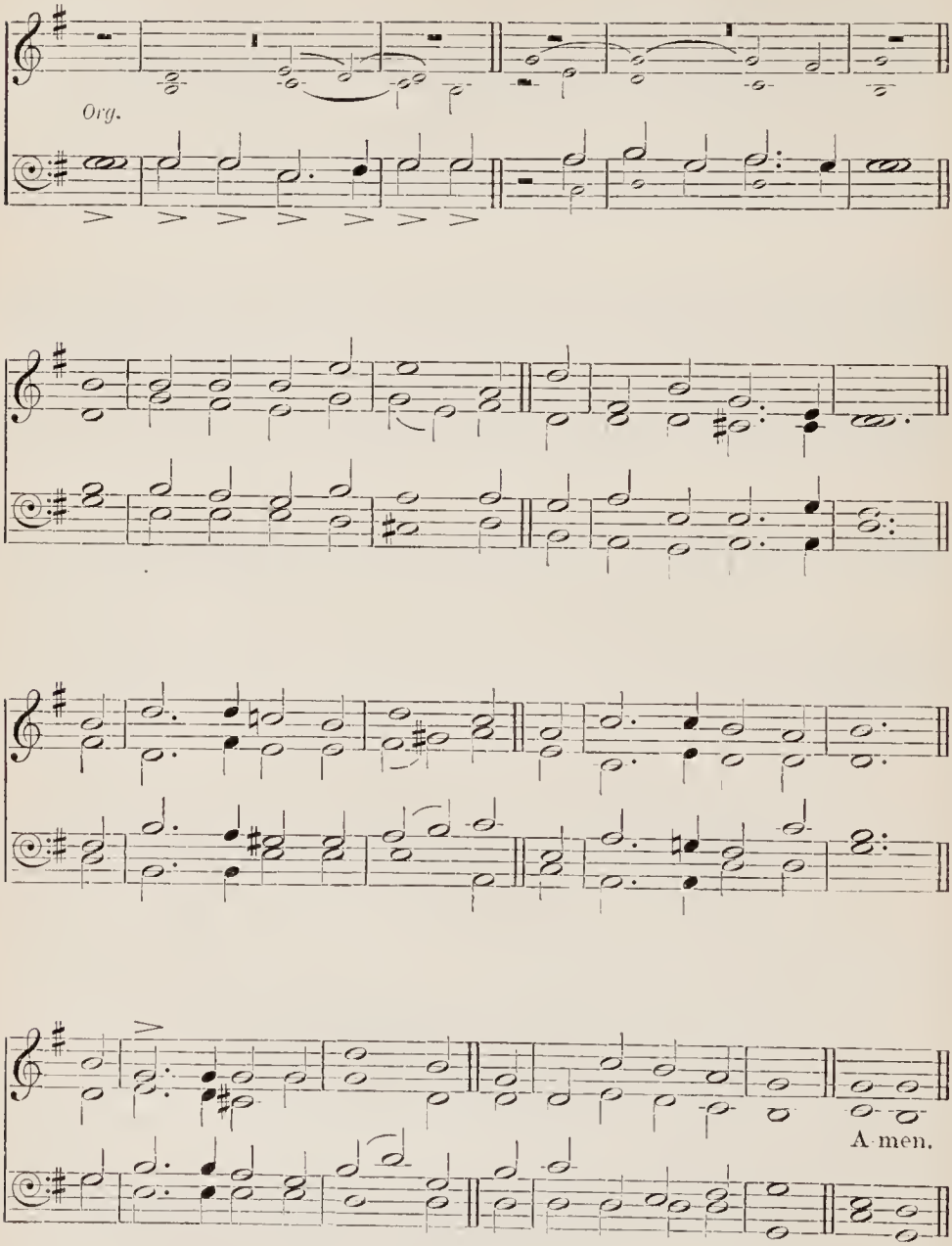
'How long, unwise, will ye pursue your woe?
Here from the throne sweet waters ever go:
Here the white lilies shine like stars above:
Here in the red rose burns the face of Love.

'Tis not from earthly paths I bid you flee,
But lighter in my ways your feet will be:
'Tis not to summon you from human mirth,
But add a depth and sweetness not of earth.

'Still by the gate I stand as on ye stray:
Turn your steps hither: am not I the Way?
The sun is falling fast; the night is nigh:
Why will ye wander? Wherefore will ye die?'

138

COME UNTO ME. (7 6. 7 6. D) ♩ = 88. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823-1876).



See also AURELIA, No. 14.

138

William Chatterton Dix (1837–1898).

'COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest.'
O blessèd voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

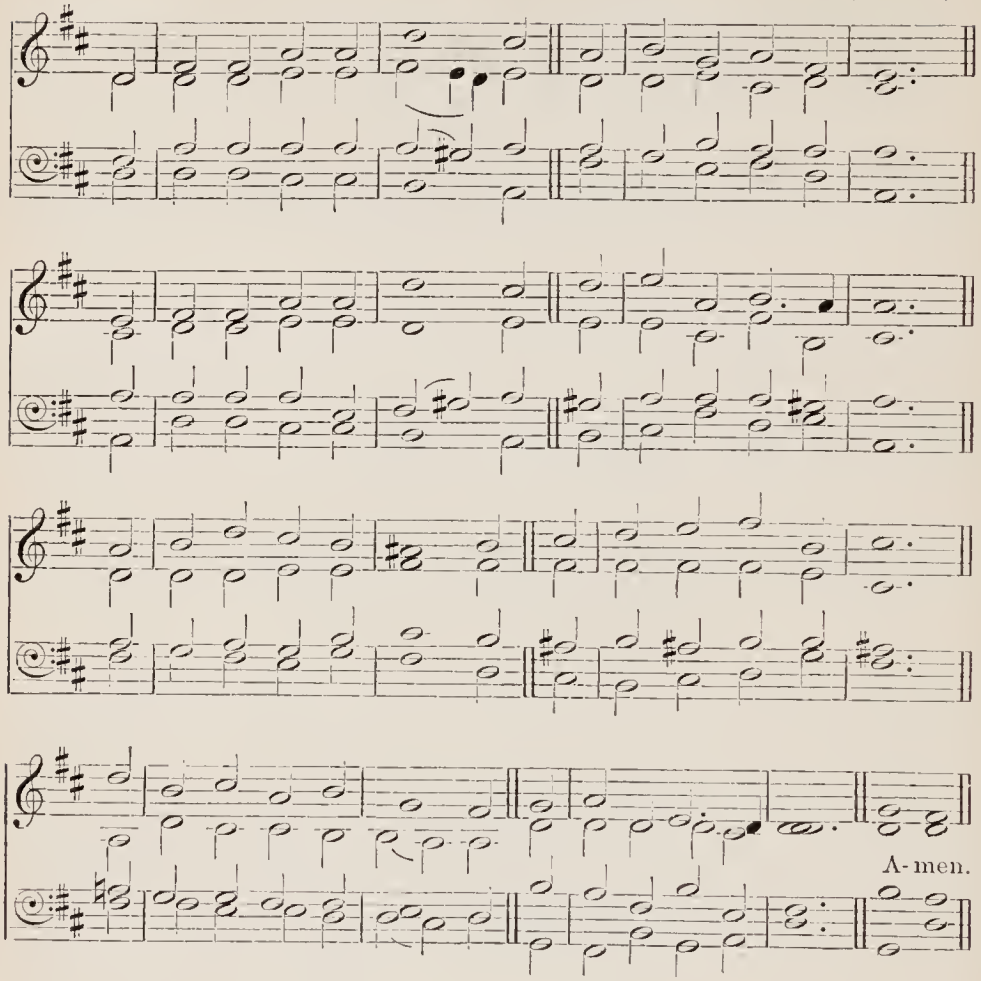
'Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light.'
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

'Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life.'
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

'And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out.'
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee!

139

ST. CATHERINE. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♂ = 92. REGINALD FRANCIS DALE (1845-).



WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW (1823–1897).

O JESUS, thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
Shame on us, Christian brothers,
His name and sign who bear,
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep him standing there!

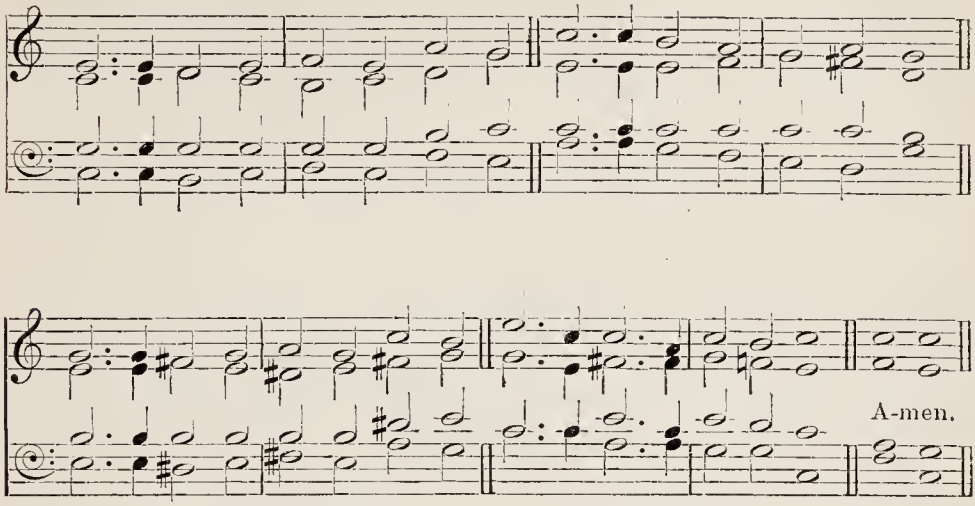
O Jesus, thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred.

O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
'I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?'
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

140

ST. ANDREW. (8 7. 8 7.) ♩ = 88. EDWARD HENRY THORNE (1834-).



See also STUTTGART, No. 136.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER (1823-1895).

JESUS calls us : o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea,
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow me.'

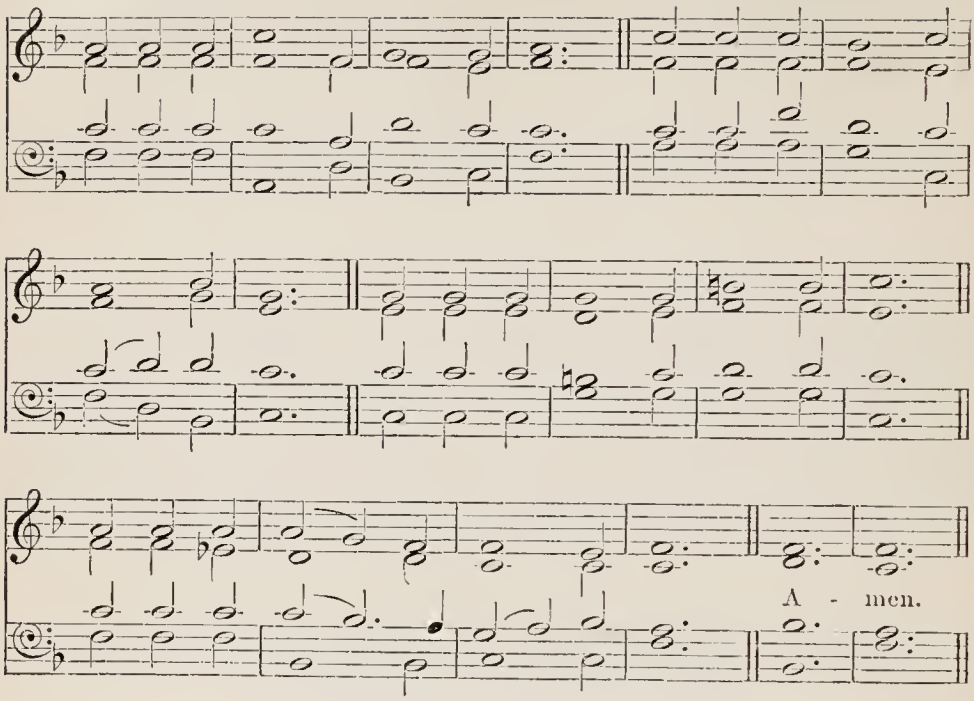
As of old Apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,
Leaving all for his dear sake.

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love me more!'

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love me more than these!'

Jesus calls us : by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

HESPERUS. (L.M.) ♩ = 96. HENRY BAKER (1835-).



[*By permission of the editor of 'Worship Song'.*]

CHARLES WILLIAM EVEREST (1814–1877).

TAKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be ;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.

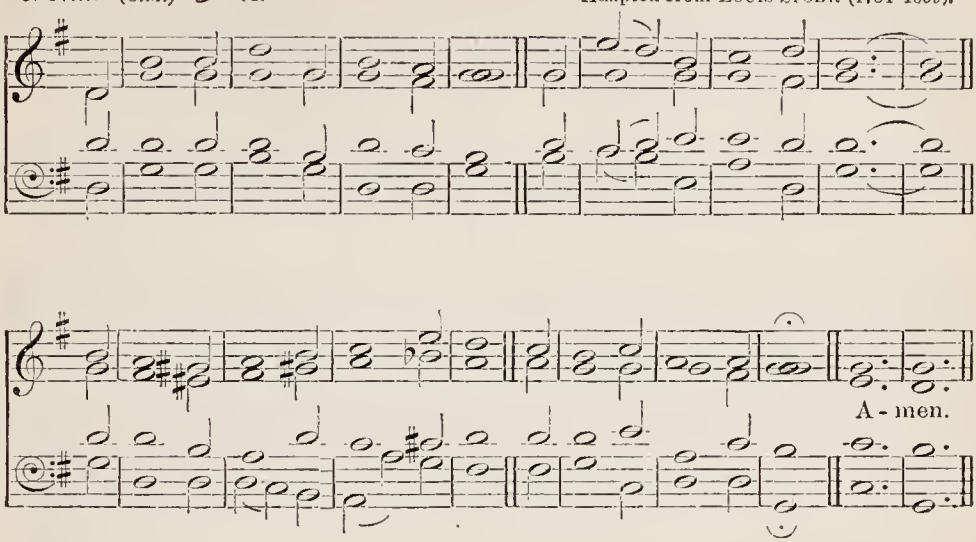
Take up thy cross ; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm ;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame ;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel ;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross, then, in his strength,
And calmly every danger brave ;
'Twill guide thee to a better home,
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down ;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

SPOHR. (C.M.) ♂ = 92. Adapted from LOUIS SPOHR (1784-1859).



NAHUM TATE (1652-1715) and NICHOLAS BRADY (1659-1726).
New Version (1696). Psalm xlii.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine :
Oh when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine !

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

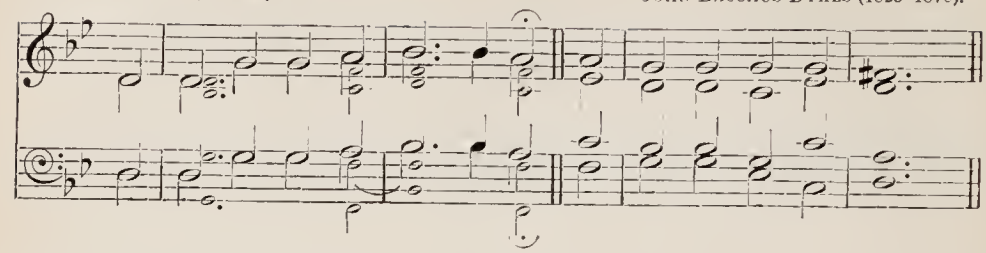
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

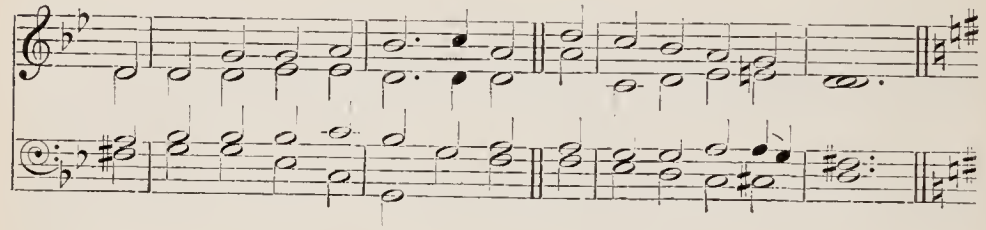
143

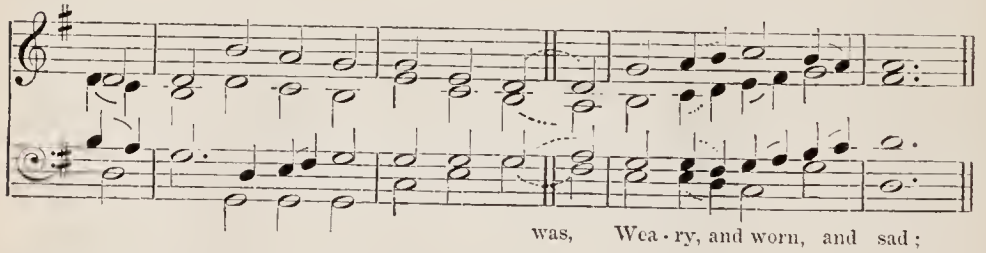
(FIRST TUNE)

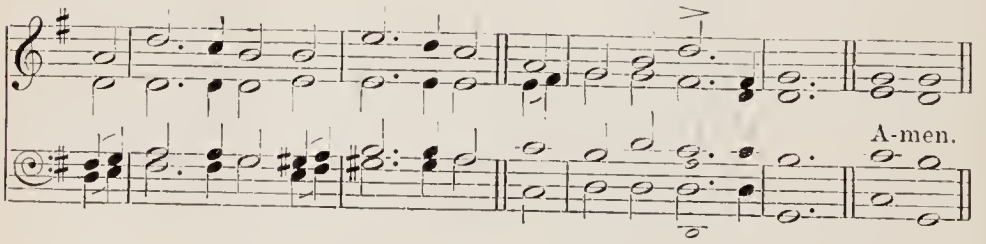
VOX DILECTI. (D.C.M.) ♂ = 76.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823–1876).









HORATIUS BONAR (1808–1889).

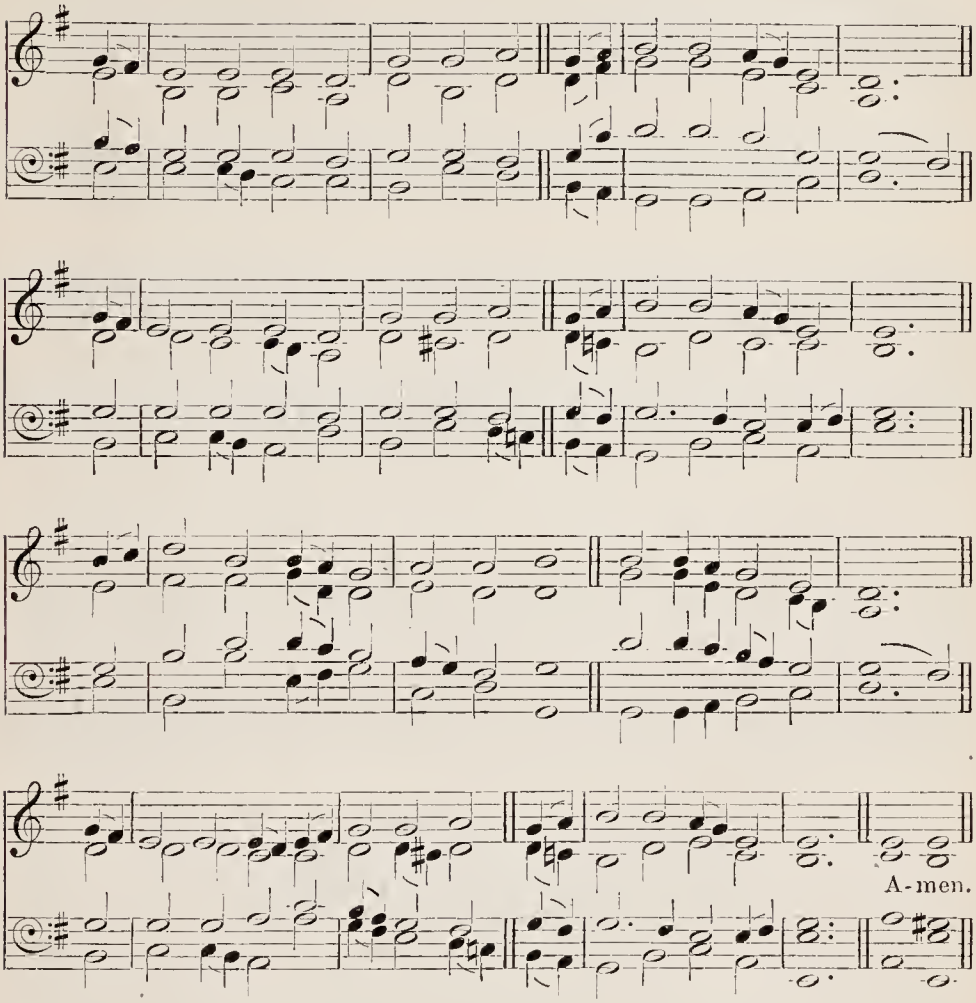
I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast !'
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water ; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live !'
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul [revived,
And now I live in him.

143

(SECOND TUNE)

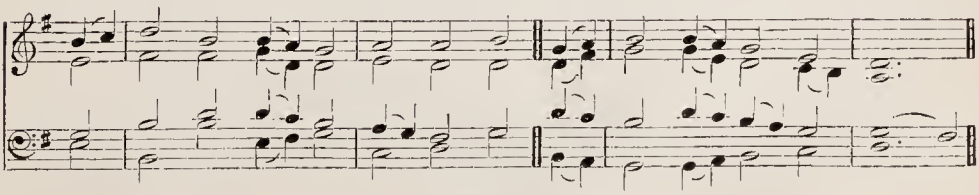
KINGSFOLD. (D.C.M.) ♩ = 80. From an English Traditional Melody.



I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.'

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my star, my sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

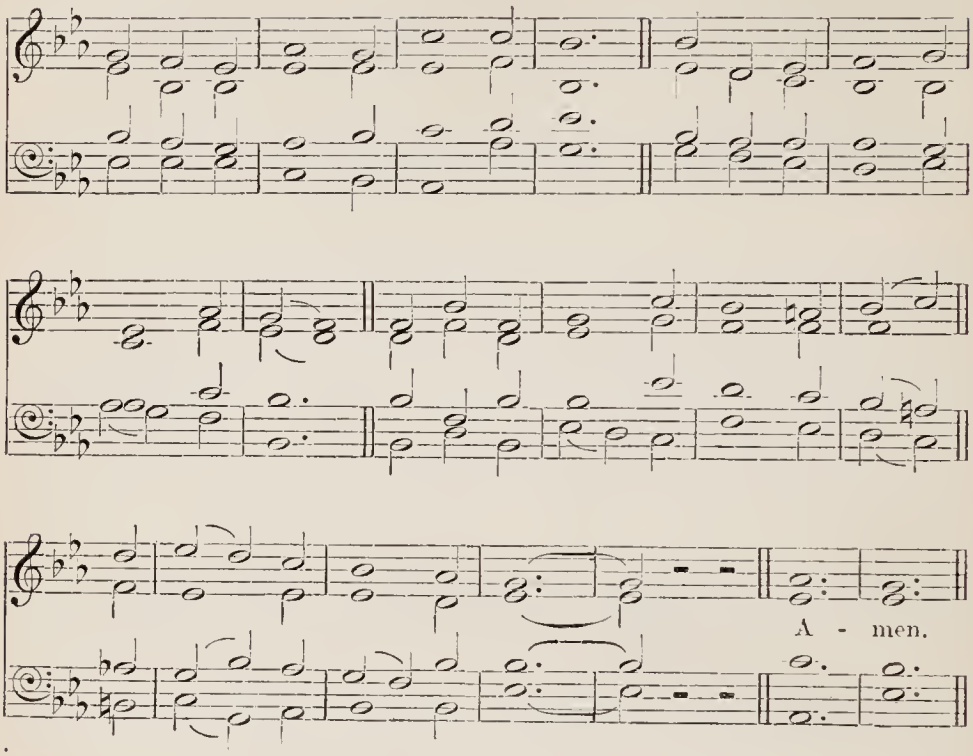
NOTE.—*In verses* 2 *and* 3, *lines* 5 *and* 6 *run thus*—



144

(FIRST TUNE)

MISERICORDIA. (8 8. 8 6.) ♩ = 92. HENRY SMART (1813–1879).



CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (1789–1871).

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come!

144

(SECOND TUNE)

ST. CRISPIN. (8 8. 8 6.) ♩ = 84. GEORGE JOB ELVEY (1816–1893).

I come. A - men.

Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come !

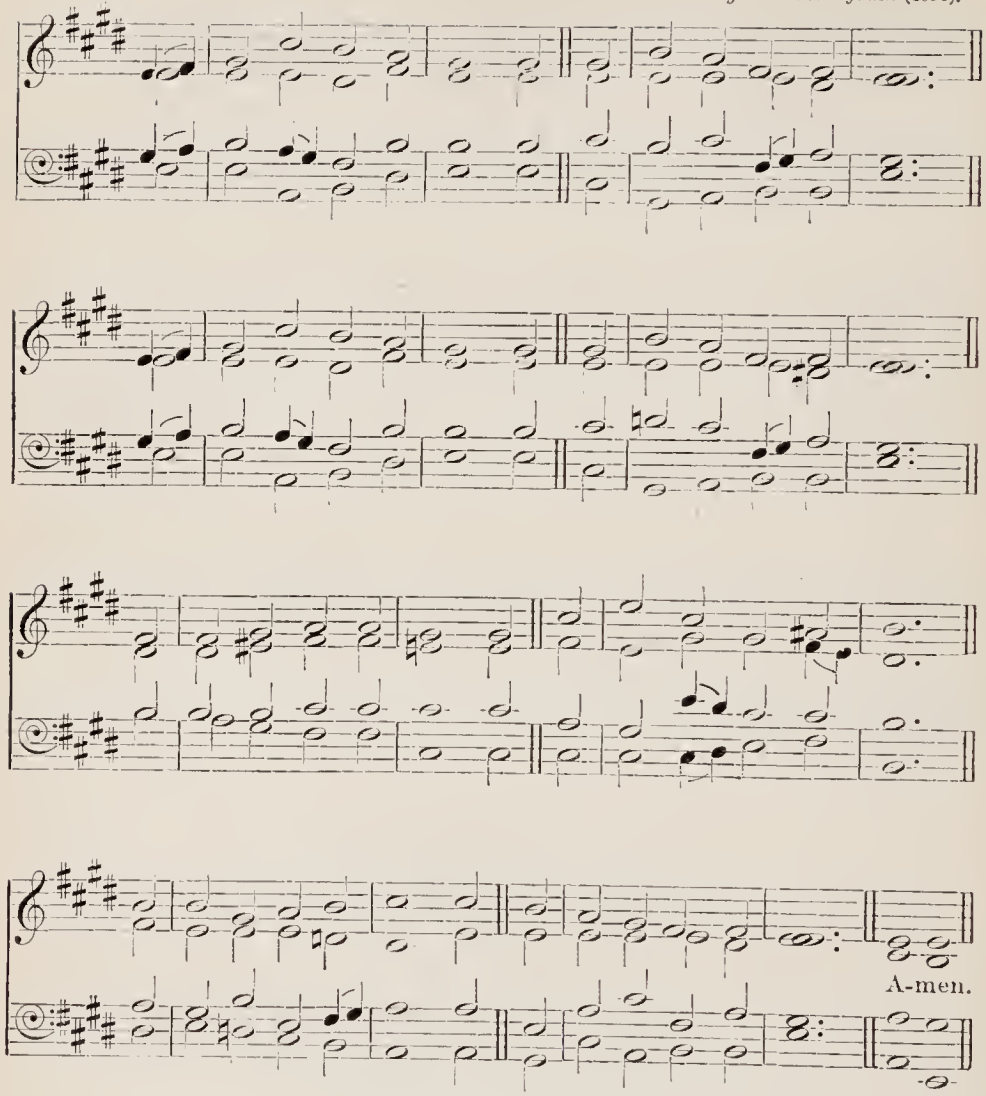
Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down—
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come !

145

(FIRST TUNE.)

MUNICH. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 72. *Meiningisches Gesangbuch* (1693).



HORATIUS BONAR (1808–1889).

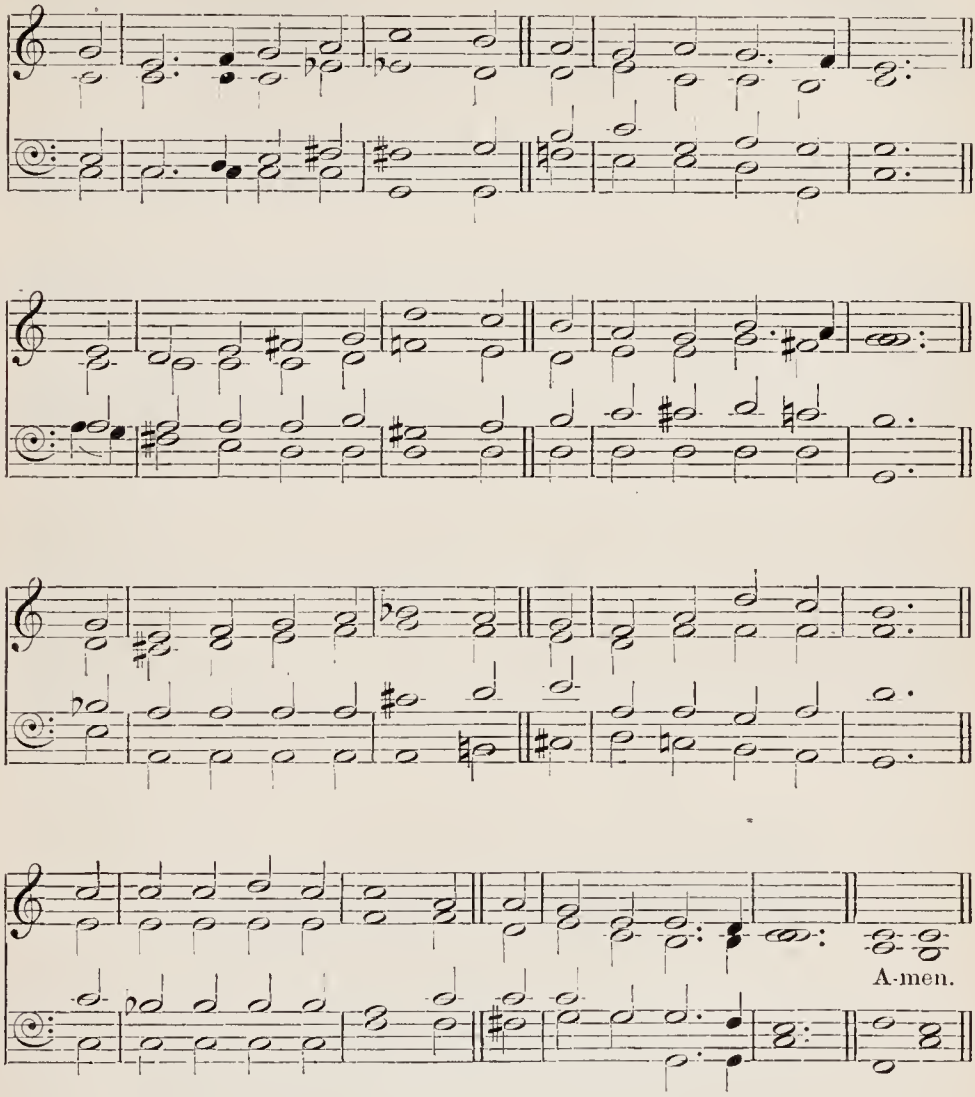
I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursèd load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a stain remains.

I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

145

(SECOND TUNE)

MOSCOW. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 92. JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN (1827–1905).



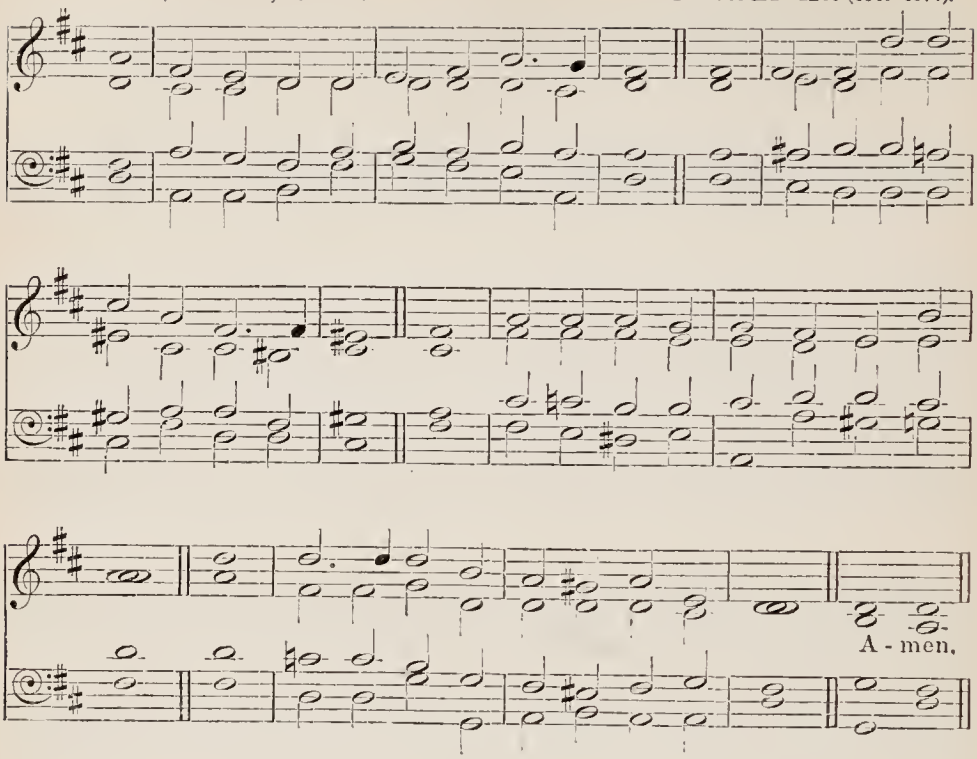
I rest my soul on Jesus,
  This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
  I on his breast recline :
I love the name of Jesus,
  Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
  His name abroad is poured.

I long to be like Jesus,
  Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
  The Father's holy Child :
I long to be with Jesus
  Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
  To learn the angels' song.

146

(FIRST TUNE)

DALKEITH. (10 10. 10 10.) ♩ = 80. THOMAS HEWLETT (1845-1874).



SAMUEL JOHN STONE (1839-1900).

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at Heav'n and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me, 'Come.'

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

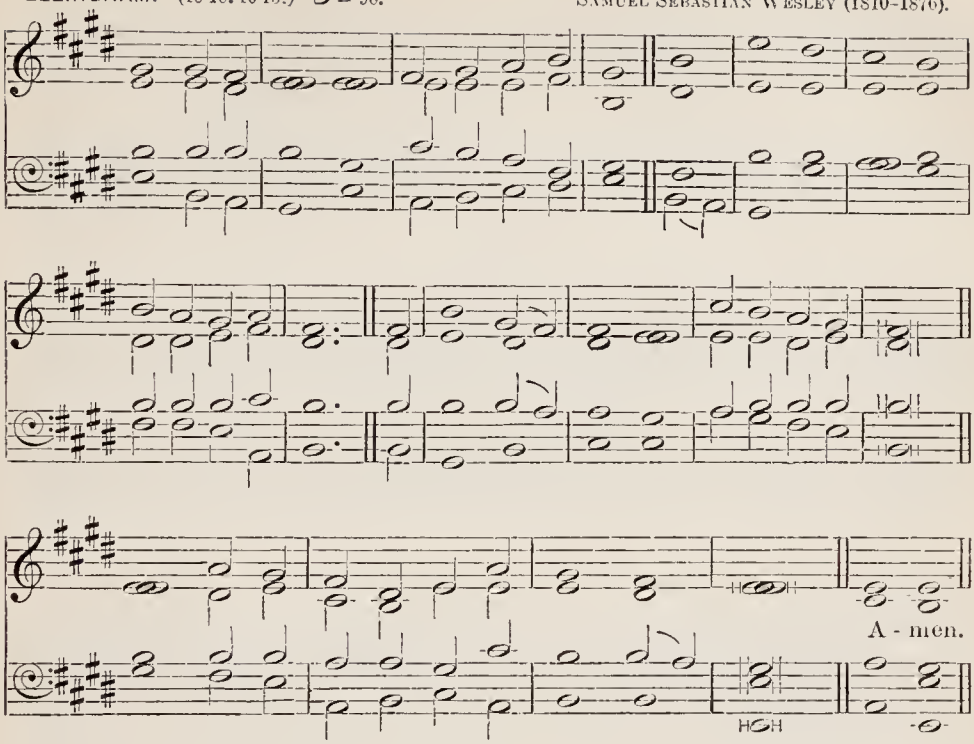
The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
'Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.'

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,
His are the hands stretch'd out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

146

(SECOND TUNE)

ELLINGHAM. (10 10. 10 10.) ♩ = 96. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810-1876).



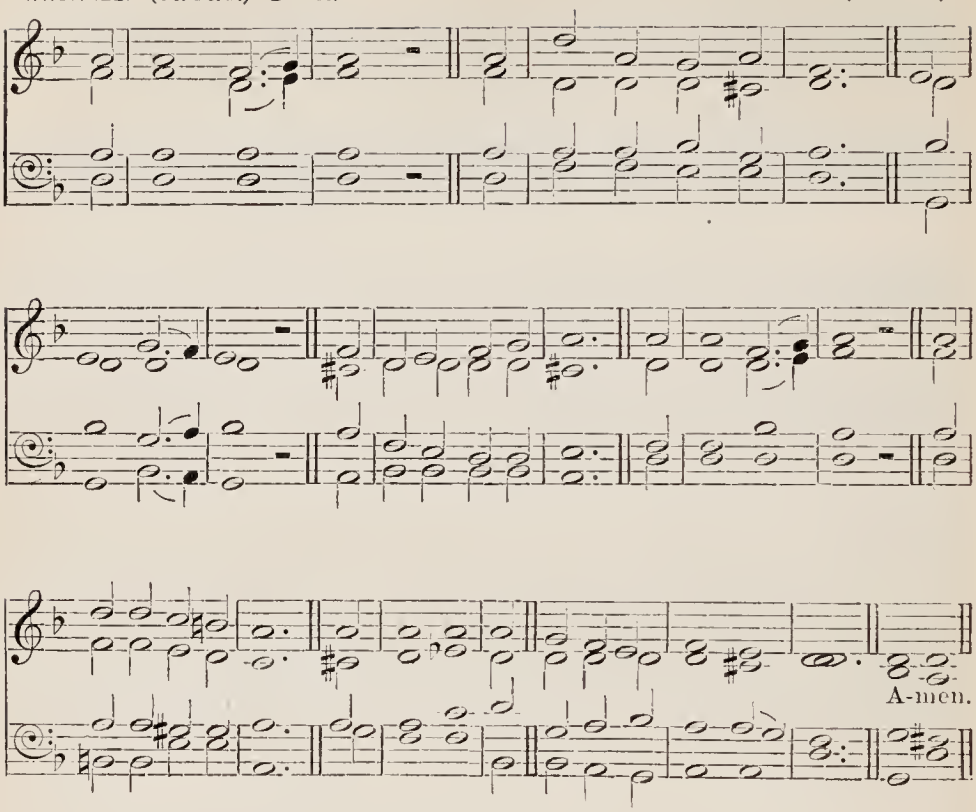
'Twas he who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of Heav'n, the Father's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me his grace of pardon, and will give.

O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

Yea, thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord;
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;
Mine the life won, and thine the life laid down.

Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;
Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

WROXALL. (4 6. 4 6. D.) ♩ = 80. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS (1818–1901).



DAVID THOMAS (1813–1894).

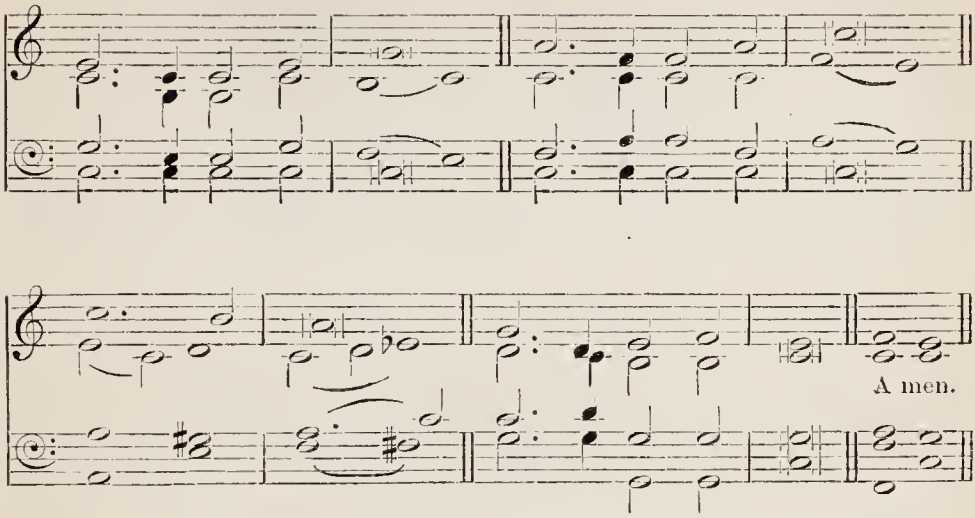
SHOW pity, Lord ;
For we are frail and faint ;
We fade away,
Oh list to our complaint !
We fade away
Like flowers in the sun ;
We just begin,
And then our work is done.

Show pity, Lord ;
Our souls are sore distressed ;
As troubled seas,
Our natures have no rest ;
As troubled seas
That, surging, beat the shore,
We throb and heave,
Ever and evermore.

Show pity, Lord ;
Our grief is in our sin ;
We would be cleansed ;
Oh make us pure within !
We would be cleansed,
For this we cry to thee,
Thy word of love
Can make the conscience free.

Show pity, Lord ;
Inspire our hearts with love ;
That holy love
Which draws the soul above ;
That holy love
Which makes us one with thee,
And with thy saints,
Through all eternity.

HARTLAND. (5 5. 3 5.) ♩ = 76. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS (1818–1901).



GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1633).

THROW away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath ;
O my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
Unto thine is bent ;
I aspire
To a full consent.

Though I fail, I weep ;
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove ;
Love will do the deed ;
For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

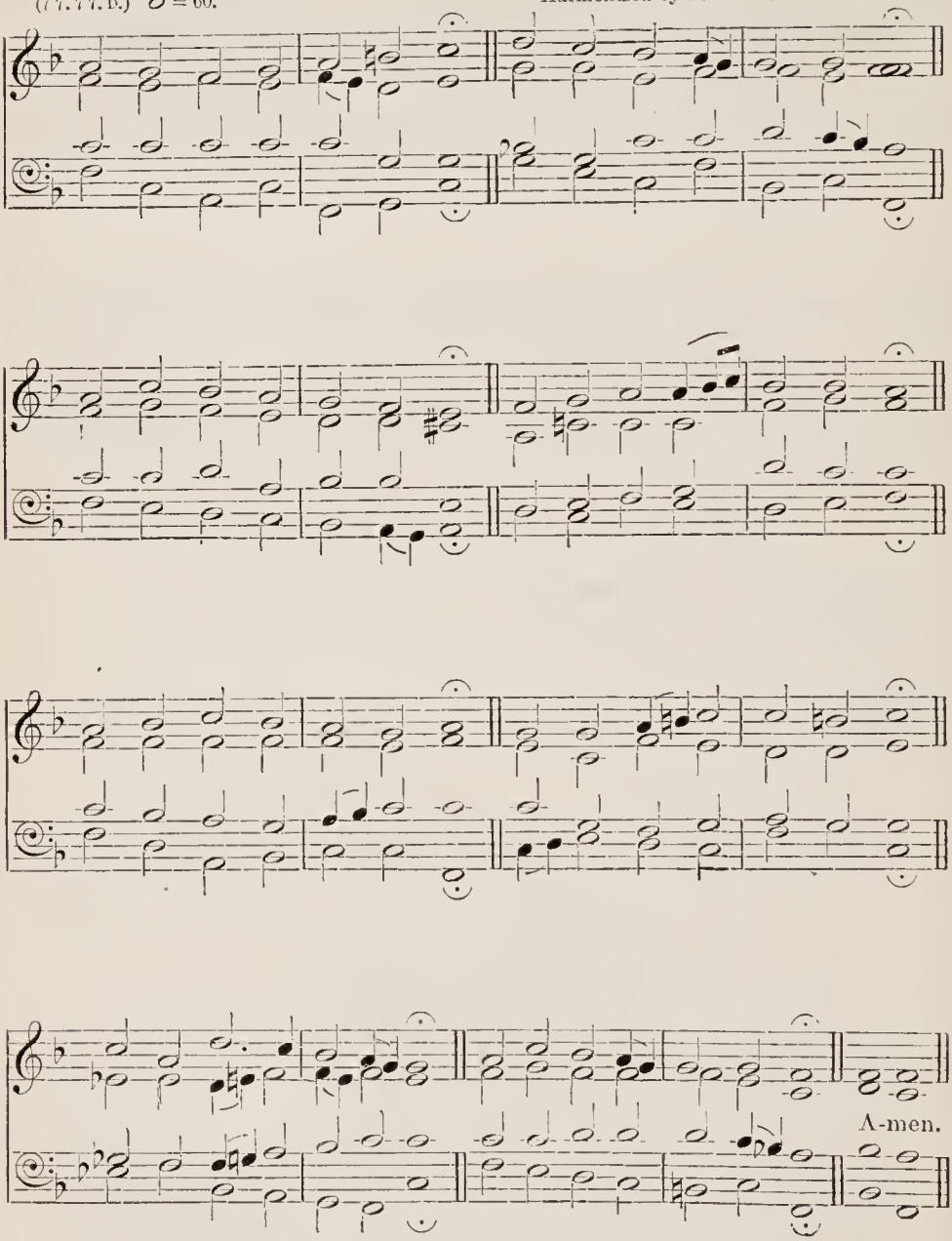
Love is swift of foot ;
Love 's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow ?
That which wrought on thee,
Brought thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod ;
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God ;
Throw away thy wrath.

JESU LEIDEN, PEIN UND TOD.
(7 7. 7 7. D.) 𝅗𝅥 = 60.

MELCHIOR VULPIUS (1560–c. 1616).
Harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.



149

ROBERT GRANT (1785–1838).

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
Oh, by all thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, oh, turn a favouring eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

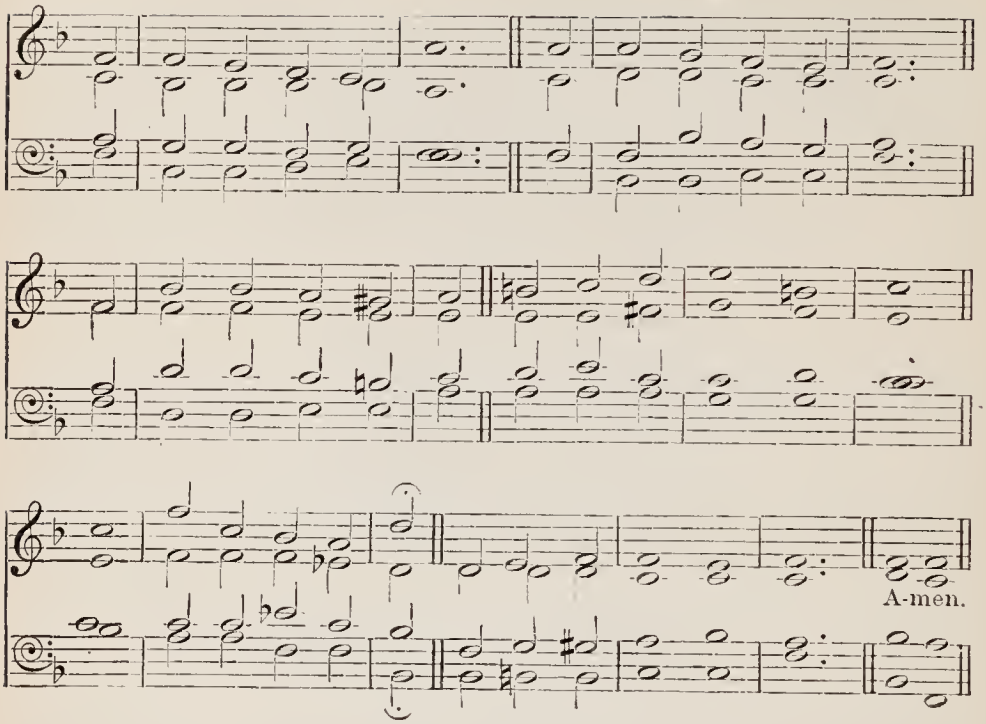
By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold ;
From thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany.

By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry ;
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God ;
Oh ! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

150

ST. OLAVE. (66.66.66.) ♩ = 84. JOSEPH BARNBY (1838-1896).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

HENRY TWELLS (1823-1900).

NOT for our sins alone
Thy mercy, Lord, we sue;
Let fall thy pitying glance
On our devotions too,
What we have done for thee,
And what we think to do.

The holiest hours we spend
In prayer upon our knees,
The times when most we deem
Our songs of praise will please,
Thou searcher of all hearts,
Forgiveness pour on these.

And all the gifts we bring,
And all the vows we make,
And all the acts of love
We plan for thy dear sake,
Into thy pardoning thought,
O God of mercy, take.

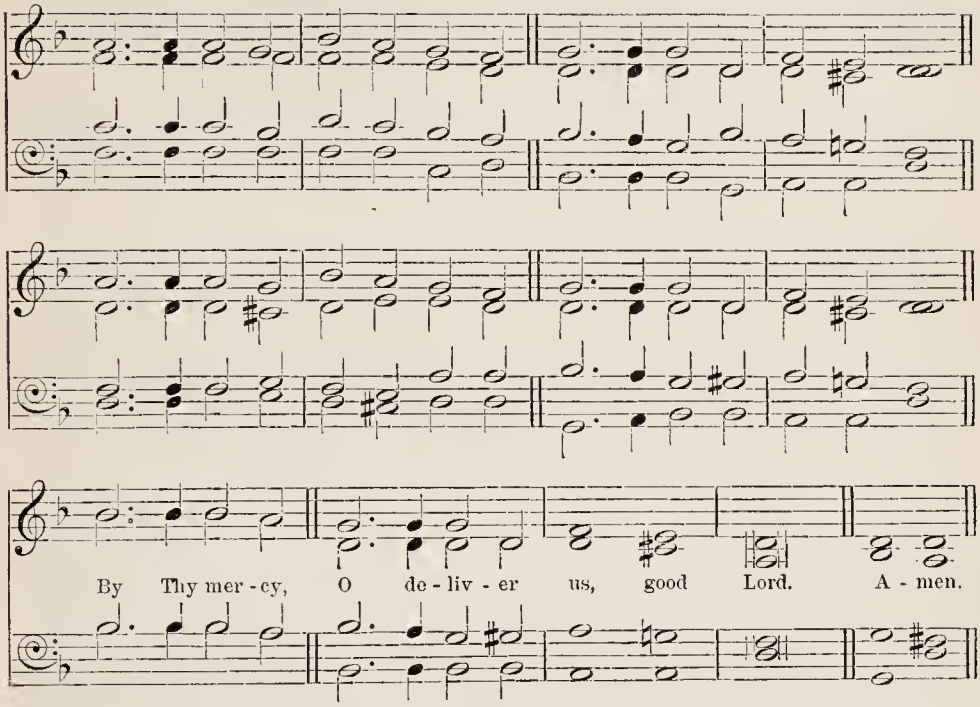
And most, when we, thy flock,
Before thine altar bend,
And strange bewildering thoughts
With those sweet moments blend,
By him whose death we plead,
Good Lord, thy help extend.

Bow down thine ear and hear!
Open thine eyes and see!
Our very love is shame,
And we must come to thee
To make it of thy grace
What thou would'st have it be.

151

ST. AUSTIN. (87.87.47.) ♩ = 92.

Arranged from 'Tonus Peregrinus for *Bristol Tune Book* (1876).



JAMES JOHN CUMMINS (1795–1867).

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Bend from Heav'n thy gracious ear;
While our waiting souls adore thee,
Friend of helpless sinners, hear:
By thy merey,
O deliver us, good Lord.

From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By thy merey,
O deliver us, good Lord.

When temptation sorely presses,
In the day of Satan's power,
In our times of deep distresses,
In eaeh dark and trying hour,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peaee,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the ereature's help is vain,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgement day,
May our souls, on thee relying,
Find thee still our Hope and Stay:
By thy merey,
O deliver us, good Lord.

152

EISENACH. (L.M.) ♩ = 69.

Melody by JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN (1586–1630).
Harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.

Org.

A - men.

See also HESPERUS, No. 141.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809–1894).

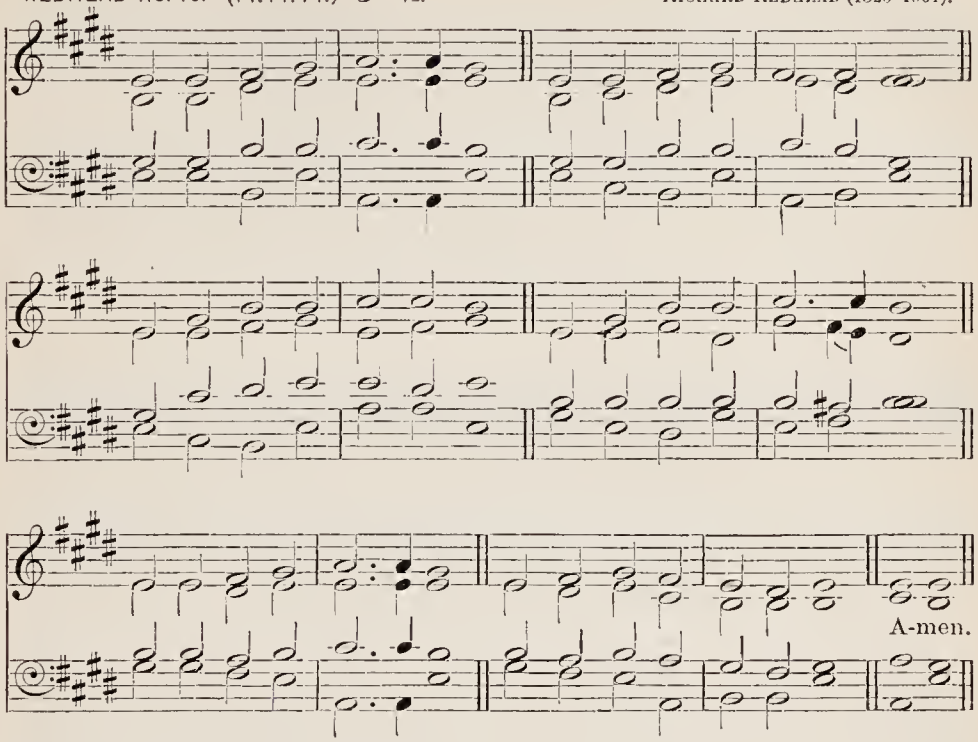
O LOVE Divine! that stoop'st to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near!

REDHEAD No. 76. (77.77.77.) ♂ = 72. RICHARD REDHEAD (1820–1901).



AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY (1740-1778).

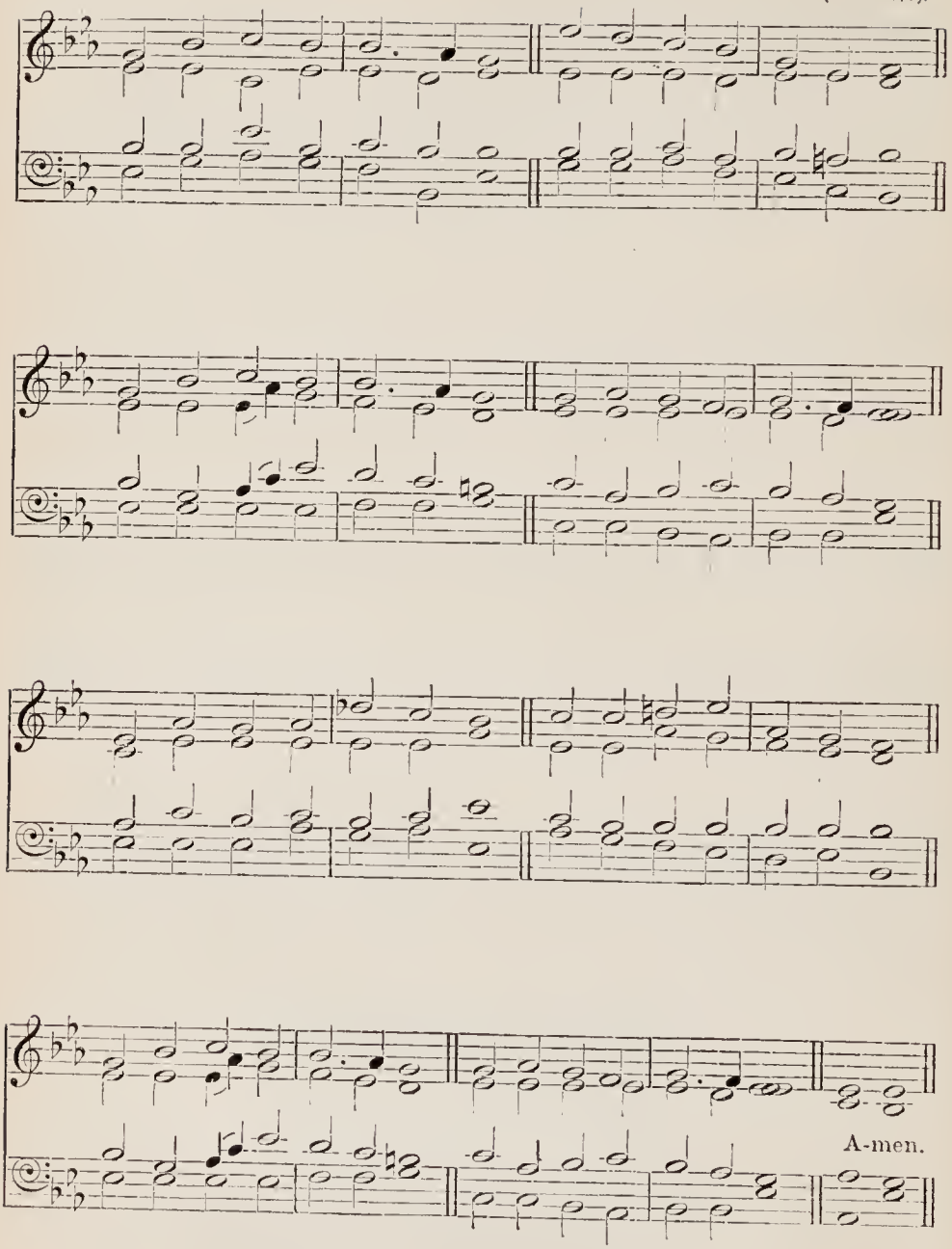
ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow;
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on thy judgement-throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HOLLINGSIDE. (7 7. 7 7. D.) ♩ = 76. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823–1876).



154

CHARLES WESLEY (1707-1788).

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
Oh receive my soul at last !

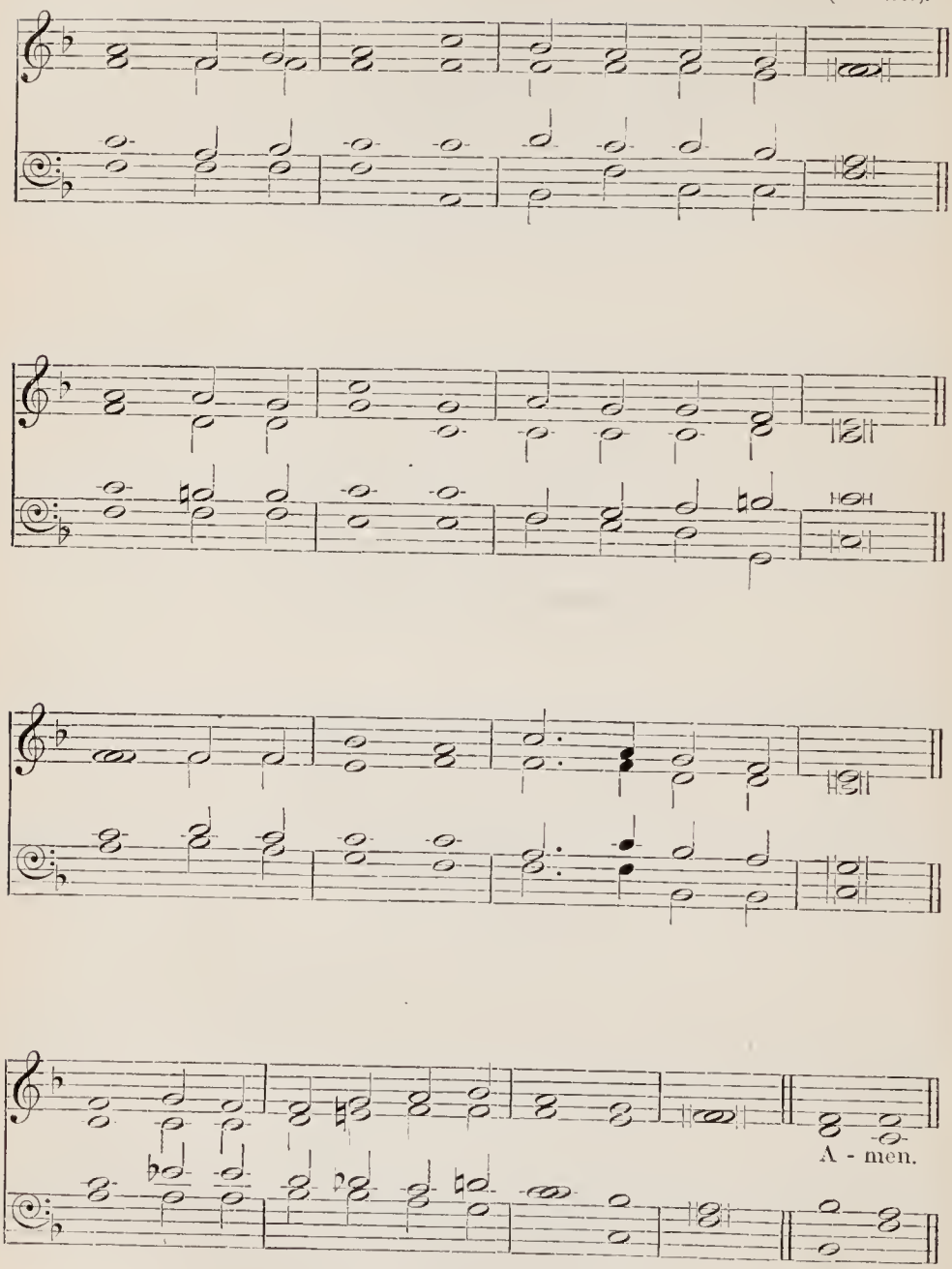
Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness :
False and full of sin I am ;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee ;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

155

ST. AGNES. (10 10. 10 10.) 𝅗𝅥 = 96. JAMES LANGRAN (1835–1909).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

John Jenkins.

JESUS, thou Son of David, hear my cry!
For I am blind, and full of misery.
Mercy is thine; have mercy, Lord, on me!
Touch thou mine eyes, oh give me now to see!

Sin is my blindness, Lord; sin my disease;
Sin veils my heart; sin robs my soul of peace;
Sin keeps me back from loving sight of thee;
Have mercy Lord! from sin, oh set me free!

I do not see thee, Jesus! but they say
That thou art passing by—art in the way:
'Tis true! the sound of thy blest footsteps near
And accents of thy voice, O Lord, I hear.

O loving voice! it calls out, 'Come to me!'
It asks, 'What wouldst thou I should do to thee?'
Jesus, thou Son of David, shed thy light
O'er my dark soul, and say, 'Receive thy sight!'

What thou hast done for others, I believe,
Lord, thou wilt do for me! I shall receive
My sight!—shall see thee, Jesus, face to face,
In all thy might of majesty and grace.

My cry is heard! Thy mighty, loving hand
Has touched my inner eye; at thy command
The darkening scales have fallen from my heart,
And now I see thee, Jesus, as thou art!

ST. CHRISTOPHER. (7 6. 8 6. 8 6. 8 6.) ♩ = 84. FREDERICK CHARLES MAKER (1844-).

A - men.

[*Copyright: by permission of the Psalms and Hymns Trust.*]

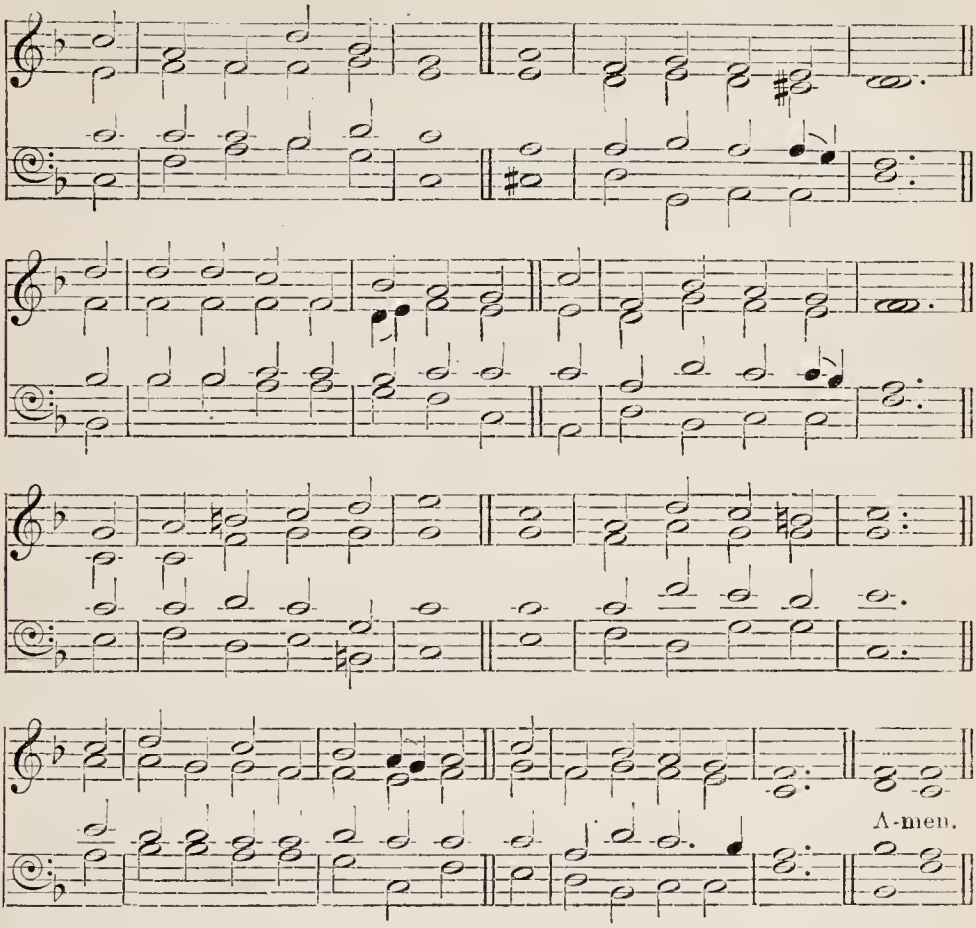
ELIZABETH CECILIA CLEPHANE (1830–1869).

BENEATH the cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand,
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land;
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat,
And the burden of the day.

Upon the cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of one
Who suffered there for me.
And from my smitten heart with tears,
These wonders I confess,—
The wonder of his glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

I take, O Cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of his face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

ST. MARTIN'S NEW. (D.S.M.) ♩ = 92. ROBERT COOKE (1768-1814).



CHARLES WESLEY (1707-1788).

THE thing my God doth hate
That I no more may do,
Thy creature, Lord, again create,
And all my soul renew :
My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean,
And, sanctified by love divine,
For ever cease from sin.

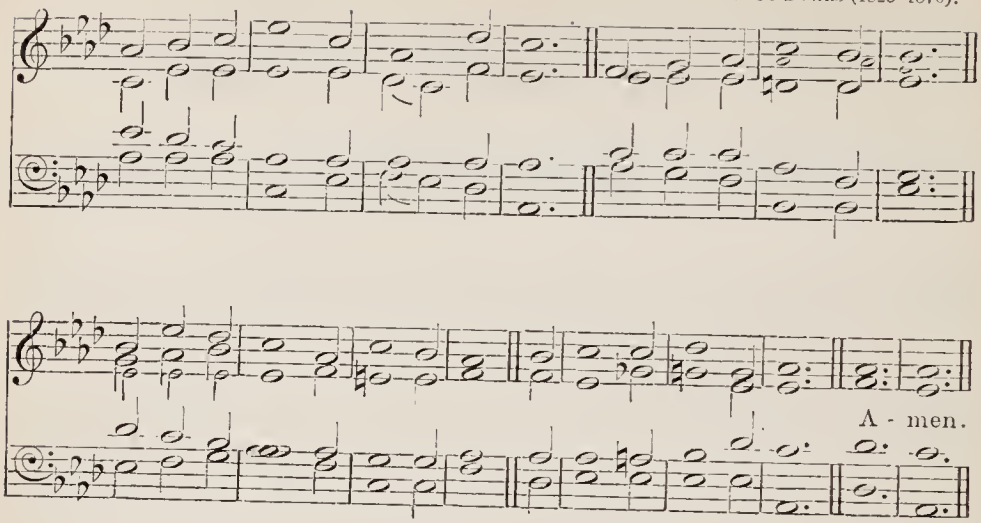
That blessèd law of thine,
Jesus, to me impart :
The Spirit's law of life divine,
Oh write it in my heart !

Implant it deep within,
Whence it may ne'er remove ;
The law of liberty from sin,
The perfect law of love.

Thy nature be my law,
Thy spotless sanctity,
And sweetly every moment draw
My happy soul to thee.
Soul of my soul, remain !
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will.

BEATITUDO. (C.M.) ♩ 96.

JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823–1876).



GEORGE MACDONALD (1824–1905).

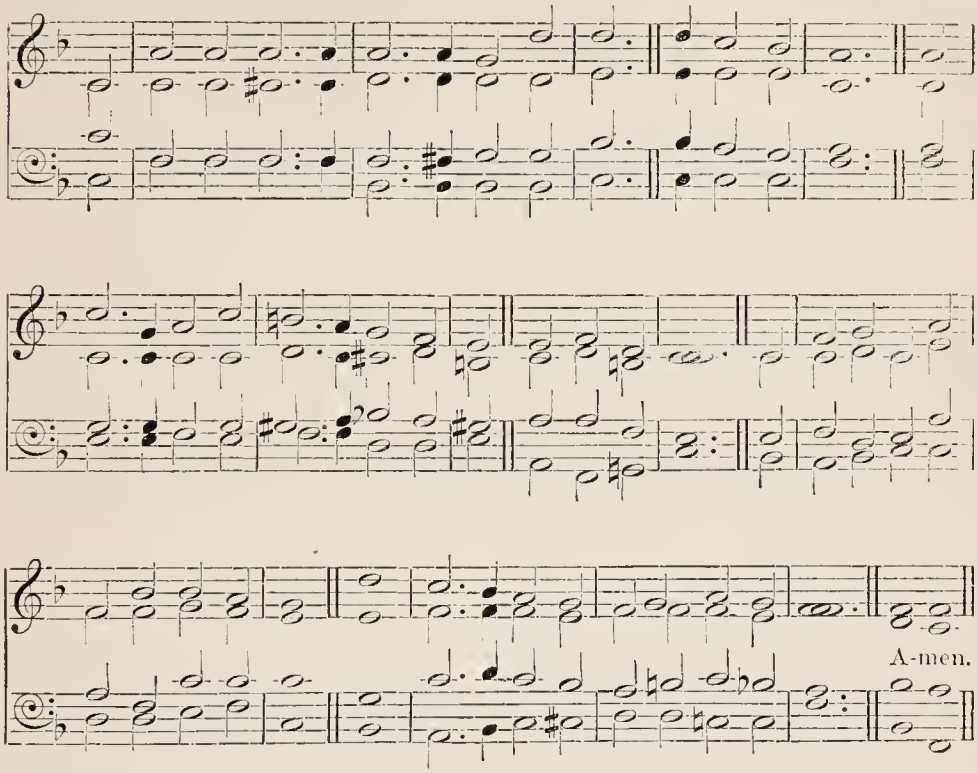
SPEAK to our hearts, O Father, say
What we have been to thee;
How we have wandered far away,
And hardly turned to see.

Then lifted hands will hide the face;
Then tears our grief will prove,
That such hath been the Father's grace,
And such the children's love.

Then shall our spirits hold at once
A comfort and a pain;
For we shall know thy wandering sons
Are turning home again.

With such glad grief, such tearful joy,
Be our repentance blest;
Thy comfort then, without alloy,
Shall give us heavenly rest.

PATMOS. (10 4. 10 4. 10 10.) ♩ = 84. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876).



STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE (1832–).

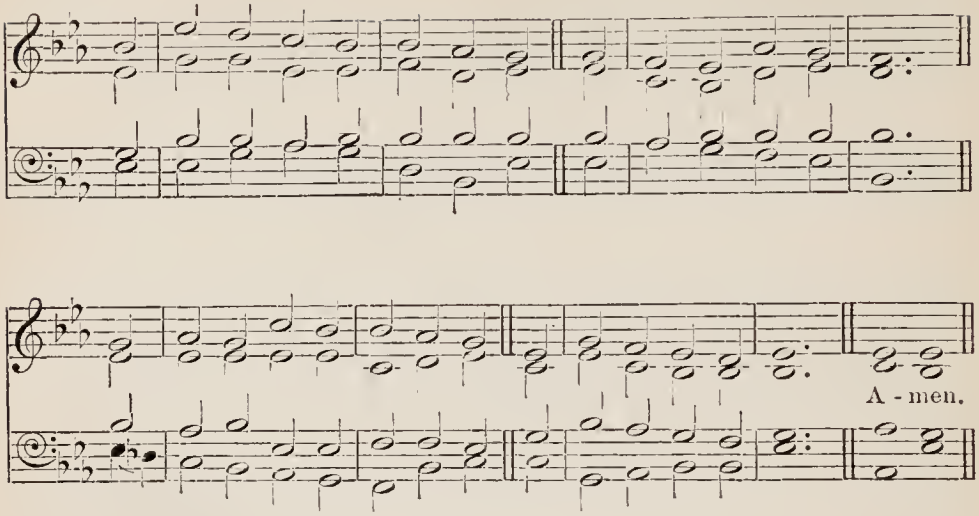
IMMORTAL Love, within whose righteous will
Is always peace ; [of ill ;
Oh pity me, storm-tossed on waves
Let passion cease ;
Come down in power within my heart to reign,
For I am weak, and struggle has been vain.

The days are gone, when far and wide my will
Drove me astray ;
And now I fain would climb the arduous hill,
That narrow way
Which leads through mist and rocks to thine abode ; [God.
Toiling for man, and thee, Almighty

Whate'er of pain thy loving hand allot,
I gladly bear ;
Only, O Lord, let peace be not forgot,
Nor yet thy care,
Freedom from storms, and wild desires within,
Peace from the fierce oppression of my sin.

So may I, far away, when evening falls
On life and love,
Arrive at last the holy, happy halls,
With thee above ;—
Wounded, yet healed; sin-laden, yet forgiven ;
And sure that goodness is my only heaven.

ST. PETER. (C.M.) ♩ = 80. ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE (1799–1877).



JOHN NEWTON (1725–1807).

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

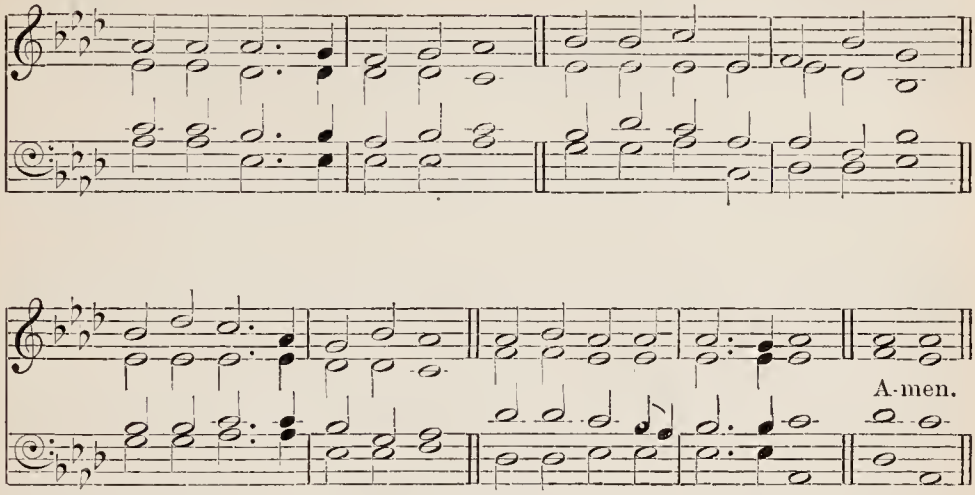
Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought,
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

ST. BEES. (7 7. 7 7.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823–1876).



WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800).

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

'Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

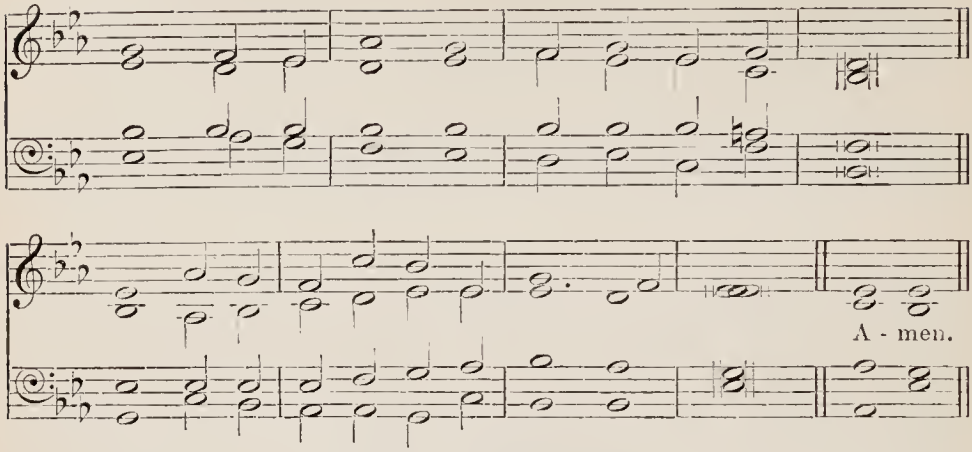
'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

'Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?'

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
Oh for grace to love thee more!

(FIRST TUNE)

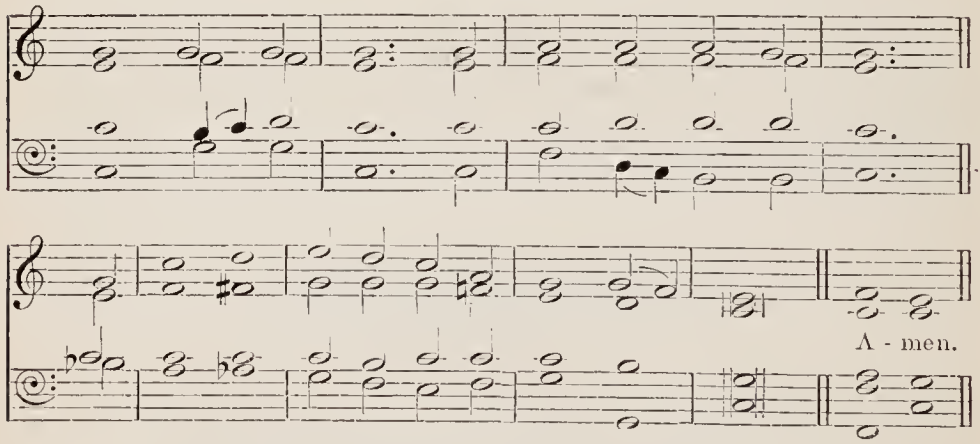
CŒNA DOMINI. (10 10.) ♩ = 76. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842–1900).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

(SECOND TUNE)

PAX TECUM. (10 10.) ♩ = 72. GEORGE THOMAS CALDBECK (1852–).



EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH (1825–1906).

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

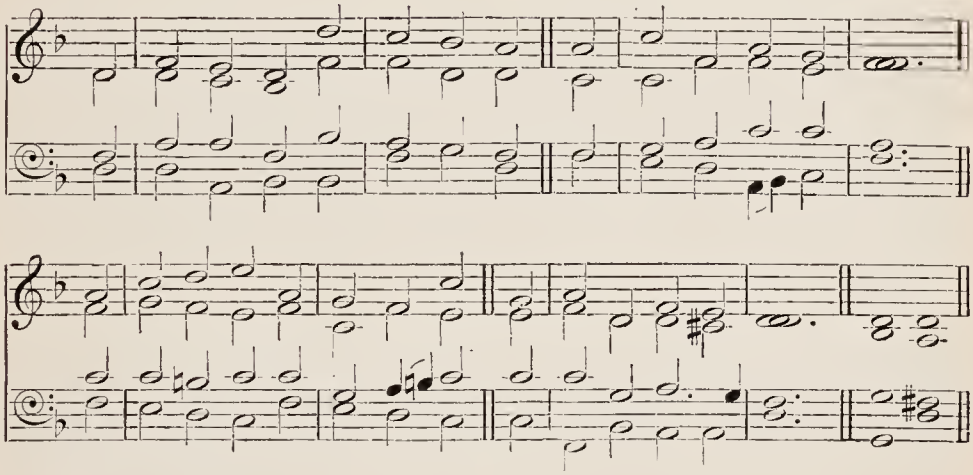
Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

163

ST. MARY. (C.M.) ♩ = 72. ARCHDEACON PRYS'S *Llyfr y Psalmau* (1621).



JOHN MASON (*c.* 1645–1694).

THE world can neither give nor take,
Nor can they comprehend
That peace of God which Christ hath bought,
That peace which knows no end.

The burning bush was not consumed
Whilst God remained there;
The three, when Jesus made the fourth,
Found fire as soft as air.

God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
But Zion's God sits by,
As the refiner views his gold
With an observant eye.

His thoughts are high, his love is wise,
His wounds a cure intend;
And, though he doth not always smile,
He loves unto the end.

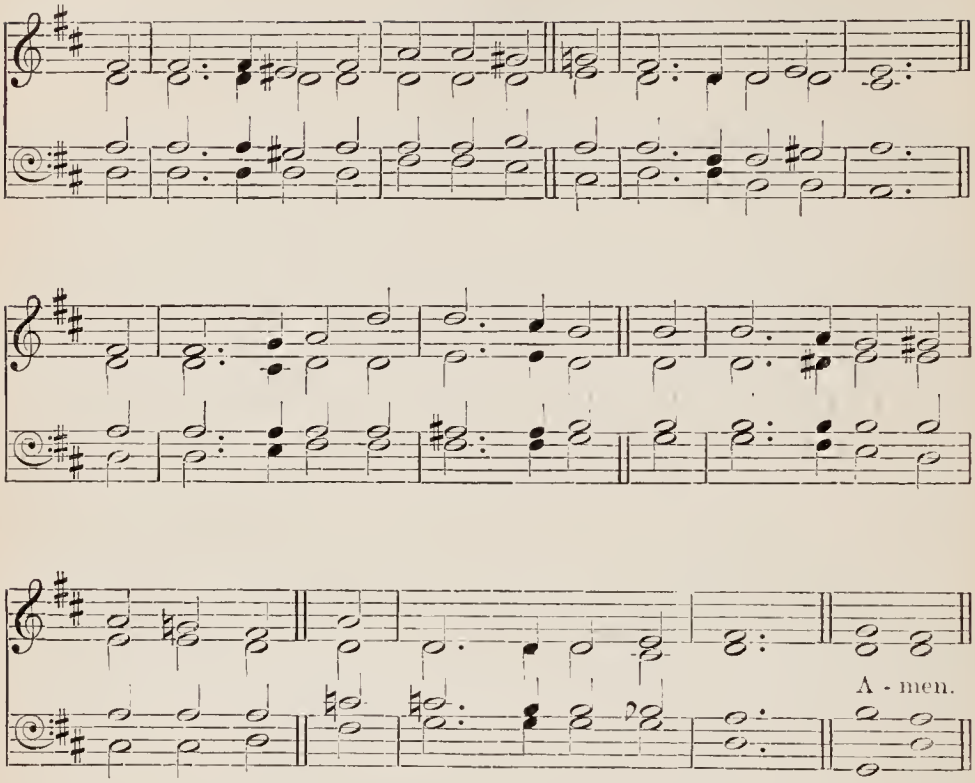
His love is constant as the sun,
Though clouds come oft between;
And, could my faith but pierce these clouds,
It might be always seen.

Yet I shall ever, ever sing,
And thou for ever shine;
I have thine own dear pledge for this;
Lord, thou art ever mine.

164

(FIRST TUNE)

REST. (S 6. 8 8 6.) ♩ = 80. FREDERICK CHARLES MAKER (1844-).



[*Copyright: by permission of the Psalms and Hymns Trust.*]

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807–1892).

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our foolish ways !
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind ;
In purer lives thy service find,
  In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
  Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
  Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee !
  O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
  Interpreted by love !

(SECOND TUNE)

CAMPFIELDS. (S.M. S.S.M.) ♩ = 84. MARK JAMES MONK (1858–).

A - men.

With that deep hush subduing all
  Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
  As fell thy manna down.

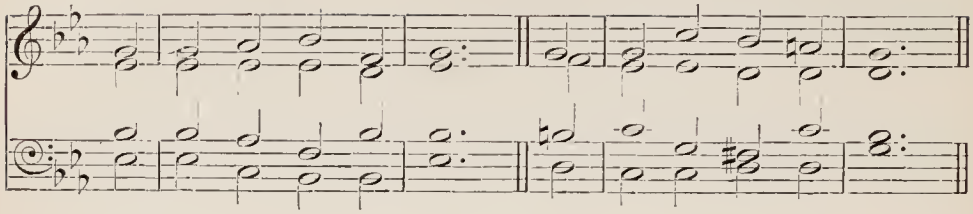
Drop thy still dews of quietness,
  Till all our strivings cease :
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
  The beauty of thy peace.

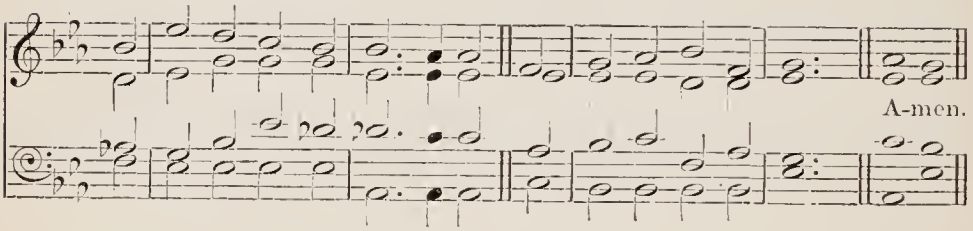
Breathe through the pulses of desire
  Thy coolness and thy balm ;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire ;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
  O still small voice of calm !

165

(FIRST TUNE)

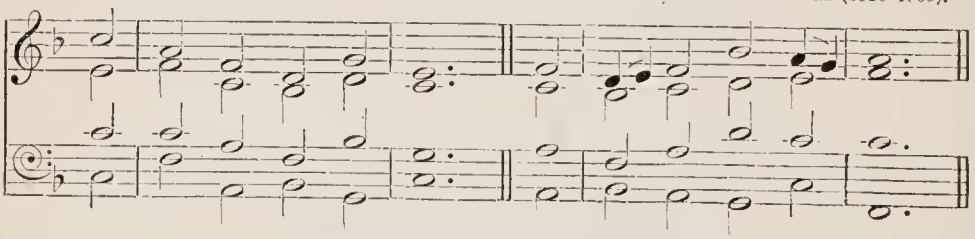
MONSELL. (S.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 84. JOSEPH BARNBY (1838–1896).

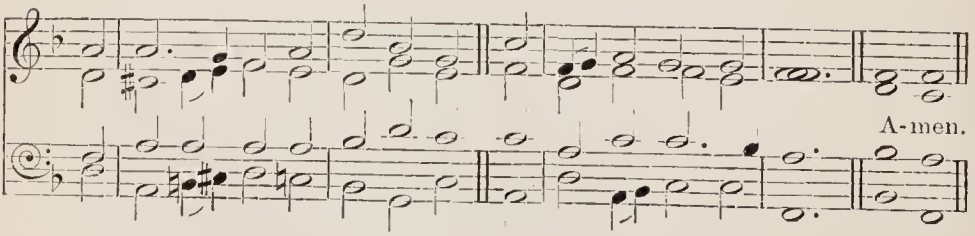




(SECOND TUNE)

DAY OF PRAISE. (S.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. CHARLES STEGGALL (1826–1905).





JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL (1811–1875).

SWEET is thy mercy, Lord !
Before thy mercy seat
My soul, adoring, pleads thy word,
And owns thy mercy sweet.

My need, and thy desires
Are all in Christ complete ;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I thy mercy sweet.

Where'er thy name is blest,
Where'er thy people meet,
There I delight in thee to rest,
And find thy mercy sweet.

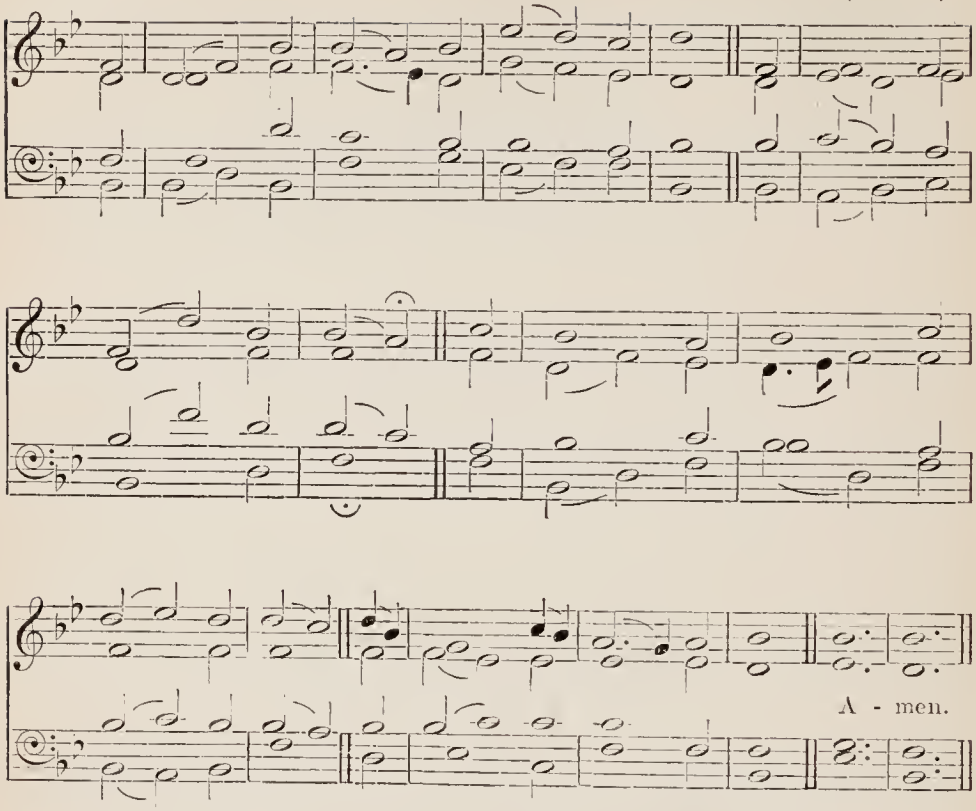
Light thou my weary way,
Lead thou my weary feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find thy mercy sweet.

Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, thy mercy sweet.

166

(FIRST TUNE)

WILTSHIRE. (C.M.) ♩ = 84. GEORGE SMART (1776–1867).



Scottish Psalter (1650). Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

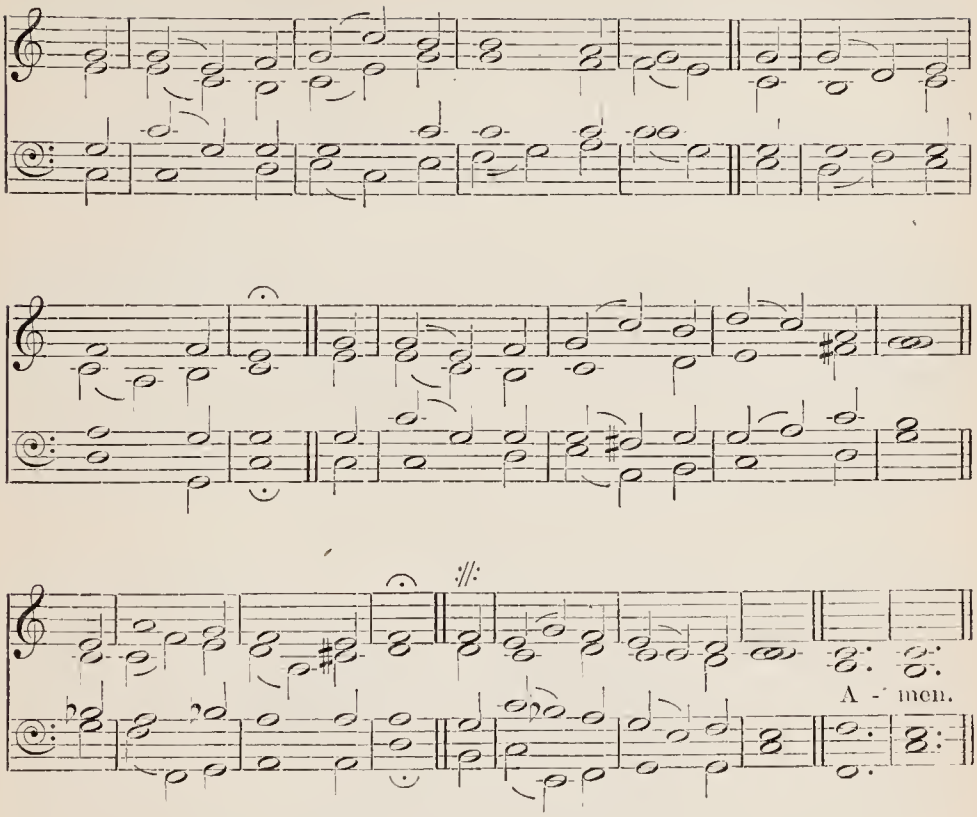
My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

166

(SECOND TUNE)

WALDEN. (C.M.) ♩ = 100. JAMES EDMUND JONES (1866–).



[*By permission of* JAMES EDMUND JONES.]

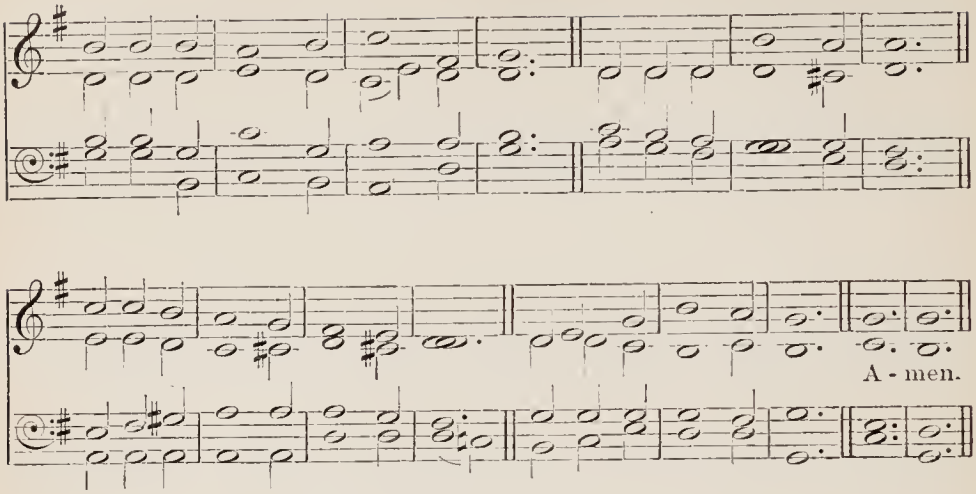
My table thou hast furnishèd
  In presence of my foes ;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
  And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life
  Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for evermore
  My dwelling-place shall be.

167

(Part I)

ST. AGNES, DURHAM. (C.M.) ♩ = 92. John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876).



St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153).
Tr. Edward Caswall (1814–1878).

Part I.

Jesu, dulcis memoria.

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

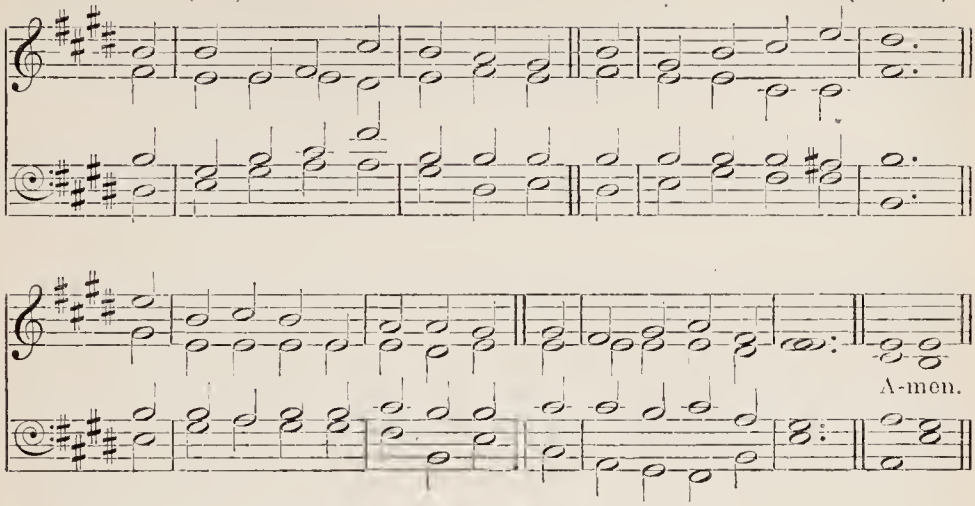
O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

(Part II)

ST. FULBERT. (C.M.) ♩ = 84. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT (1805–1876).



ST. BERNARD of Clairvaux (1091–1153).
Tr. EDWARD CASWALL (1814–1878).

PART II.

JESU, REX ADMIRABILIS.

O JESUS, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found ;

When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire ;

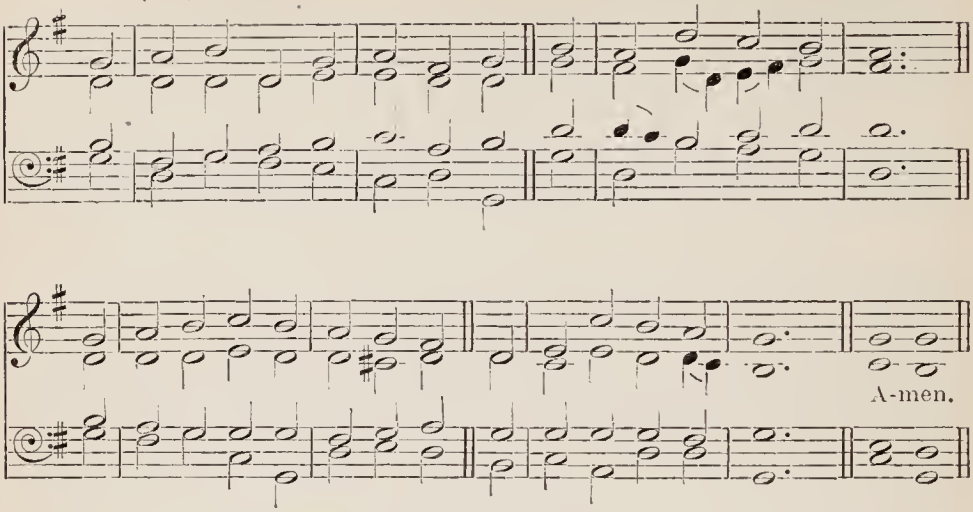
May every heart confess thy name
And ever thee adore,
And, seeking thee, itself inflame
To seek thee more and more.

Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of thine own.

167

(Part III)

ST. PAUL. (C.M.) ♩ = 80. James Chalmers's *Collection* (1749).



St. Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153).
Tr. Edward Caswall (1814–1878).

Part III.

Amor Jesus dulcissimus.

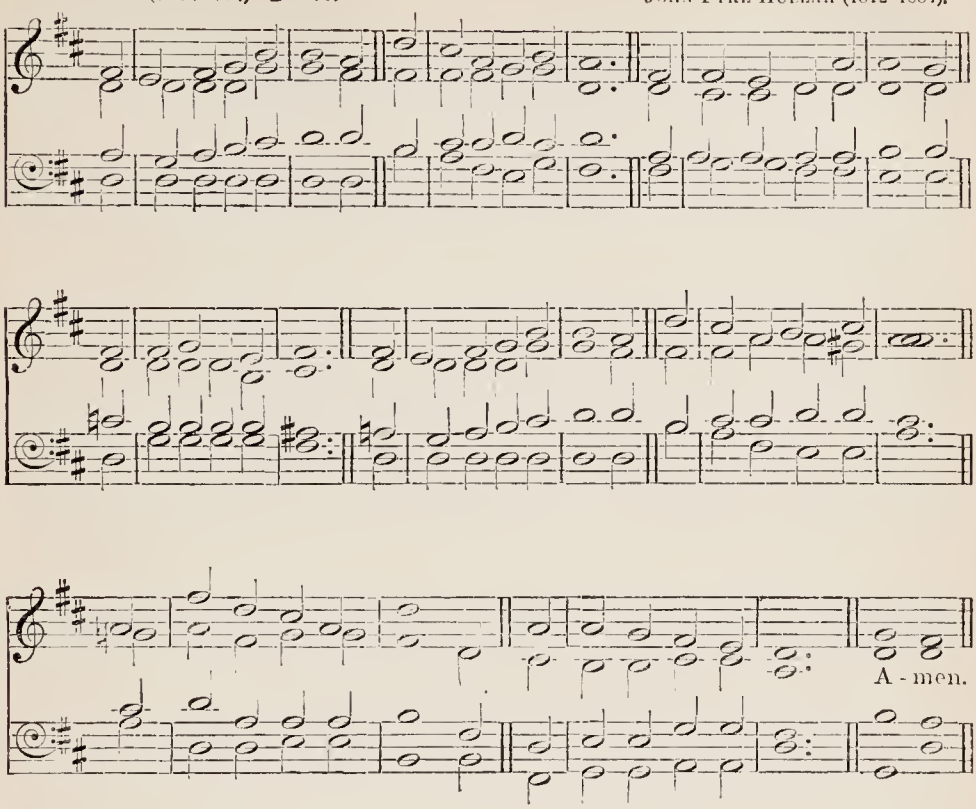
JESUS, thy mercies are untold
Through each returning day;
Thy love exceeds a thousandfold
Whatever we can say;

That love which in thy passion drained
For us thy precious blood;
That love whereby the saints have gained
The vision of their God.

'Tis thou hast loved us from the womb,
Pure source of all our bliss,
Our only hope of life to come,
Our happiness in this.

Lord, grant us, while on earth we stay,
Thy love to feel and know;
And, when from hence we pass away
To us thy glory show.

BENTLEY. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 96. JOHN PYKE HULLAH (1812–1884).



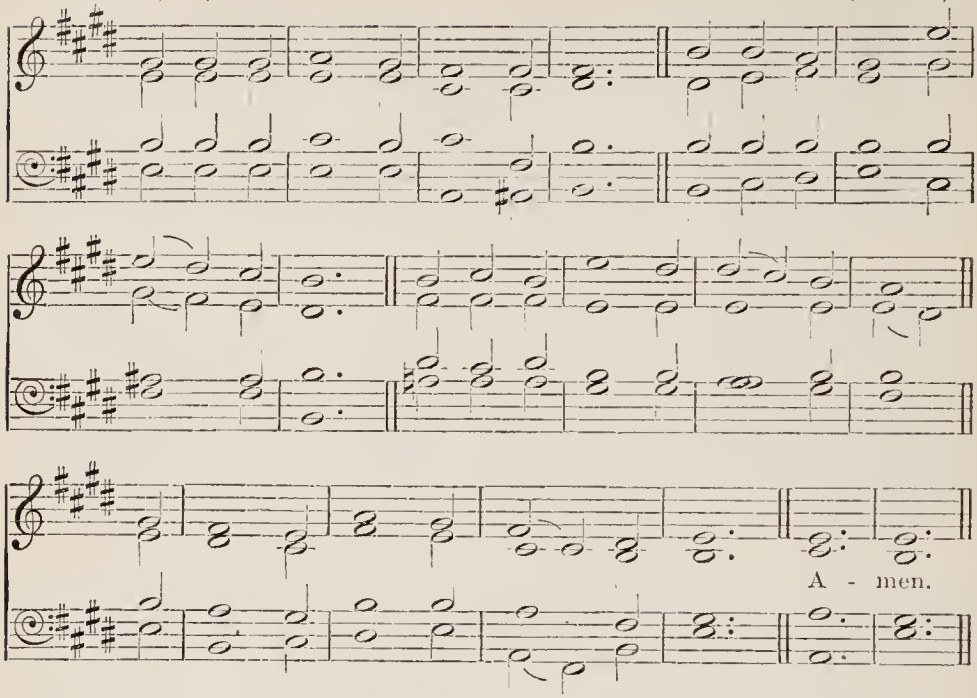
WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800).

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings :
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again,
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,
Even let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may,—
It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through :
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed ;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear ;
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

MARYTON. (L.M.) ♩ = 88. H. PERCY SMITH (1825–1898).



[*By permission of the editor of 'Worship Song'.*]

ST. BERNARD of Clairvaux (1091–1153).
Tr. RAY PALMER (1808–1887).

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of life, thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts
We turn, unfilled, to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee thou art good;
To them that find thee, All in all!

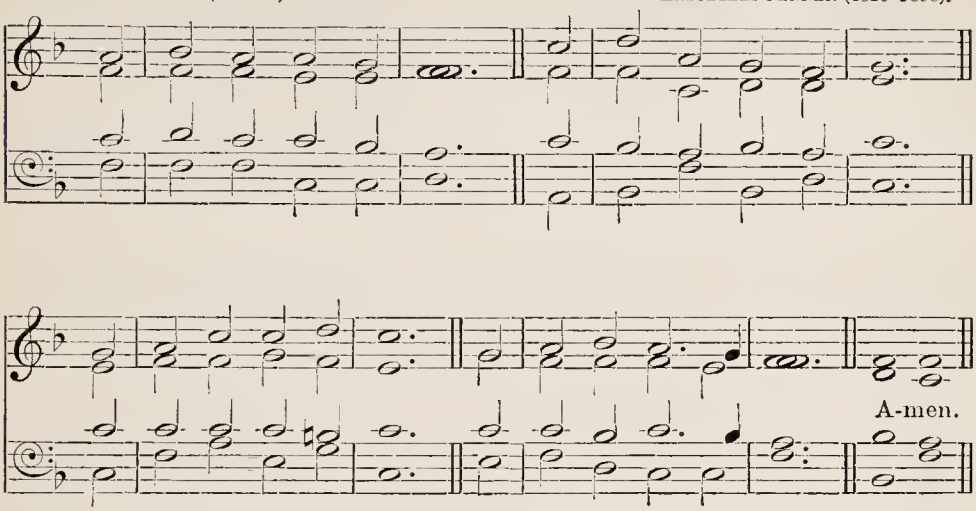
We taste thee, O thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for thee
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

170

QUAM DILECTA. (6 6. 6 6.) ♩ = 88. HENRY LASCELLES JENNER (1820-1898).



HORATIUS BONAR (1808-1889).

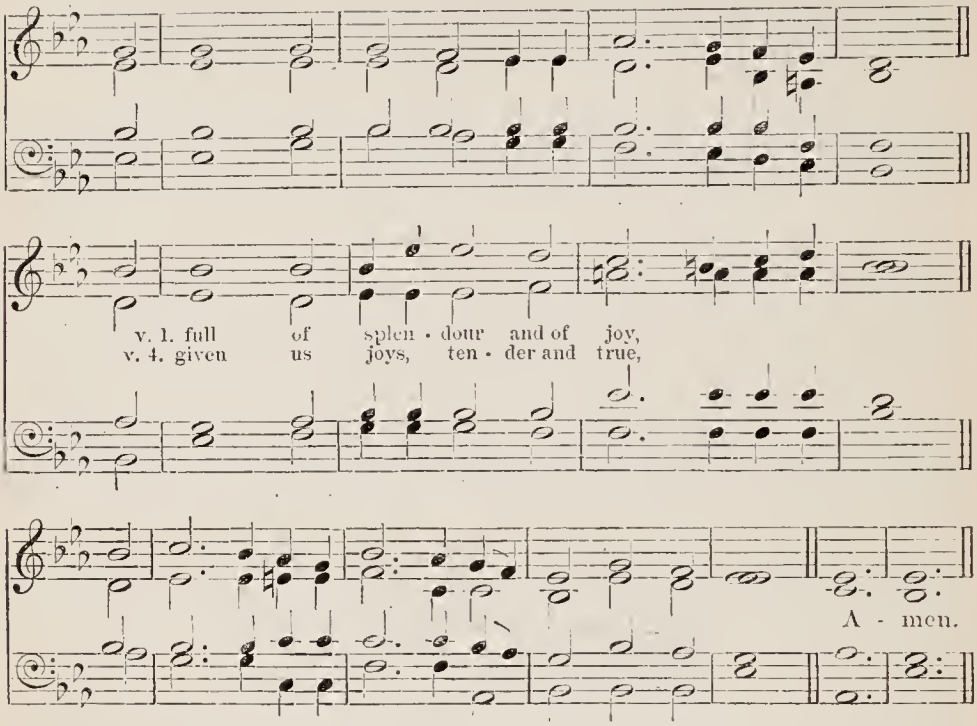
O LOVE that casts out fear,
O Love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go ;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

Great Love of God, come in,
Well-spring of heavenly peace,
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up, and never cease.

Love of the living God,
Of Father, and of Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill thou each needy one.

CARROW. (8 4. 8 4. 8 4.) ♩ = 80. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842–1900).



ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825–1864).

MY God, I thank thee, who hast made
The earth so bright;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

I thank thee too that thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

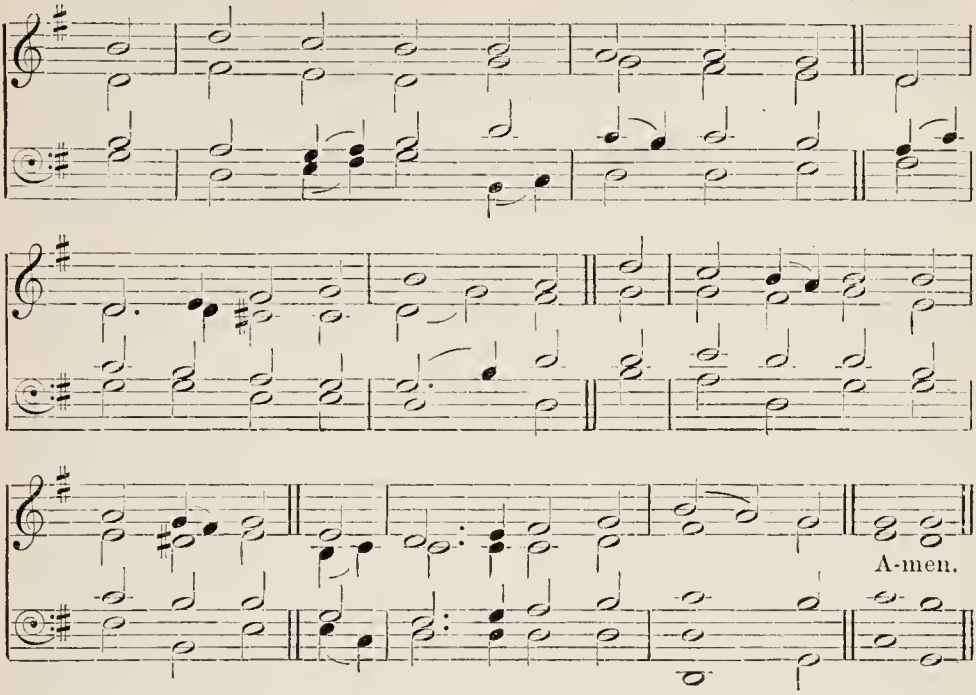
I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

For thou, who knowest, Lord, how soon
Our weak heart clings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. (8 7. 8 7.) ♩ = 88. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823–1876).



HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER (1821–1877).

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine for ever.

Where streams of living waters flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

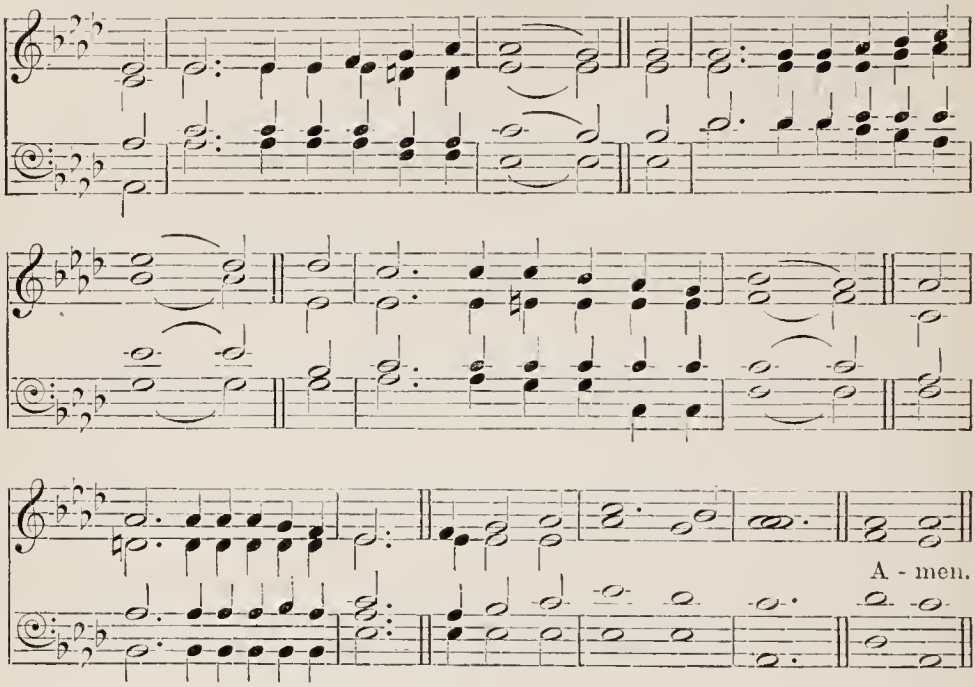
Perverse and foolish oft I strayed;
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;
Thy unction grace bestoweth;
And oh, what transport of delight
From thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house for ever.

ST. MARGARET. (8 8. 8 8 6.) ♩ = 72. ALBERT LISTER PEACE (1844–1912).



GEORGE MATHESON (1842–1906).

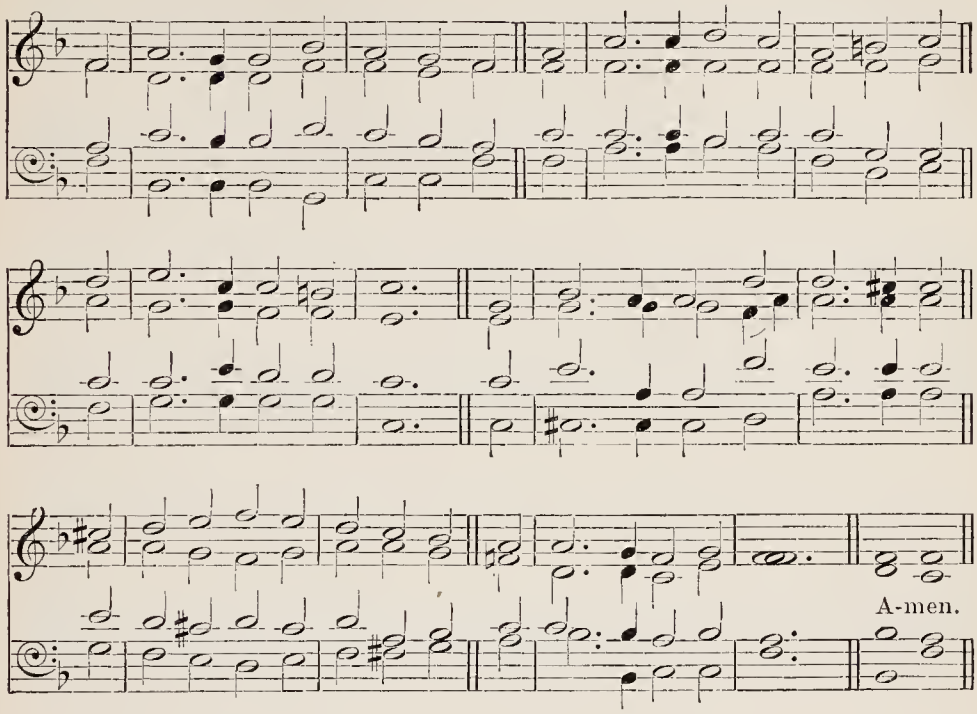
O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee ;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee ;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze, its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee ;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee ;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

COLWYN BAY. (8 8 6. 8 8 6.) ♩ = 84. THOMAS JOSEPH LINEKAR (1858–).



CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788).

O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depth to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length and breadth and height.

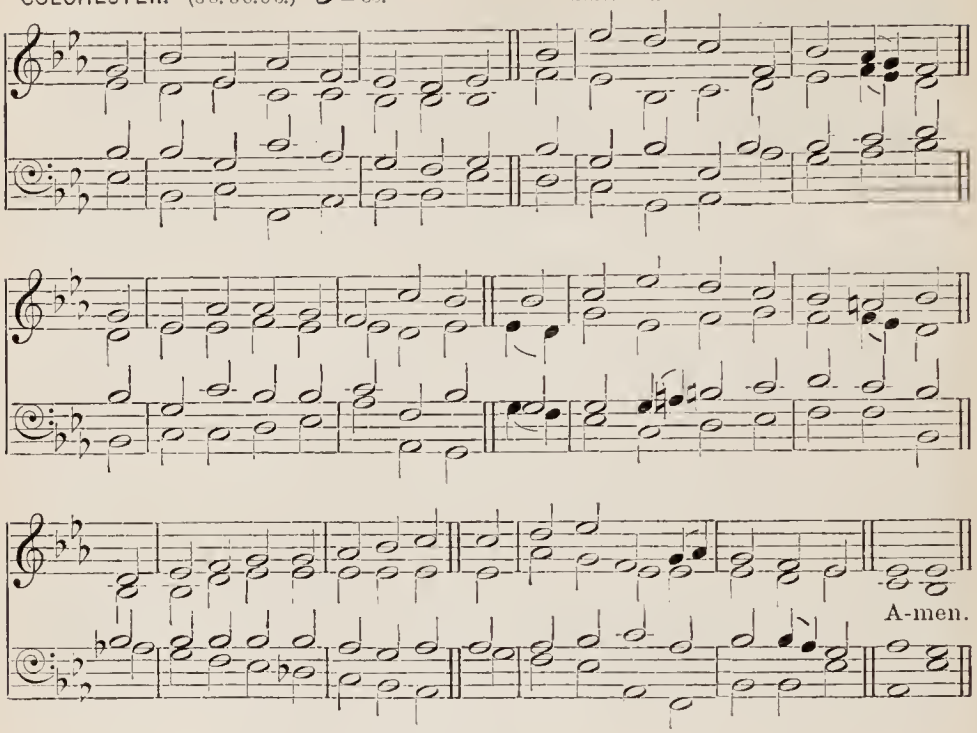
God only knows the love of God:
Oh that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part.

Oh that I could for ever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet;
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

175

(FIRST TUNE)

COLCHESTER. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) ♩ = 88. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876).



GERHARD TERSTEEGEN (1697–1769).
Tr. JOHN WESLEY (1703–1791).

THOU hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in thee.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see:
Oh when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend?

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

175

(SECOND TUNE)

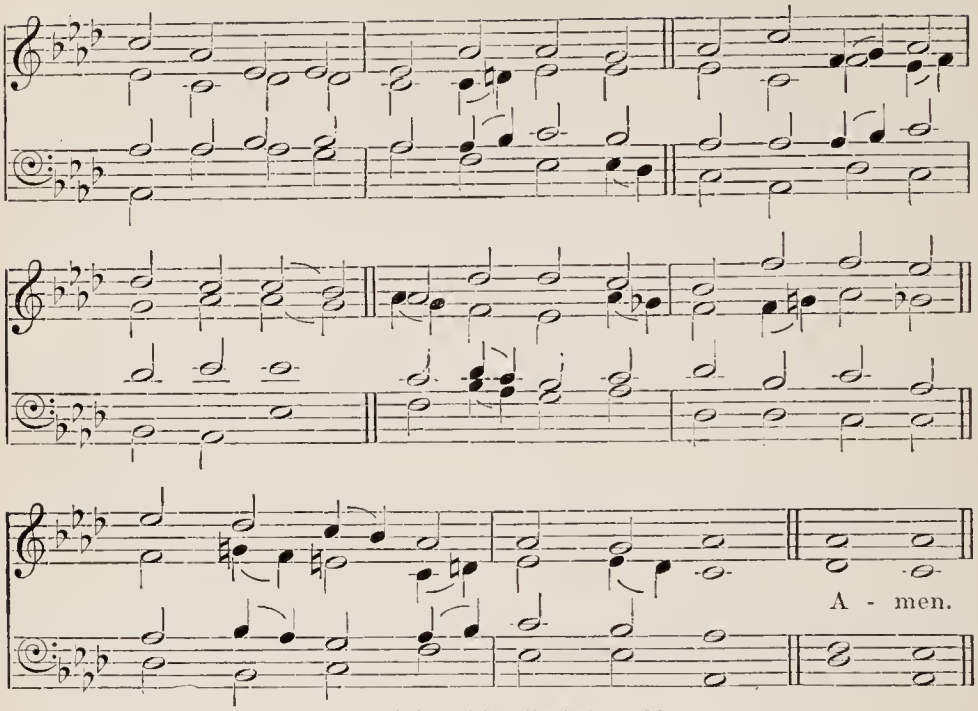
STELLA. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) ♩ = 92. *Easy Hymn Tunes* (1851).

A - men.

O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may 'Abba, Father' cry!

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
'I am thy Love, thy God, thy All.'
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

CROSS OF JESUS. (87.87.) ♩ = 80. JOHN STAINER (1840–1901).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

NOTE.—*A lower setting of this tune will be found at* No. 101.

CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788).

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.

Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, almighty to deliver;
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

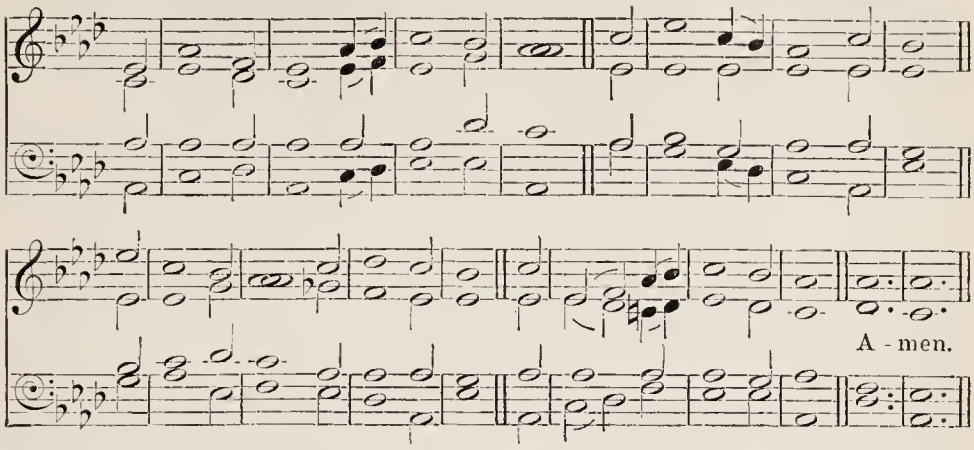
Finish then thy new creation:
Pure and spotless let us be:
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee.

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

177

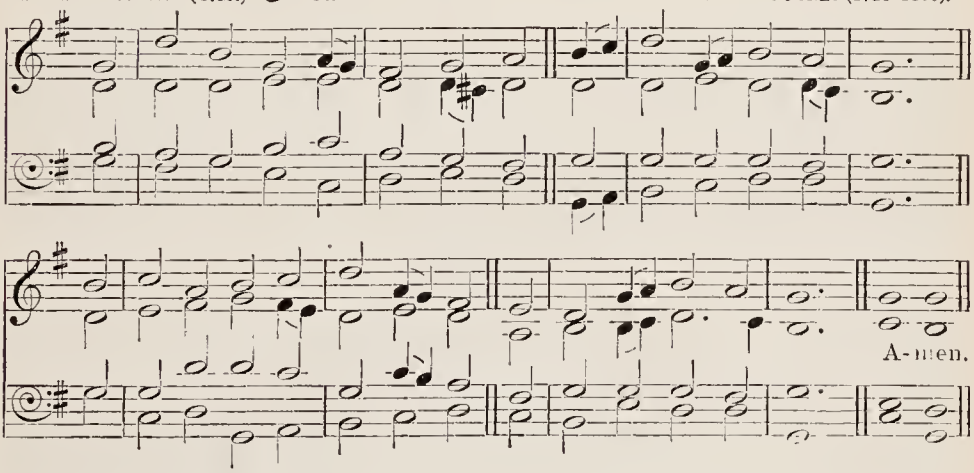
(FIRST TUNE)

MARTYRDOM. (C.M.) ♩ = 84. HUGH WILSON (1764-1824).



(SECOND TUNE)

ST. STEPHEN. (C.M.) ♩ = 84. WILLIAM JONES (1726-1800).



WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800).

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his Word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove! return,
Sweet Messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee!

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

178

(FIRST TUNE)

DAY OF REST. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 92. JAMES WILLIAM ELLIOTT (1833–).

Voices in unison. *In harmony.*

A-men.

Ped.

[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

JOHN ERNEST BODE (1816–1874).

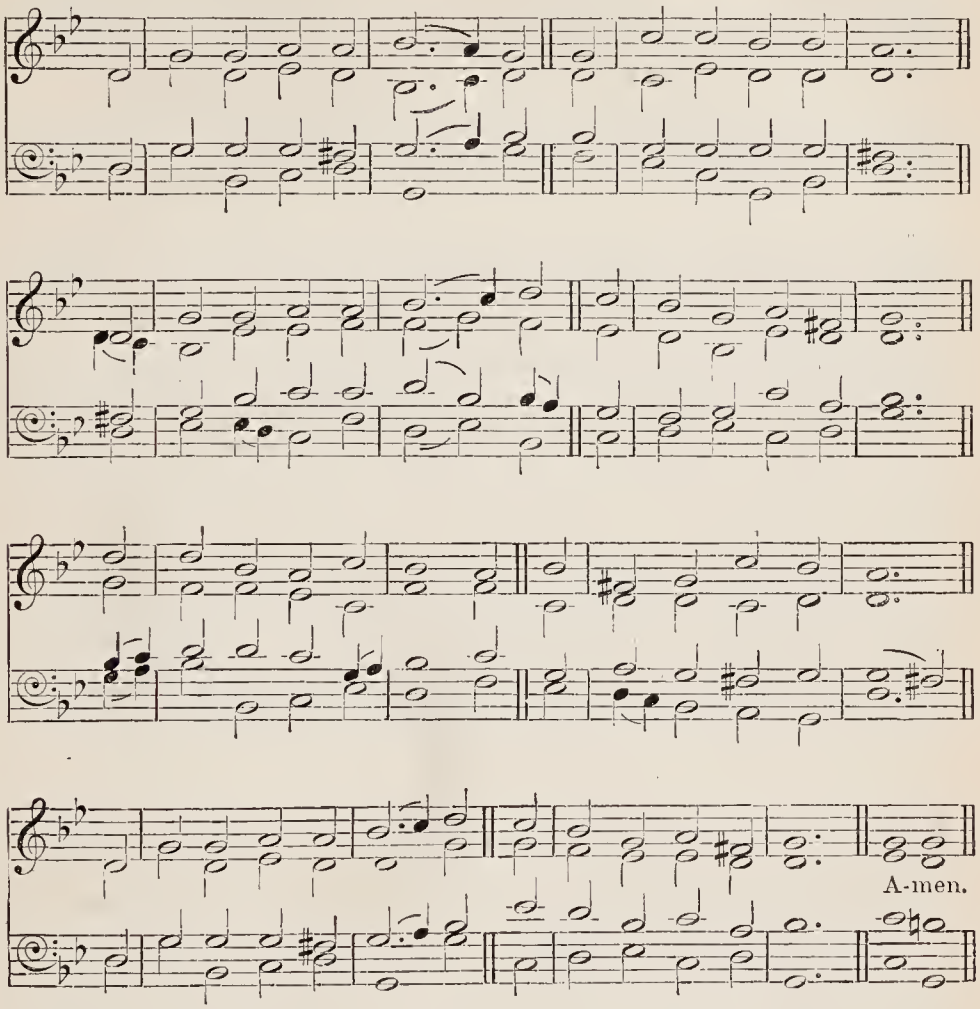
O JESUS, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
Be thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend!
I shall not fear the battle
If thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If thou wilt be my Guide.

Oh let me feel thee near me:
The world is ever near,—
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear:
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

178

(SECOND TUNE)

LLANGLOFFAN. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 76. Canon D. EVANS'S *Hymnau a Thonau* (1865).



Oh let me hear thee speaking
  In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
  The murmurs of self-will;
Oh speak to reassure me,
  To hasten or control;
Oh speak, and make me listen,
  Thou Guardian of my soul.

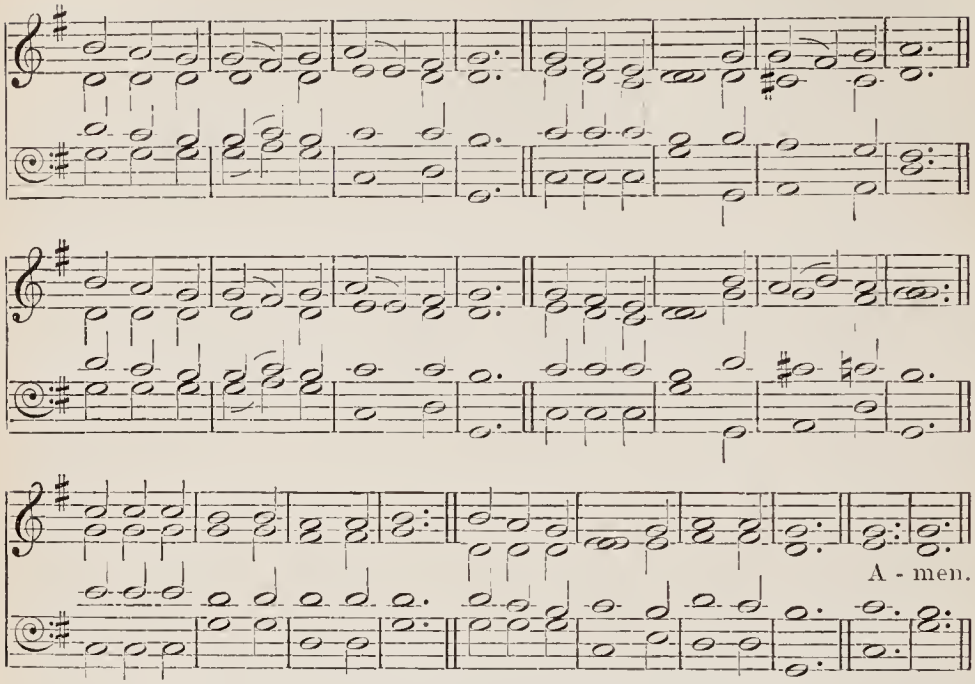
O Jesus, thou hast promised,
  To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
  There shall thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
  To serve thee to the end;
Oh give me grace to follow
  My Master and my Friend.

Oh let me see thy footmarks,
  And in them plant mine own;
My hope to follow duly
  Is in thy strength alone.
Oh guide me, call me, draw me,
  Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
  My Saviour and my Friend.

179

ST. CATHARINE. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) ♩ = 96.

HENRY FREDERICK HEMY (1818–1888) and
J. G. WALTON (1821–1905).



See also ISRAEL, No. 199, *and* ST. CHRYSOSTOM, No. 231.

JOHANN SCHEFFLER (1624–1677). *Tr.* JOHN WESLEY (1703–1791).

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone;
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.

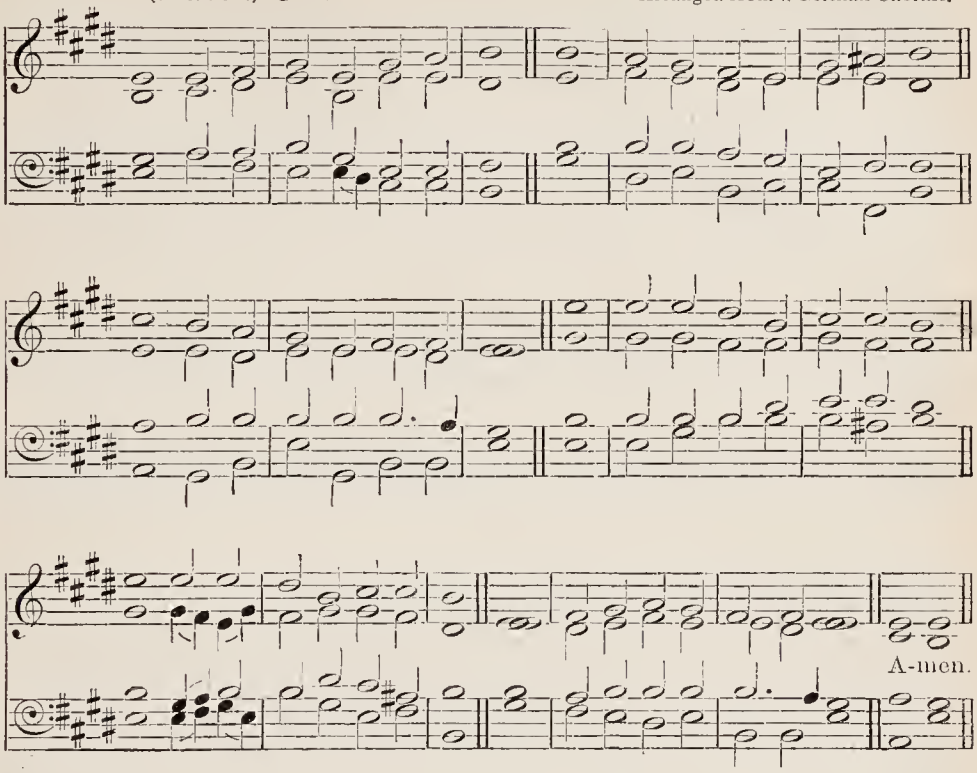
In darkness willingly I strayed,
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
Far wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than thee I [loved;
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires,
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their [might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile, thy sceptre, or thy rod;
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

LUCERNE. (8 8 8. 8 8 8.) ♩ = 76. Arranged from a German Chorale.



JOHANN SCHEFFLER (1624-1677). *Tr.* JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791).

O GOD, of good the unfathomed Sea! [thee,
Who would not give his heart to
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesu, Lover of mankind!
Who would not his whole soul and mind,
With all his strength to thee unite?

Fountain of Good! All blessing flows
From thee; no want thy fullness knows;
What but thyself can'st thou desire?
Yes; self-sufficing as thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this, dost thou require.

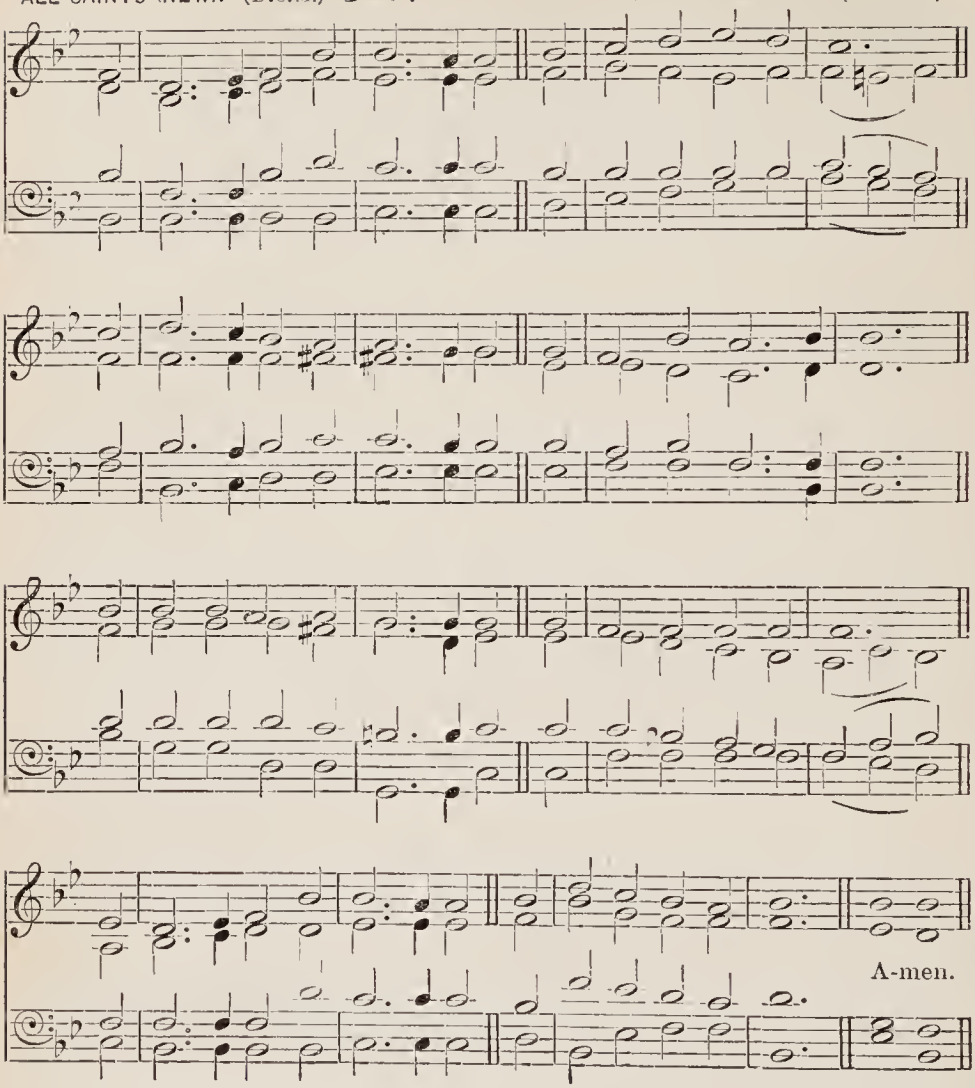
Hell's armies tremble at thy nod,
And trembling own the Almighty God,
Sovereign of earth, hell, air and sky!
But who is this, that comes from far,
Whose garments rolled in blood appear?
'Tis God made Man, for man to die!

O God, of good the unfathomed Sea!
Who would not give his heart to thee,
Who would not love thee with his might?
O Jesu, Lover of mankind!
Who would not his whole soul and mind
With all his strength to thee unite?

181

(FIRST TUNE)

ALL SAINTS (NEW). (D.C.M.) ♩ = 96. HENRY STEPHEN CUTLER (1824–1902).



REGINALD HEBER (1783–1826).

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar;
Who follows in his train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

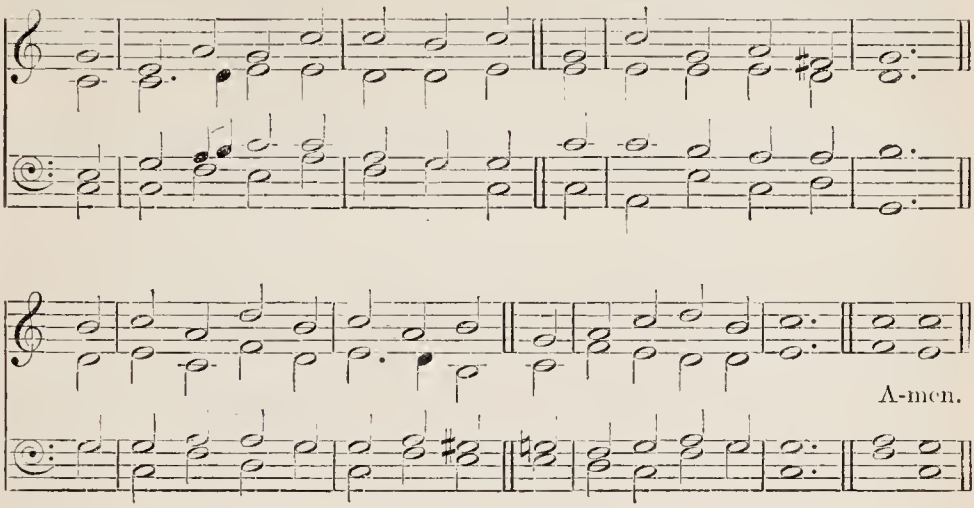
The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save.

181

(SECOND TUNE)

'Mr. Denby' in Barber's *Psalm Tunes* (1687) founded on Henry Lawes' 136th Psalm in Sandys' *Paraphrase* (1636).

ST. ANNE. (C.M.) ♩ = 69.



Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
  In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong;
  Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
  On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
  And mocked the cross and flame.

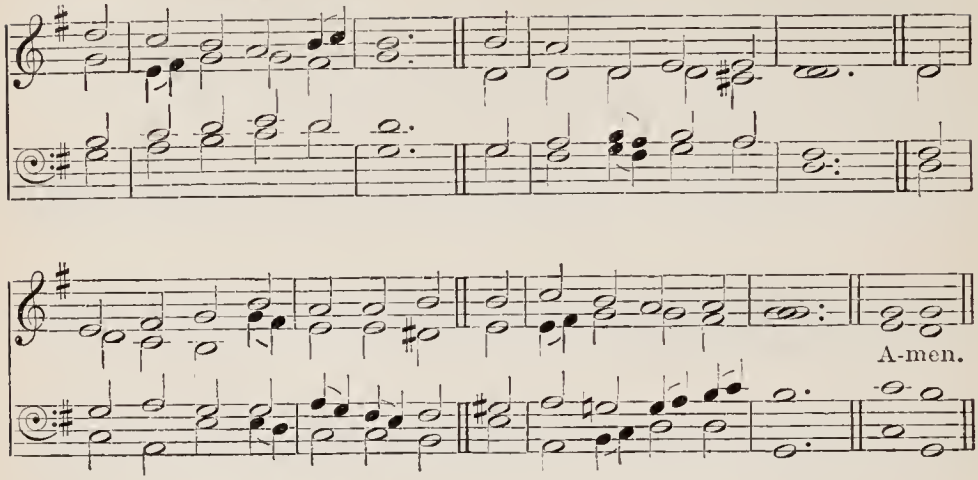
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
  The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel;
  Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
  The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
  In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
  Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
  To follow in their train.

182

ST. ETHELWALD. (S.M). ♩ = 92. WILLIAM HENRY MONK (1823-1889).



CHARLES WESLEY (1707-1788).

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son ;

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power ;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

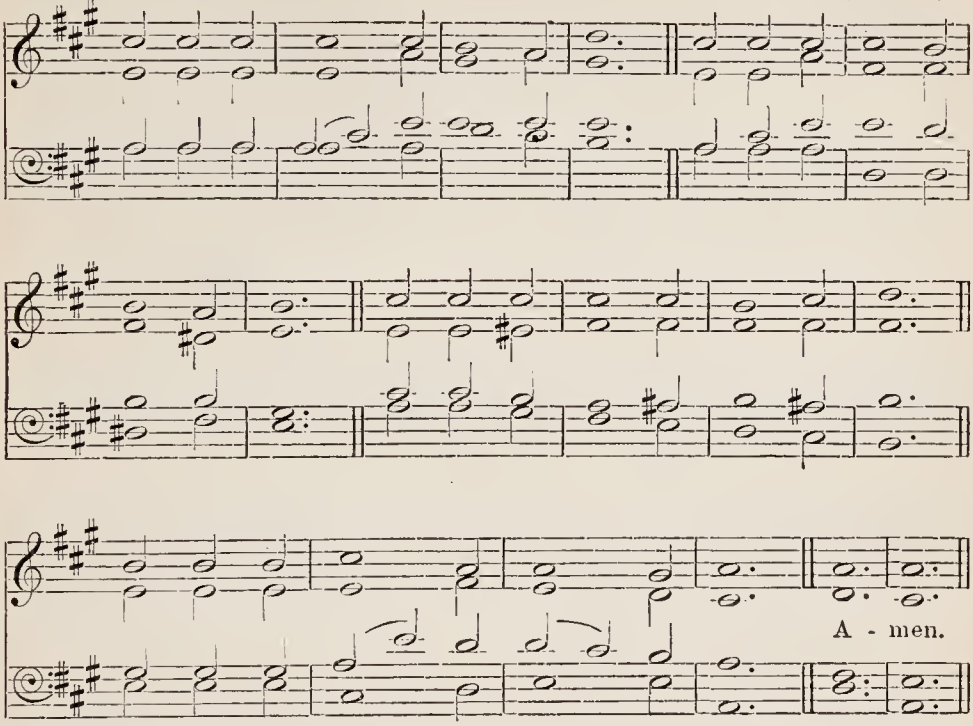
Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued,
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray ;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day ;

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

183

PENTECOST. (L.M.) ♩ = 92. WILLIAM BOYD (1847-).



JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL (1811-1875).

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

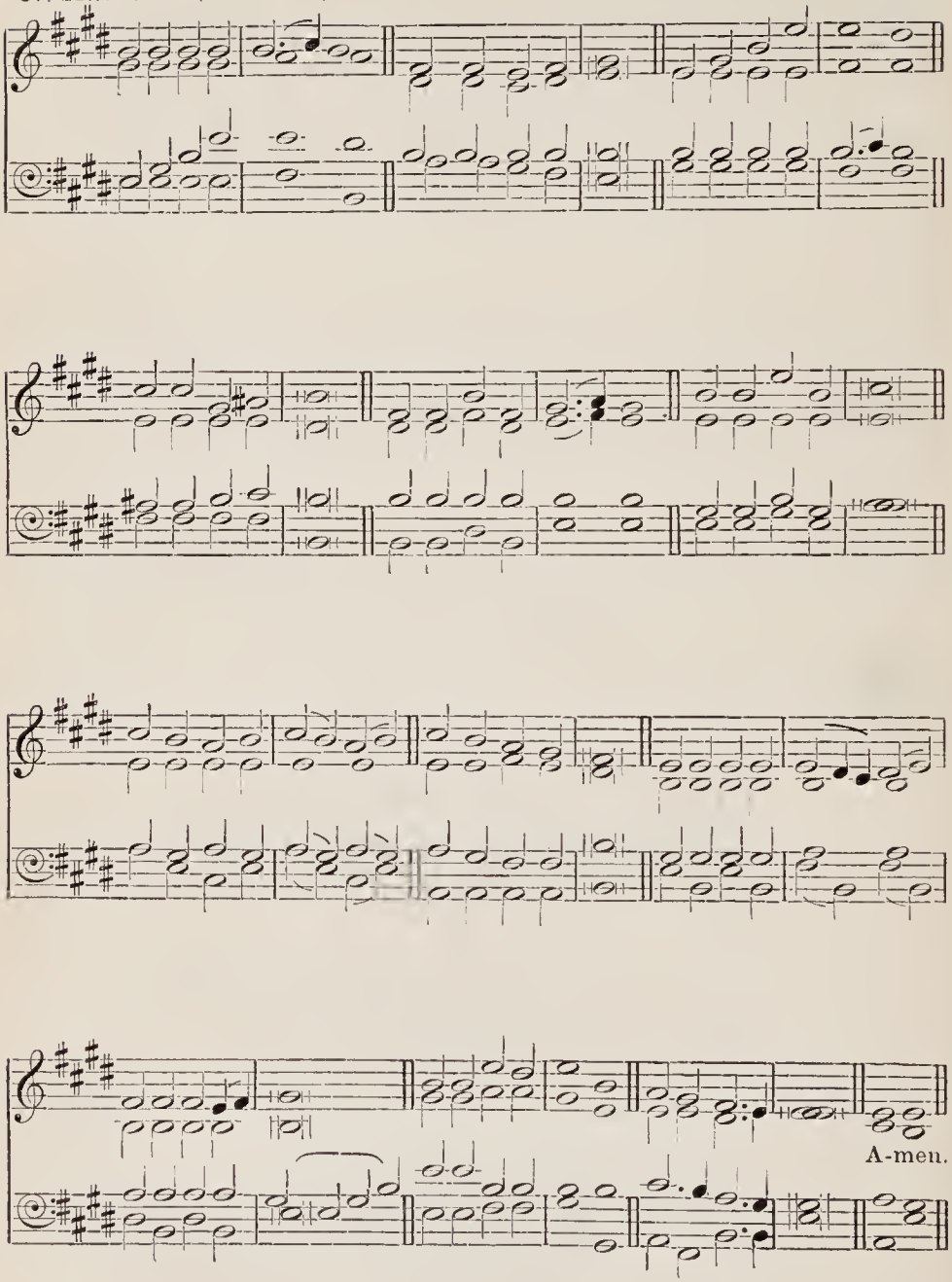
Run the straight race through God's good grace;
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face.
Life with its path before us lies,
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, upon thy guide
Lean, and his mercy will provide;
Lean, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear; his arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

184

ST. GERTRUDE. (65. 65. 65. D.) ♩ = 104. ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842–1900).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould (1834-).

ONWARD! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See his banners go.
Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's legions flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

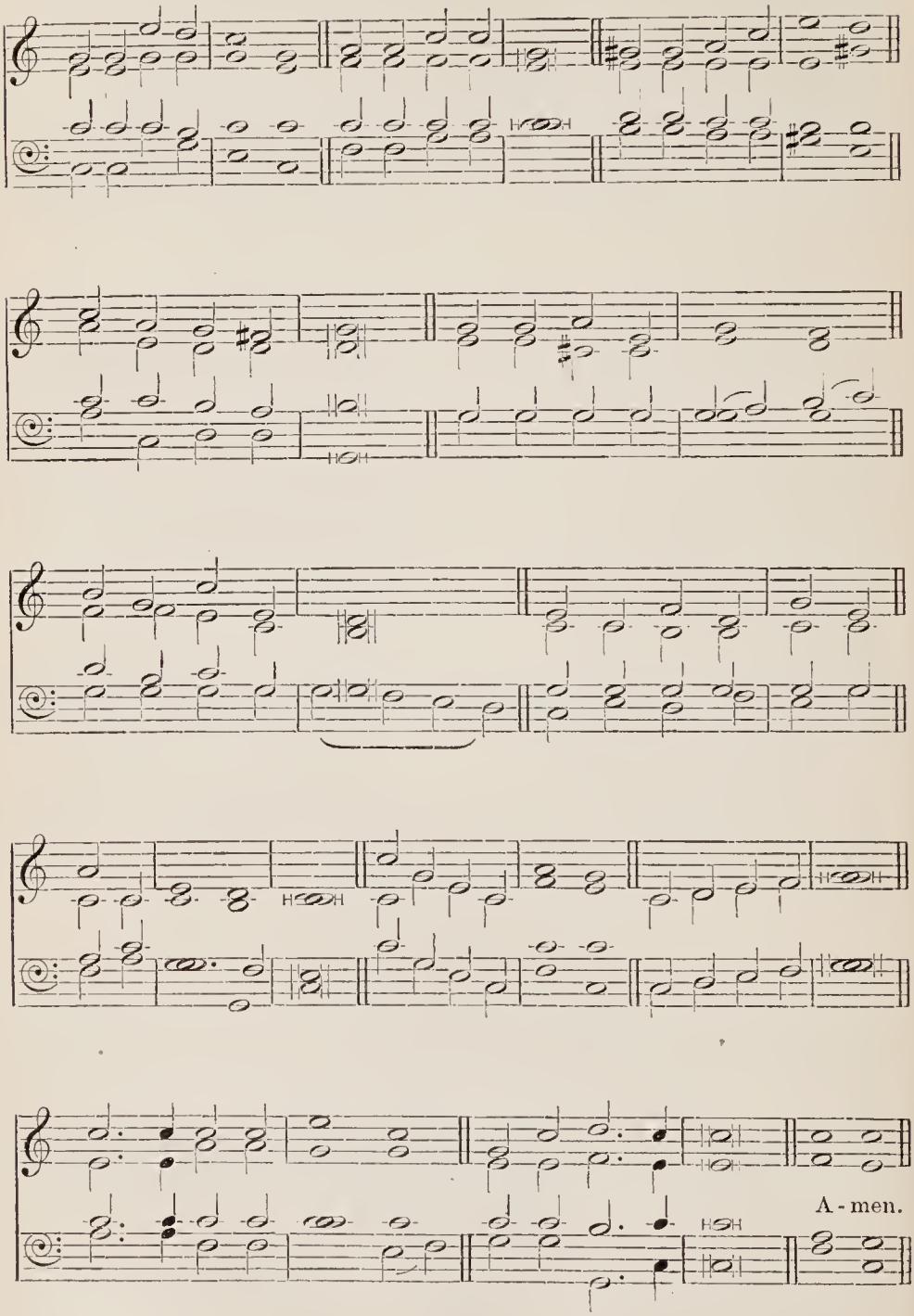
Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain.
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song;
Glory, praise, and honour,
Unto Christ, the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.
Onward! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

185

ARMAGEDDON (6 5. 6 5. 6 5. D.) 𝅗𝅥 = 100. Arranged by JOHN GOSS (1800–1880).



FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL (1836–1879).

WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be his helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will for him go?
By thy call of mercy,
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are thine!

Not for weight of glory,
Nor for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom he died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on his side.
By thy love constraining,
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are thine!

Jesus, thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with thine own life-blood,
For thy diadem.
With thy blessing filling
Each who comes to thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By thy grand redemption,
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are thine!

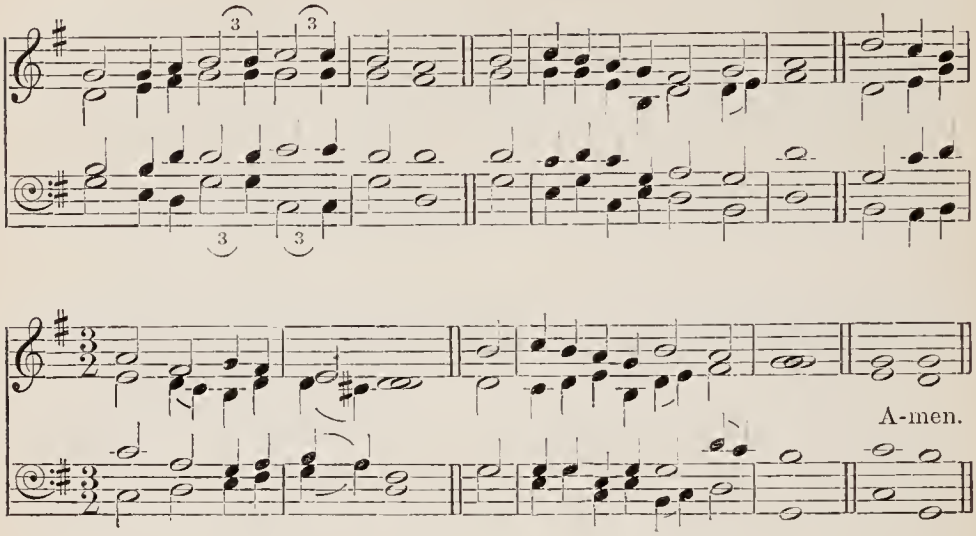
Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round his standard ranging,
Victory is secure!
For his truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are thine!

Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
'Chosen, called, faithful,'
For our Captain's band,
In the service royal,
Let us not grow cold:
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true, and bold.
Master, thou wilt keep us,
By thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always thine!

186

Original form of melody composed or adapted by L. Bourgeois for the *Genevan Psalter* (1543).

LES COMMANDEMENS DE DIEU. (98.98.) 𝅗𝅥 = 56.



Arthur Hugh Clough (1819-1861).

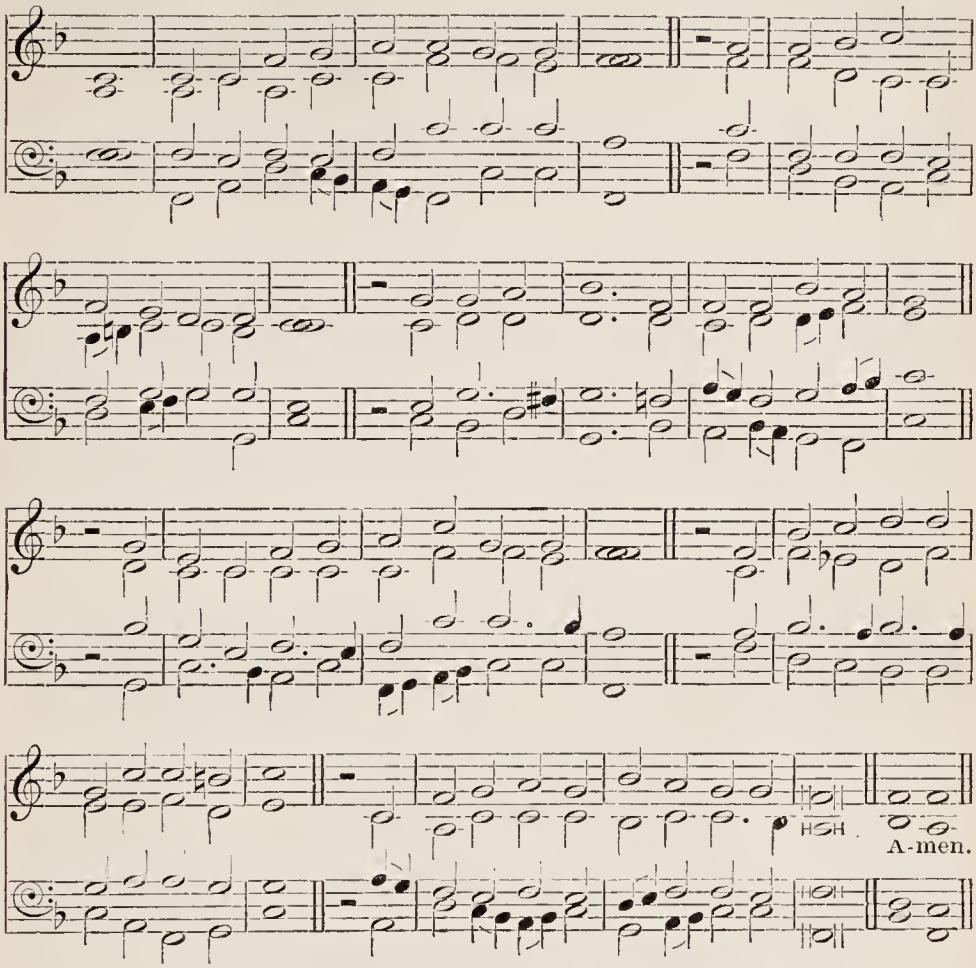
SAY not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
  And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
  It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
  And but for you possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
  Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making
  Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
  When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly !
  But westward, look ! the land is bright !

SONG I. (10 10. 10 10. 10 10.) ♩ = 80. ORLANDO GIBBONS (1583-1625).



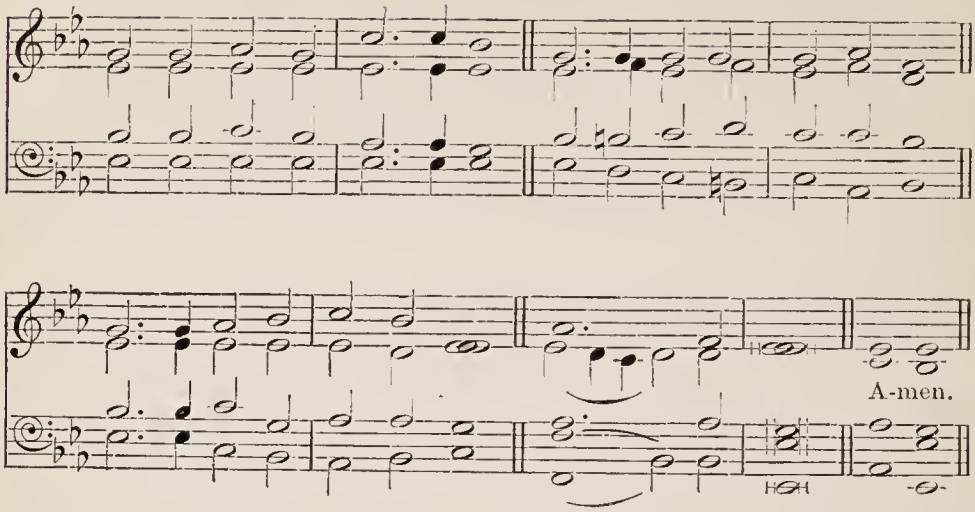
WILLIAM STUBBS (1825-1901).

LEAD me, almighty Father, Spirit, Son,
Whither thou wilt—I follow—no delay.
My will is thine, and, even had I none,
Grudging obedience, still I will obey:
Faint-hearted, fearful, doubtful if I be,
Gladly, or sadly, I will follow thee.

Into the land of righteousness I go,
The footsteps thither thine and not my own;
Jesu, thyself the way, alone I know;
Thy will be mine, for other have I none:
Unprofitable servant though I be,
Gladly, or sadly, let me follow thee.

188

VIGILATE. (7 7. 7 3.) ♩ = 84. WILLIAM HENRY MONK (1823–1889).



CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (1789–1871).

CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes:
'Watch and pray.'

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
'Watch and pray.'

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one:
'Watch and pray.'

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
'Watch and pray.'

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word,
'Watch and pray.'

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
'Watch and pray.'

ABRIDGE. (C.M.) ♩ = 84. ISAAC SMITH (*c.* 1735–1800).

A - men.

See also WESTMINSTER, No. 52.

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL (1819–1906).

LORD, in the fullness of my might,
I would for thee be strong;
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To thee should soar my song.

I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess thy love;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then thy service prove.

I would not with swift-wingèd zeal
On the world's errands go;
And labour up the heavenly hill
With weary feet and slow.

Oh not for thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
Oh not for thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!

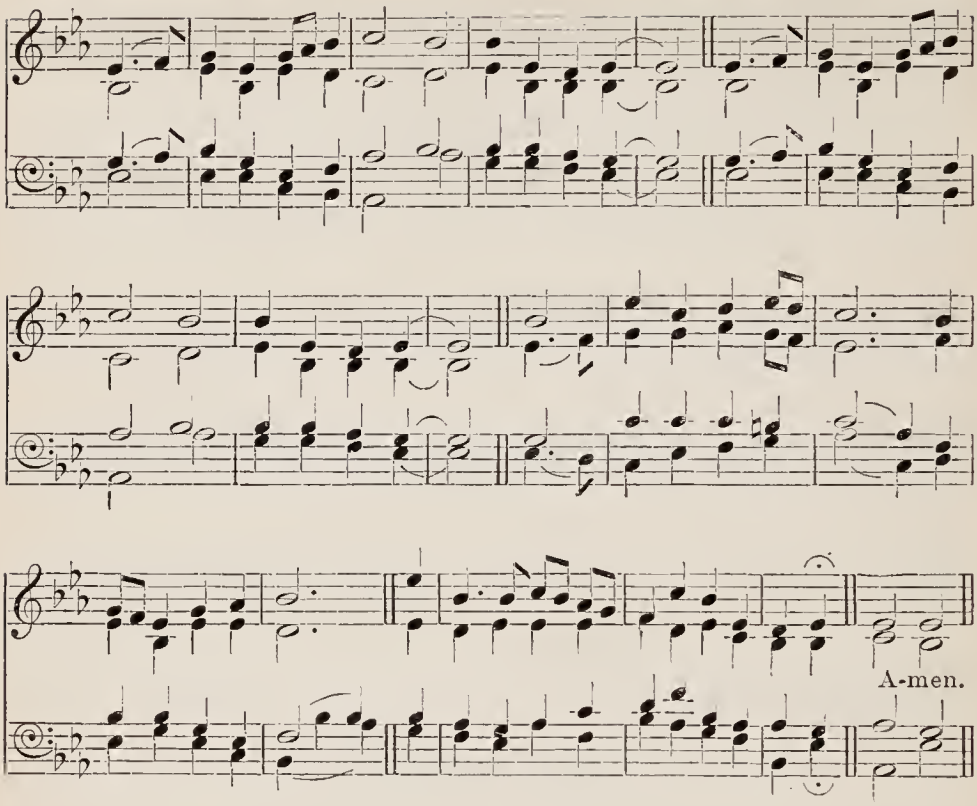
Oh choose me in my golden time,
In my dear joys have part!
For thee the glory of my prime,
The fullness of my heart!

I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine:
Oh ne'er the happy heart may break,
Whose earliest love was thine!

190

MONKS GATE. (11 11. 12 11.) ♩ = 112.

Adapted from an English Traditional Melody.



JOHN BUNYAN (1628–1688).

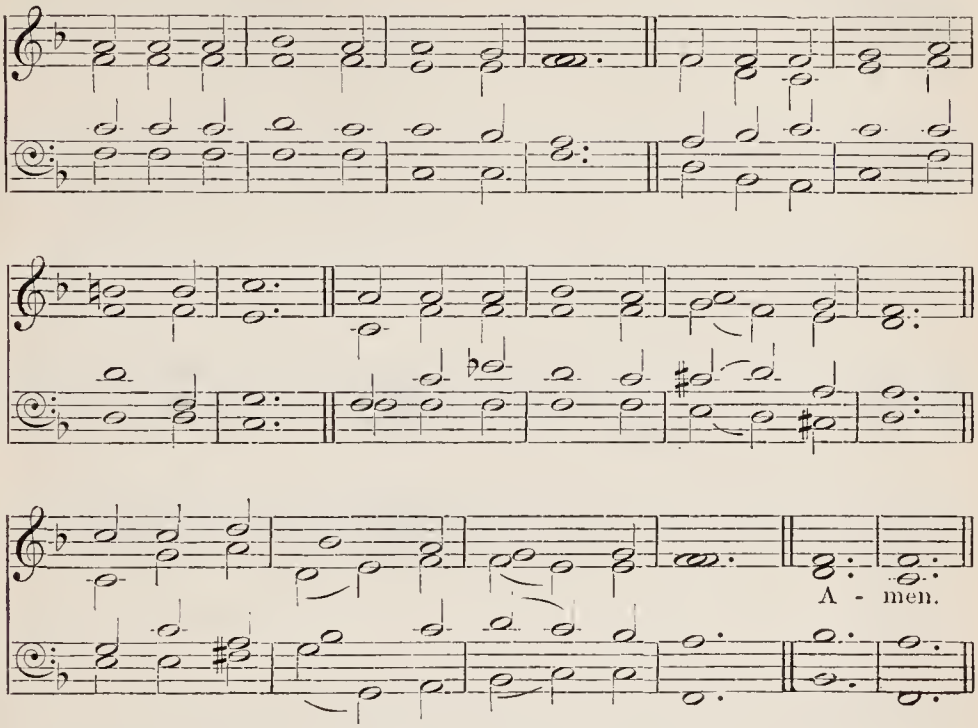
WHO would true valour see,
Let him come hither;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather;
There 's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound;
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit,
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away;
He'll not fear what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

191

ST. ALBAN. (L.M.) ♩ = 88. *St. Alban Tune Book* (1867).



See also MELCOMBE, No. 128.

CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788).

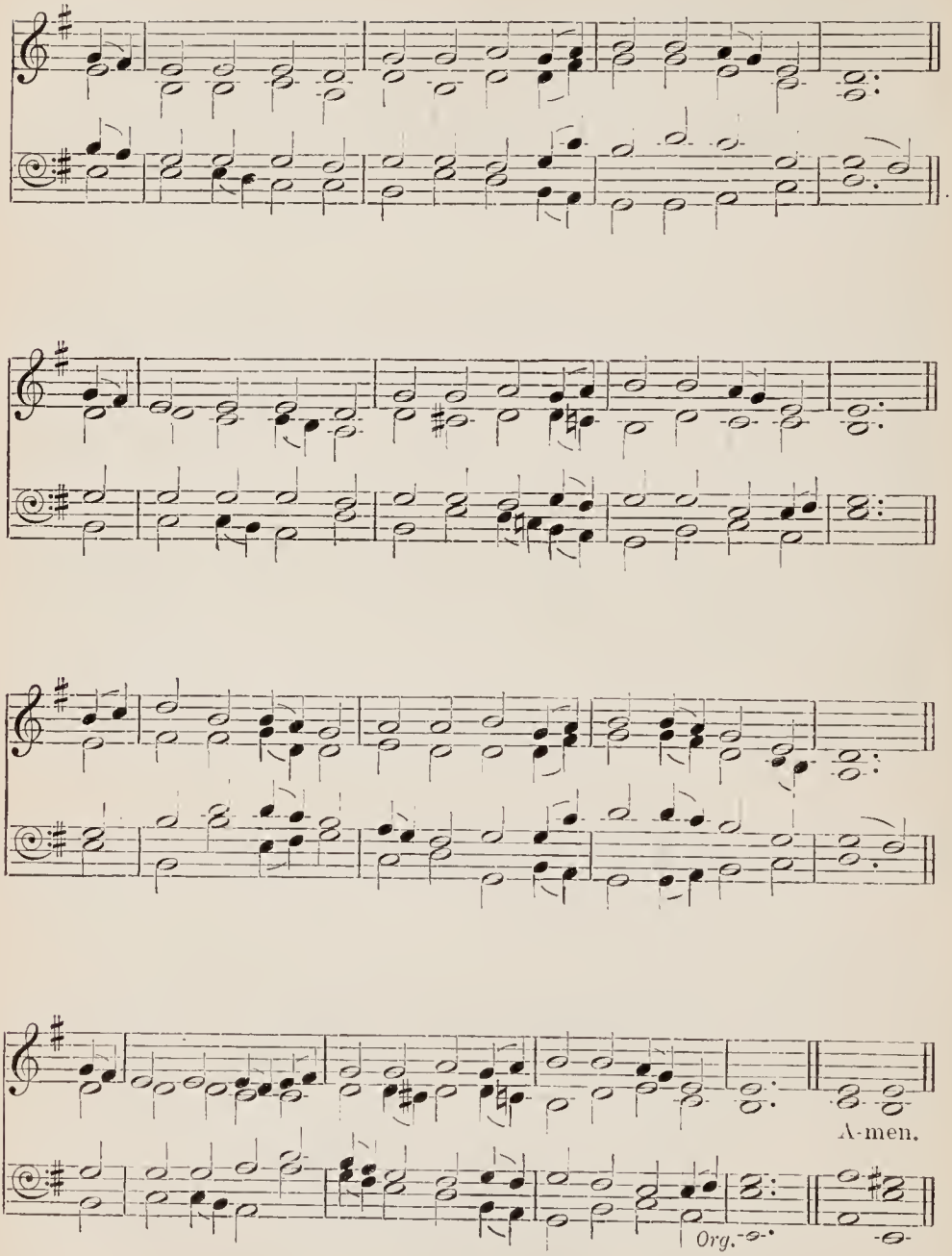
O THOU, who eamest from above,
The pure eelestial fire to impart,
Kindle a flame of saered love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn
With inextinguishable blaze,
And, trembling, to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus! confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me;

Ready for all thy perfeet will,
My acts of faith and love repeat;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifiee complete.

KINGSFOLD. (D.C.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 80. From an English Traditional Melody.



Horologion (*c.* 8th cent.)
Tr. GERARD MOULTRIE (1829-1885).

Ἰδοὺ ὁ Νυμφίος ἔρχεται.

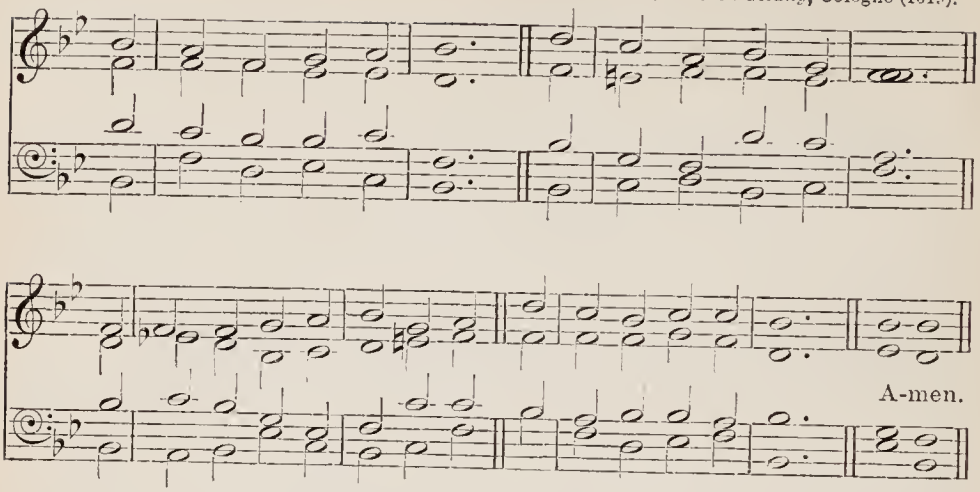
BEHOLD the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant, whom the Master shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.

Do thou, my soul, beware, beware, lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown ;
But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus
Cry—' Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy upon us.'

That day, the day of fear, shall come ; my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil ;
Who knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
' Behold, the Bridegroom comes ! Arise ! Go forth to meet the bride.'

Beware, my soul ; beware, beware, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the Five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry ;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light—the glory of the Son.

NARENZA. (S.M.) ♂ = 92. *Catholische Kirchen-Gesäng*, Cologne (1619).



PHILIP DODDRIDGE, *altd.* (1702–1751).

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

Watch : 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak he 's near ;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

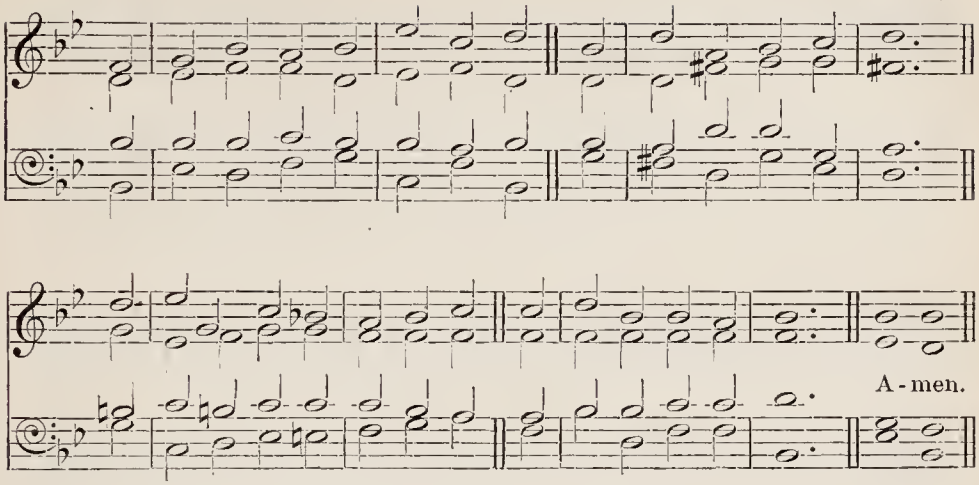
O happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

Christ shall the banquet spread
With his own royal hand ;
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amidst the angelic band.

194

(Part I)

CLOISTERS. (C.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. James Turle (1802–1882).



John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892).
(Selected from *Our Master*.)

Part I.

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the Name
All other names above ;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth love.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down :
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

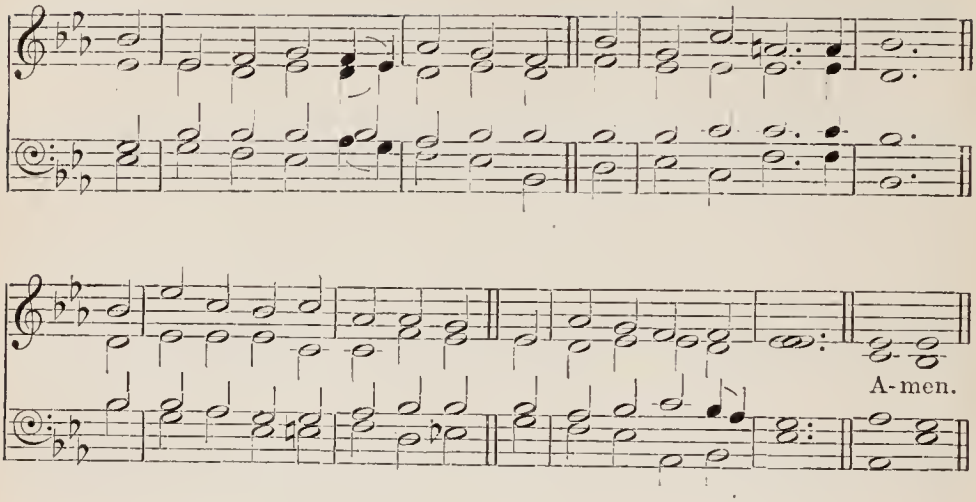
The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame ;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

194

(Part II)

ST. BERNARD. (C.M.) ♩ = 76. JOHN RICHARDSON (1816-1879).



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892).
(Selected from *Our Master*.)

PART II.

O LORD and Master of us all!
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

Thou judgest us; thy purity
Doth all our lusts condemn;
The love that draws us nearer thee
Is hot with wrath to them.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight;
And, naked to thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of thy pure countenance.

Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to thee,
And thou rejectest none.

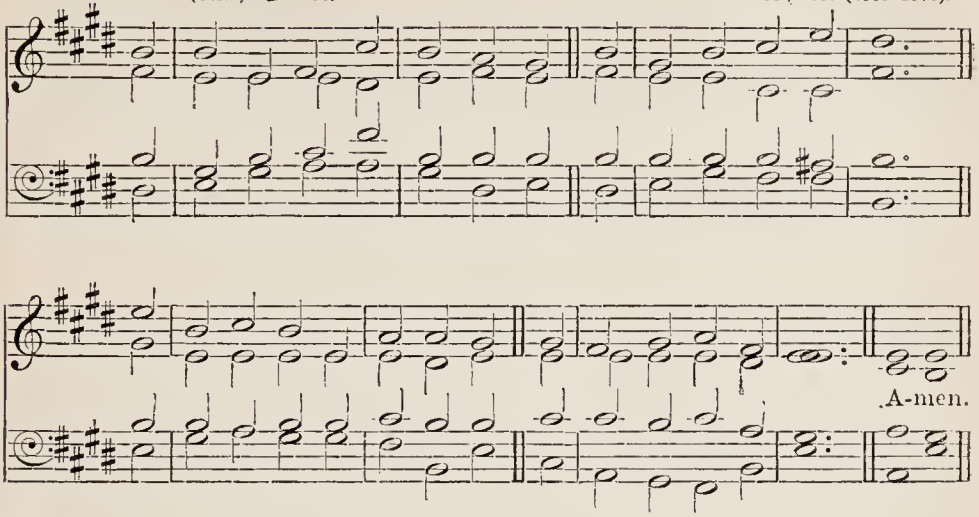
To thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong;
The wrong of man to man on thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God.

194

(Part III)

ST. FULBERT. (C.M.) ♂ = 84. Henry John Gauntlett (1805–1876).



John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892).
(Selected from *Our Master*.)

Part III.

WE faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way!

Apart from thee all gain is loss,
All labour vainly done:
The solemn shadow of thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving Name is given;
To turn aside from thee is hell,
To walk with thee is heaven

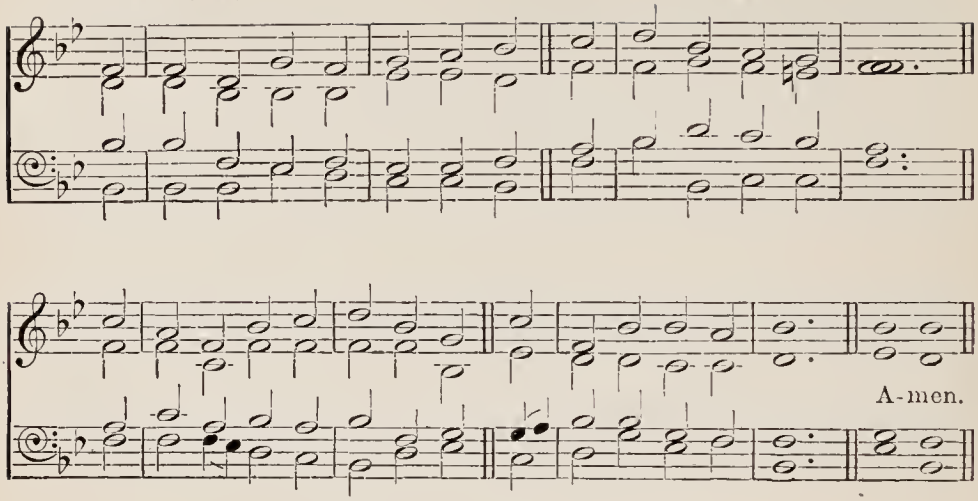
Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

Thy litanies, sweet offices
Of love and gratitude;
Thy sacramental liturgies
The joy of doing good.

The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise,
Its faith and hope thy canticles.
And its obedience praise!

195

ST. LEONARD. (C.M.) ♩ = 84. HENRY SMART (1813–1879).



See also ST. FULBERT, No. 194, part 3.

HOWELL ELVET LEWIS (1860–).

THE days that were, the days that are,
All are the days of God; [tread
With psalms of cheerful trust we
Where Christ's own freemen trod.

We bless the love of larger noon,
Which moved the loyal heart
Through evil times to trust the true,
And choose the better part.

God of the fathers! God of Christ!
Keep us in simple ways;
And in the calm of silent hills
Train us for clamorous days.

For those who find the tempest strong
Make us a hiding place;
A shadow in a weary land
For healing and for grace.

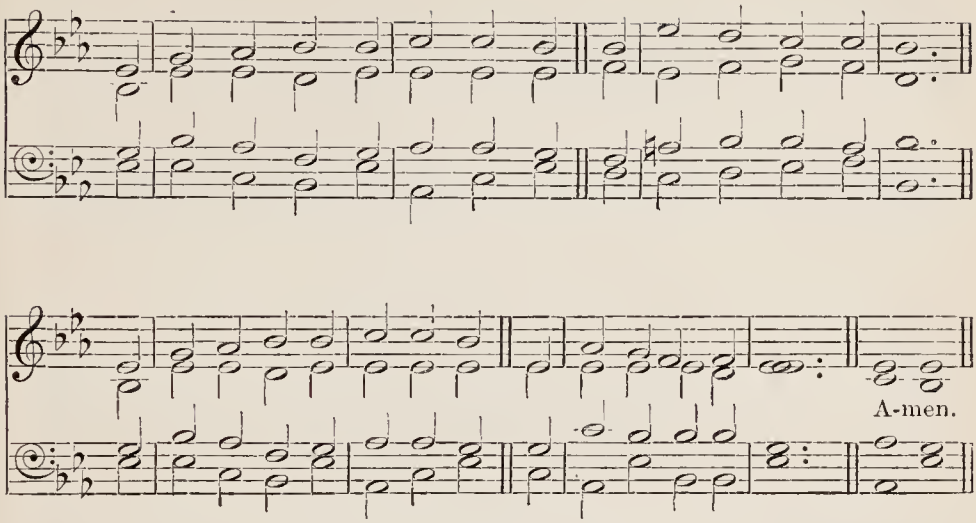
When love for man is growing cold,
And many faithless prove,
Then may the Man of Sorrows come
To teach us how to love.

We tarry, Lord, thy leisure still;
Thy best is yet to be:
Naught ever comes too late for man
That is in time for thee.

God of the fathers! God of Christ!
Keep us in simple ways;
And may the sharpness of the strife
Be only to thy praise.

196

TALLIS' ORDINAL. (C.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 72. THOMAS TALLIS (*c.* 1510–1585).



For a lower setting of this tune see No. 200.

Scottish Psalter (1650) *altered.* Psalm i.

THAT man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way,
Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair;
But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On his law day and night.

He shall be like a tree that grows
Fast by a river's side,
Which in its season yields its fruit,
And green its leaves abide;

And all he doth shall prosper well.
The wicked are not so;
But like they are unto the chaff,
Which wind drives to and fro.

In judgement therefore shall not stand
Such as ungodly are;
Nor in the assembly of the just
Shall wicked men appear.

Because the way of godly men
Is to Jehovah known;
Whereas the way of wicked men
Shall quite be overthrown.

HOLY WAR. (65. 65. D.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. JOSIAH BOOTH (1852-).

Voices in unison.

Harmony.

Org.

A-men.

ANDREW of Crete.
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE (1818–1866).

CHRISTIAN! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the Holy Cross.

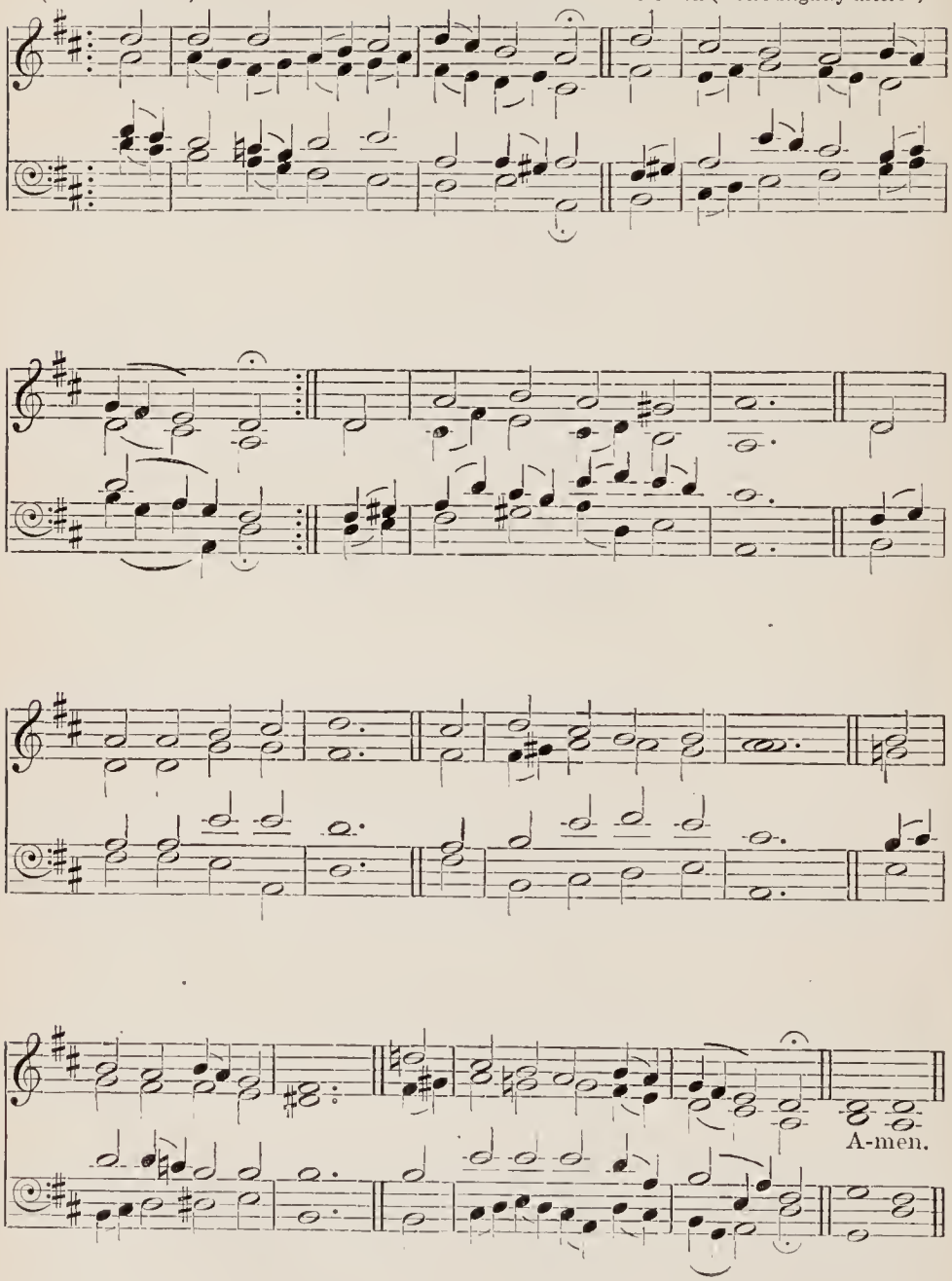
Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the conflict,
Watch and pray and fast.

Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
'Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?'
Christian! say but boldly,
'While I breathe I pray;'
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

'Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne.'

EIN' FESTE BURG.
(87. 87. 6666. 7.) 𝅗𝅥 = 52.

MARTIN LUTHER (1483-1546). Harmonized by
JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH (metre slightly altered).



MARTIN LUTHER (1483–1546).
Tr. THOMAS CARLYLE (1795–1881).

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit;
For why?—his doom is writ;
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honour, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all,
The city of God remaineth.

ISRAEL. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) 𝅗𝅥 = 92. GEORGE CLEMENT MARTIN (1844-).

A - men.

CHARLES WESLEY (1707-1788).

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see ;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee ;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am,
  My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
  Look on thy hands, and read it there.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou strugglest to get free,
  I never will unloose my hold;
Art thou the Man that died for me?
  The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling, I will not let thee go
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

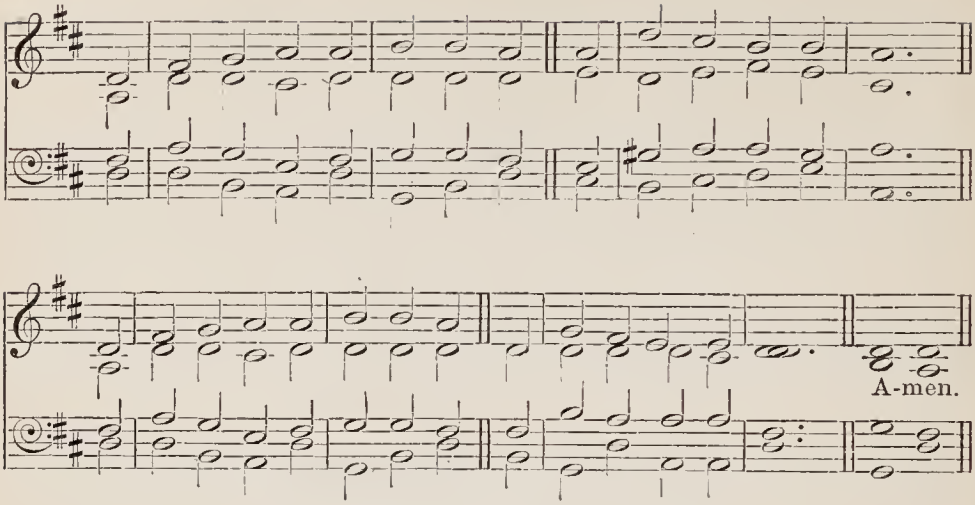
What though my shrinking flesh complain,
  And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain;
  When I am weak then I am strong;
And, when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,
  But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;
  Be conquered by my instant prayer.
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me!
  I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
  Pure universal Love thou art;
To me, to all, thy mercies move;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
  Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
  But stay and love me to the end:
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

TALLIS' ORDINAL. (C.M.) ♩ = 72. THOMAS TALLIS (c. 1510–1585).



For a higher setting of this tune see No. 196.

JOHN WESLEY (1703–1791) and
CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788).

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
Oh let our souls on thee be cast
In never ceasing prayer.

The spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

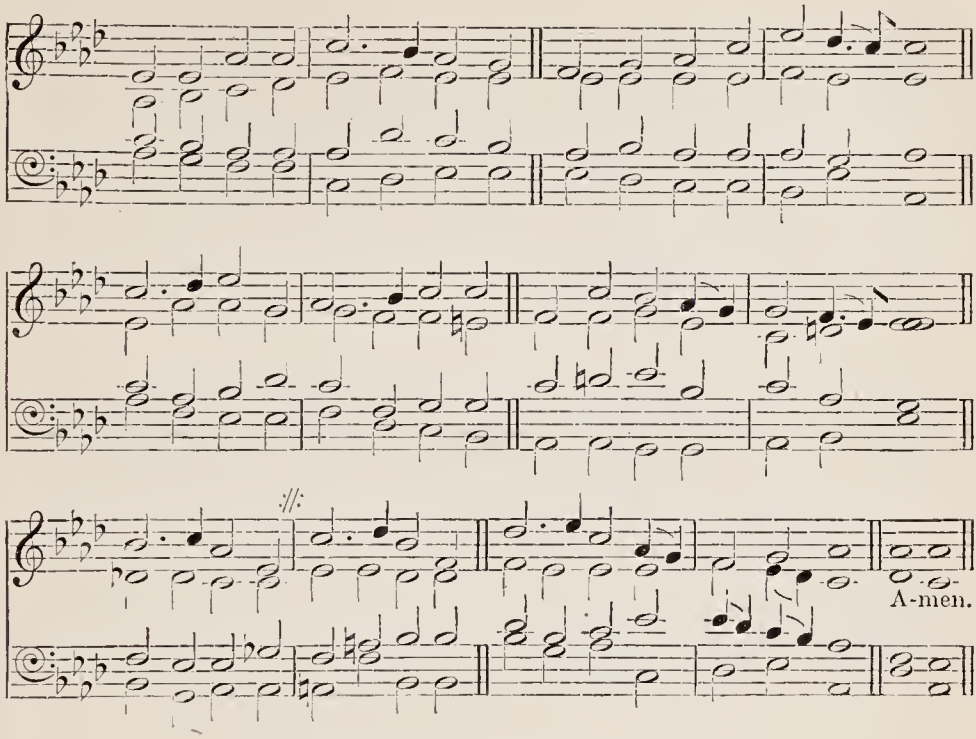
Till thou the perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
'I will not let thee go.'

I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

Then let me on the mountain top
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

201

FENITON COURT. (87.87.87.) ♩ = 80. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS (1818-1901).



WILLIAM WILLIAMS (1717-1791).
Tr. PETER WILLIAMS (1722-1796).

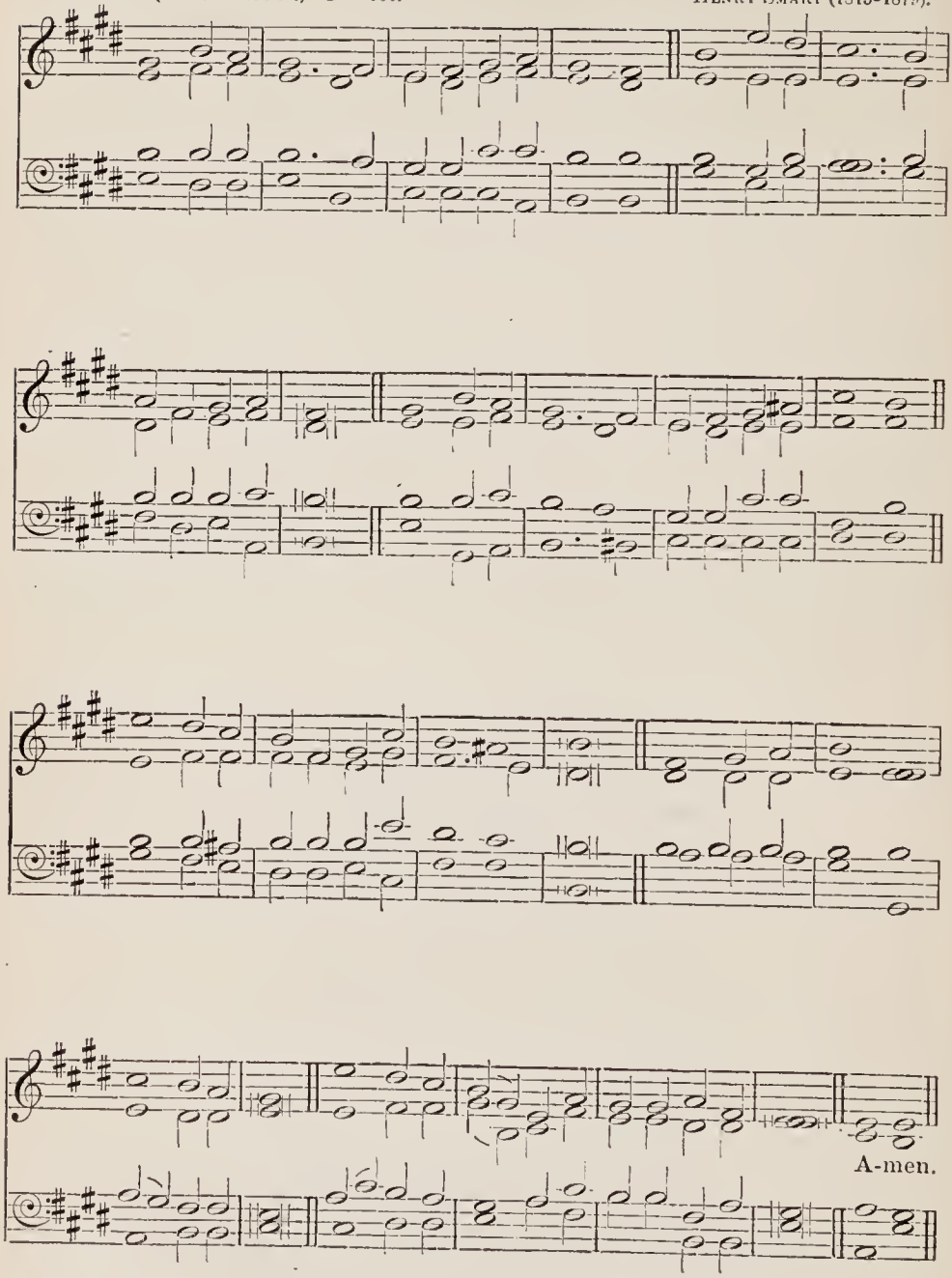
ARGLWYDD ARWAIN TRWY'R ANIALWCH.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

PILGRIMS. (11 10. 11 10. 9 11.) 𝅗𝅥 = 100. HENRY SMART (1813-1879).



FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814–1863).

HARK! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

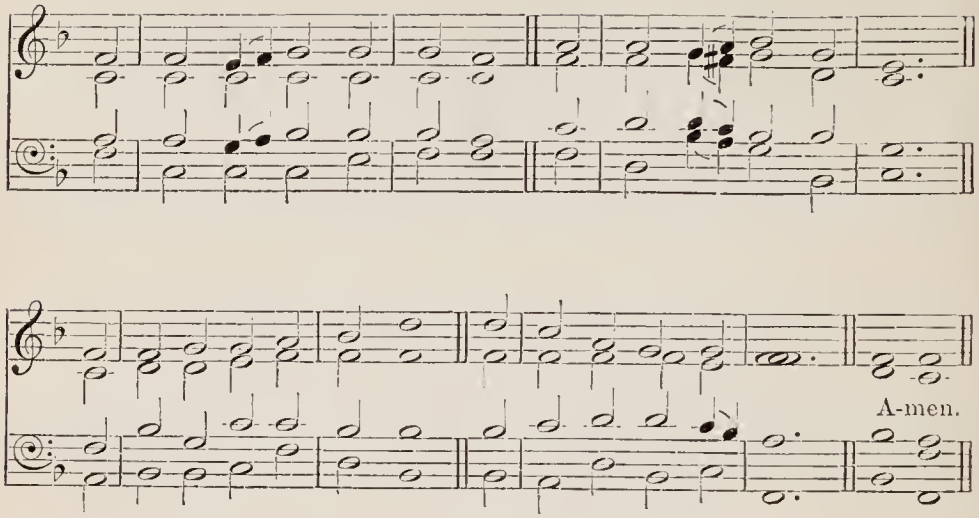
Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;'
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joys shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

MORLAIX. (7 6.7 6.) ♩ = 84. JUSTIN HEINRICH KNECHT (1752–1817).



JOHN MASON NEALE (1818–1866).

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head !

O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men ;
O happy if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then !

The cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due ;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To him alone will turn,—

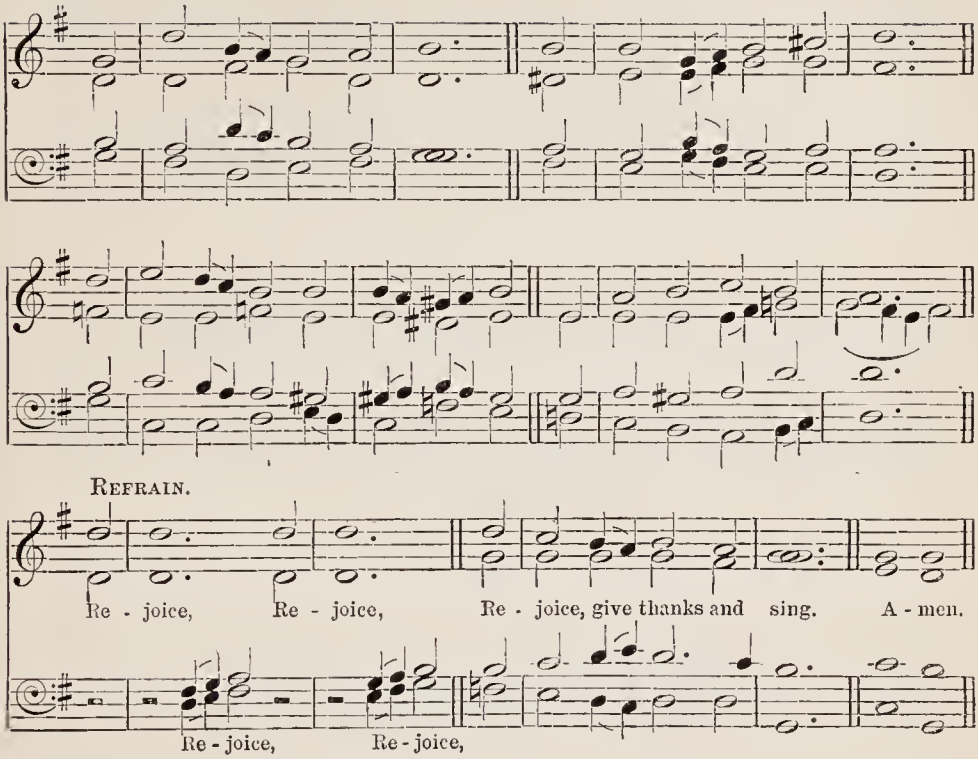
What are they but the heralds
To lead you to his sight ?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light ?

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

What are they but his jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth ?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

MARION. (S.M., with refrain.) ♩ = 100. ARTHUR HENRY MESSITER (1834-).



EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE (1821-1891).

REJOICE, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
Your festal banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as we go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

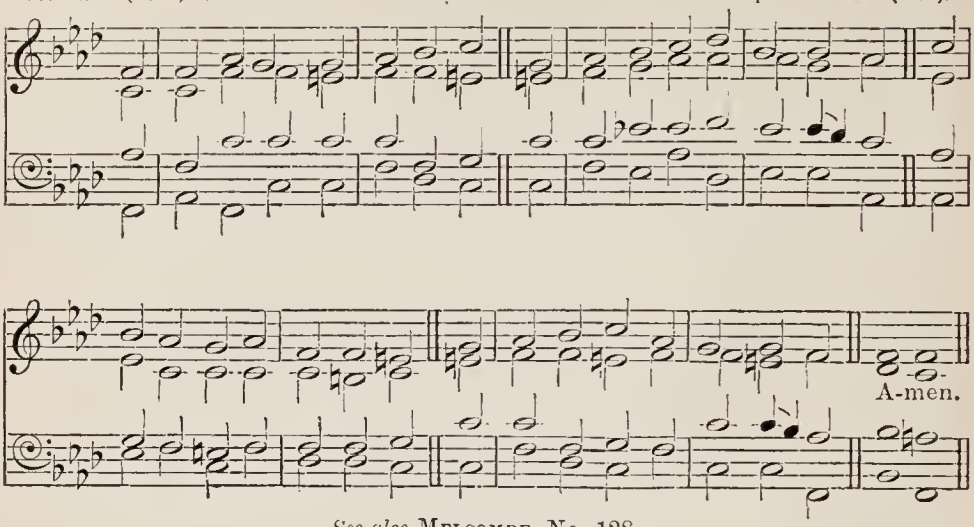
Still lift your standard high,
Still march in firm array,
As warriors through the darkness toil
Till dawns the golden day.

At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

205

THORN. (L.M.) ♩ = 69. Anon.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY'S *European Psalmist* (1872).



See also MELCOMBE, No. 128.

HORATIUS BONAR (1808-1889).

SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to truth, to God.

We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win ;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the grandeur of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
Our hands from earnest toil to keep ;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight ;

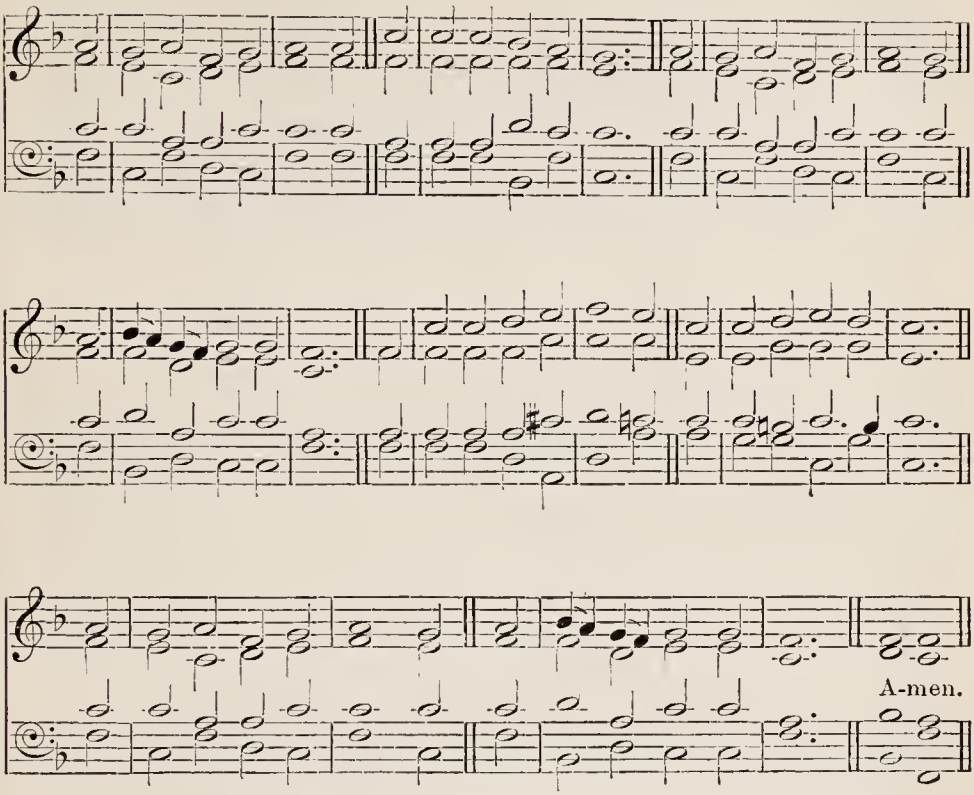
No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please ;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppressed?
'Tis but a little, and we rest ;
Finished the toil—the race is run ;
The battle fought—the field is won.

206

ARCADELT. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 72.

JACOB ARCADELT (?) (*c.* 1514–1560).



EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH (1825–1906).

Psalm xc.

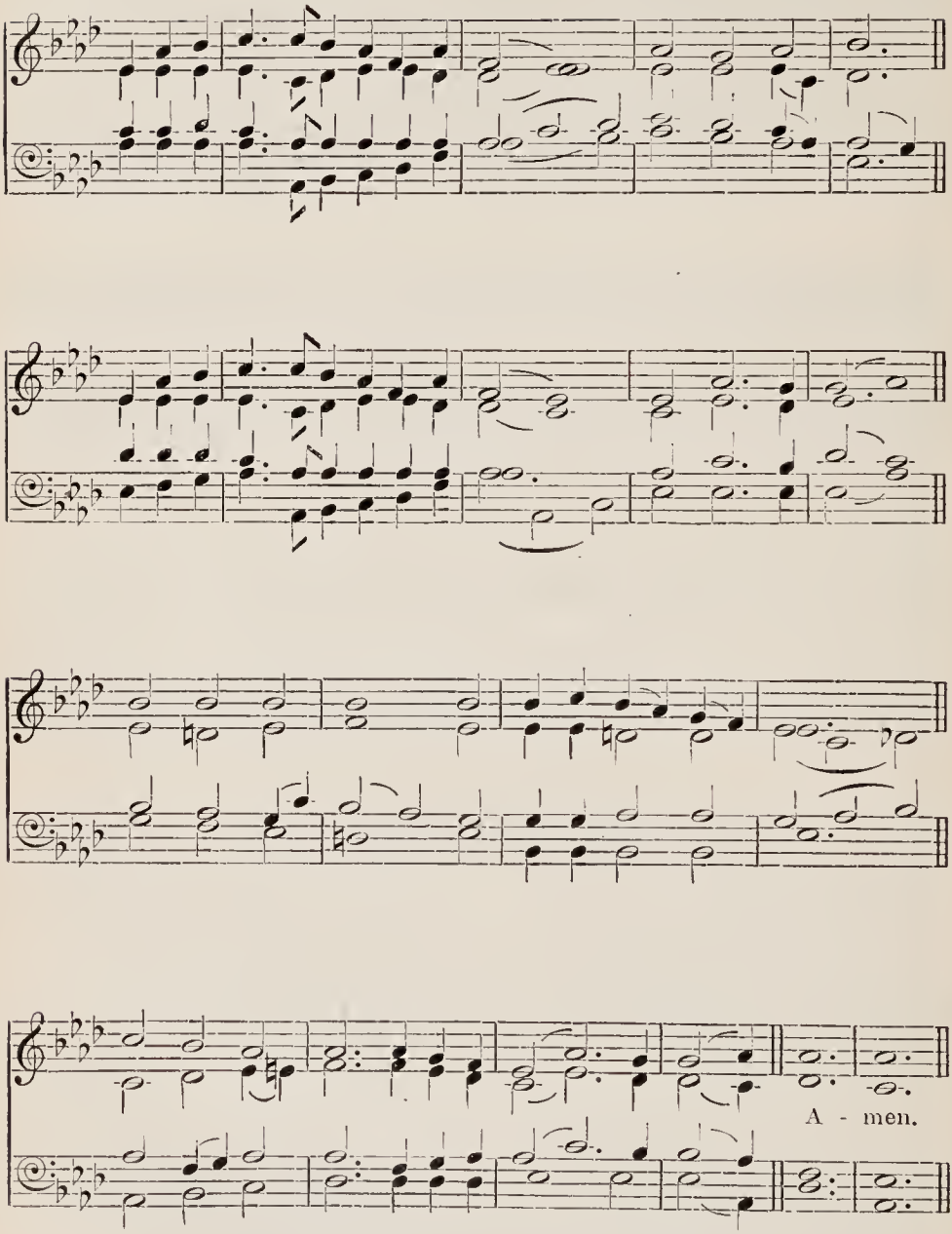
O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene :
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou !

Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die :
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

O thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast bless'd.

Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see thee face to face :
A joy no language measures ;
A fountain brimming o'er ;
An endless flow of pleasures ;
An ocean without shore.

LUX BENIGNA. (10 4. 10 4. 10 10.) 𝅗𝅥 = 66. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823–1876).



See also PATMOS, No. 159, *and* SANDON, No. 79.

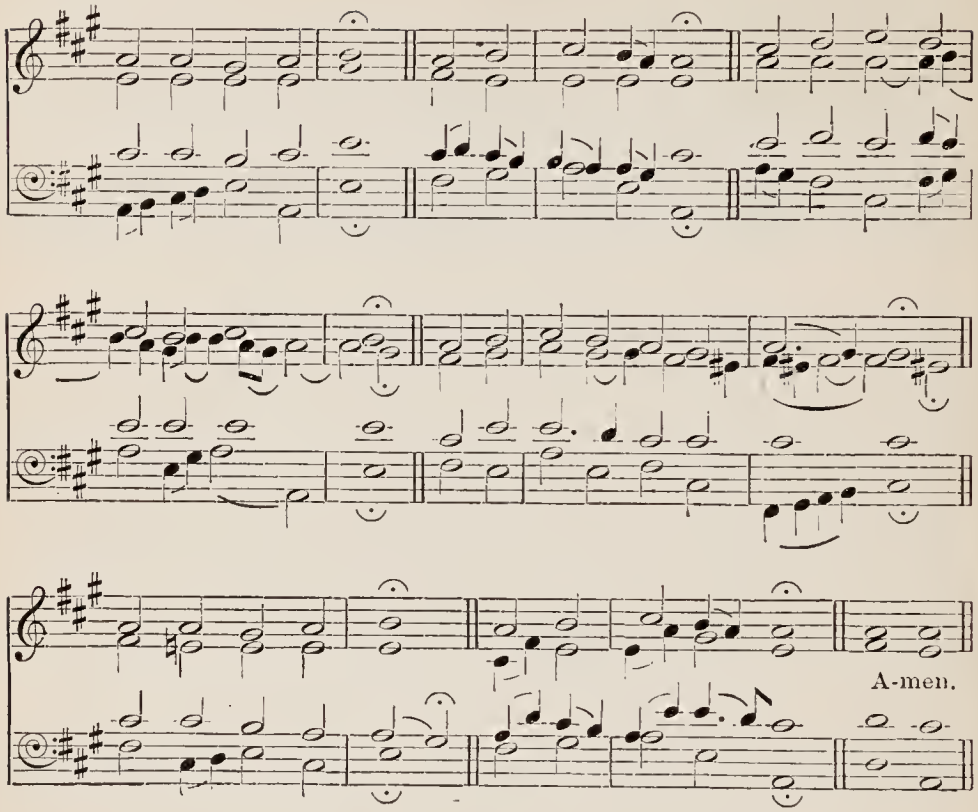
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801–1890).

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on ;
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
Lead thou me on.
Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

SEELEN-BRÄUTIGAM. (FIRST VERSION) ADAM DRESE (1620–1701).
(55. 8S. 55.) 𝅗𝅥 = 60. Harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.



NICOLAUS LUDWIG VON ZINZENDORF (1700–1760).
Tr. JANE BORTHWICK (1813–1897).

Jesu, geh' voran.

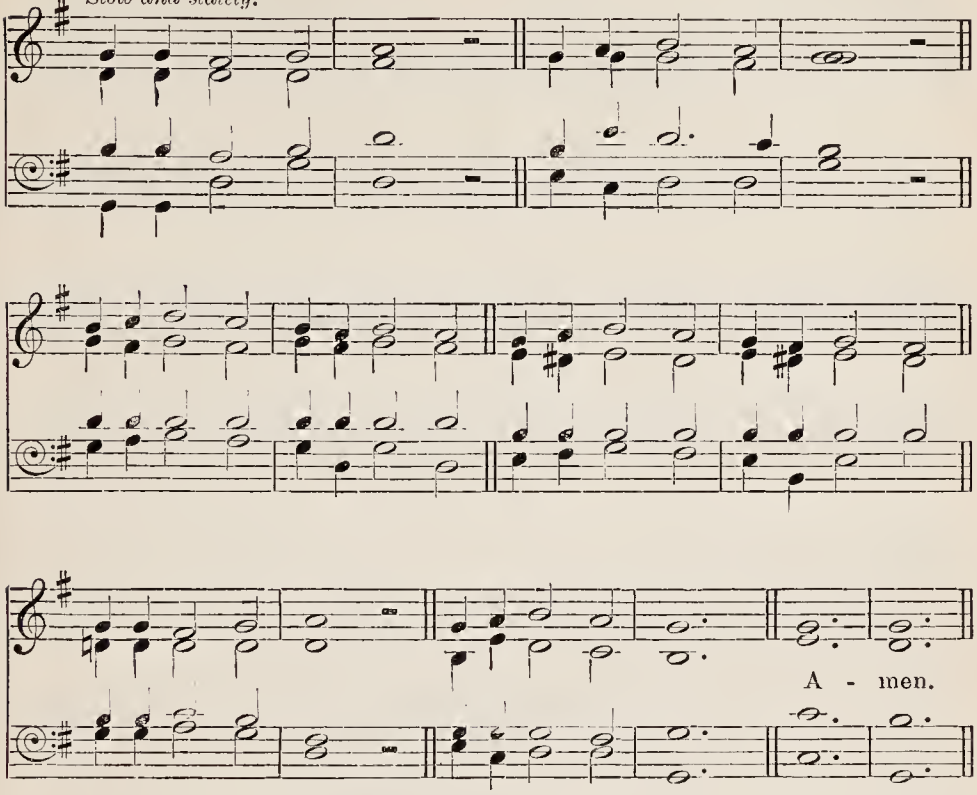
JESUS, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
And, although the way be cheerless,
We will follow, calm and fearless;
Guide us by thy Hand
To our fatherland.

If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

208

SEELEN-BRÄUTIGAM (SECOND VERSION) ADAM DRESE (1620-1701).
(ROCHELLE.) (5 5. 8 8. 5 5.) 𝅗𝅥 = 58. The original form of melody.
Harmonized by SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.

Slow and stately.



When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience,
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

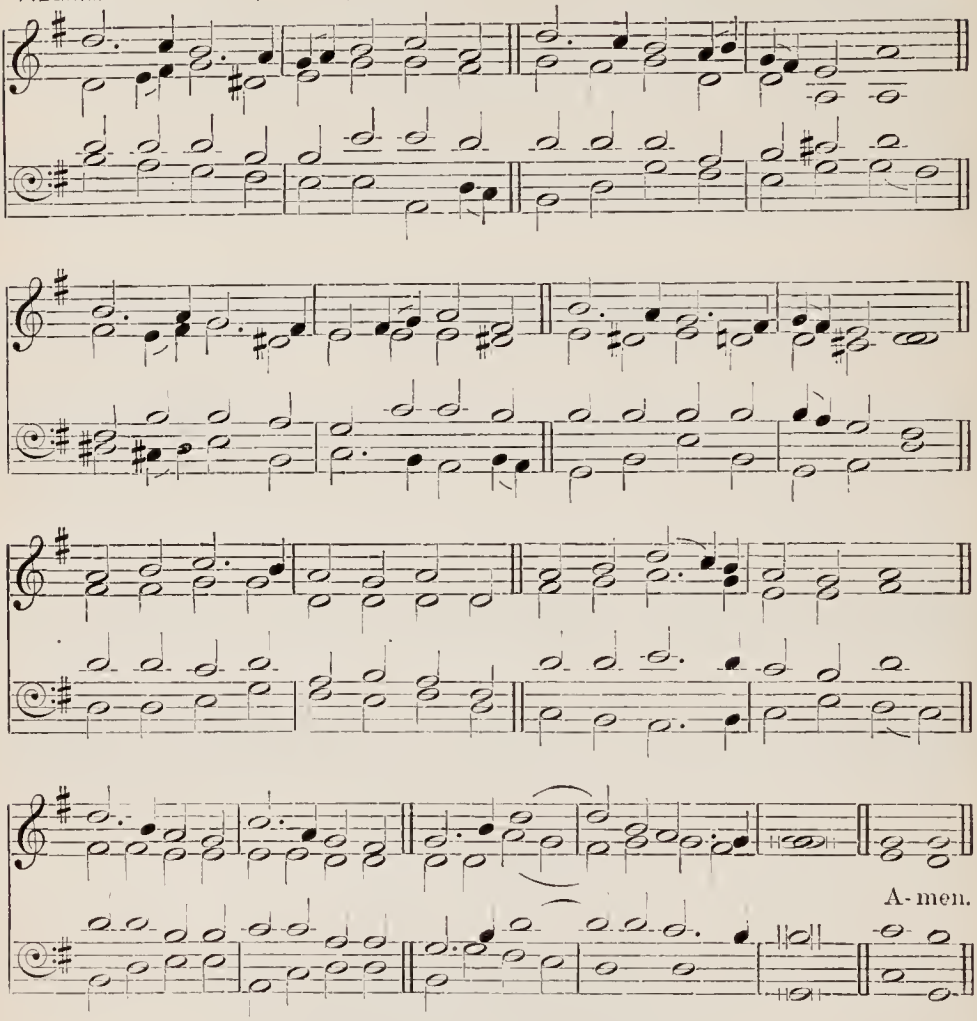
Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won ;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

209

(FIRST TUNE)

CHARLES HUBERT HASTINGS PARRY (1848-).

PILGRIM BROTHERS. (87. 87. D.) ♩ = 104. Arranged by J. FREDERICK BRIDGE.



[*Copyright*, 1904, *by Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

BERNHARDT SEVERIN INGEMANN (1789–1862).
Tr. SABINE BARING-GOULD (1834-).

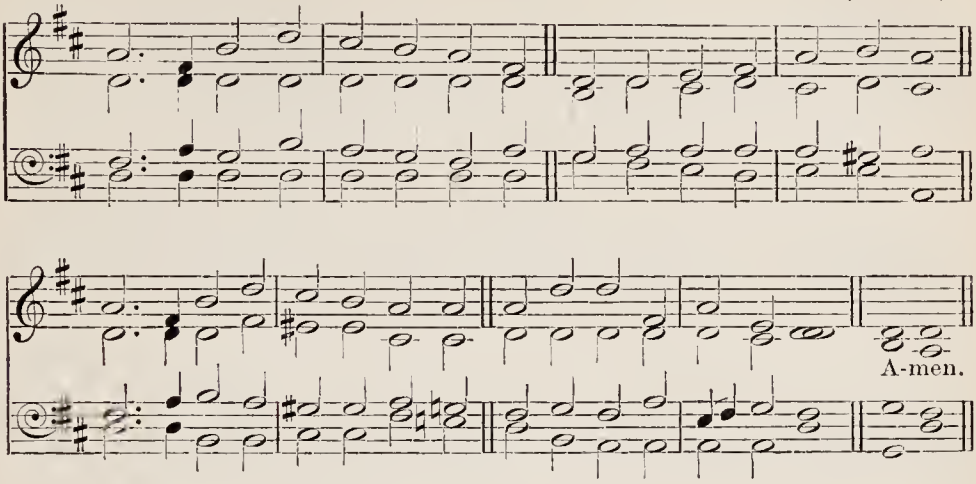
IGJENNEM NAT OG TRÆNGSEL.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised land.
Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.

209

(SECOND TUNE)

ST. OSWALD. (8 7. 8 7.) ♩ = 96. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823–1876).



One the light of God's own presence
  O'er his ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
  Brightening all the path we tread :
One the object of our journey,
  One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
  One the hope our God inspires :

One the strain that lips of thousands
  Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
  One the march in God begun :
One the gladness of rejoicing
  On the far eternal shore,
Where the one almighty Father
  Reigns in love for evermore.

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
  Onward with the cross our aid ;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
  Till we rest beneath its shade.
Soon shall come the great awaking,
  Soon the rending of the tomb ;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
  And the end of toil and gloom.

EVENING AND MORNING. (10 10. 11 10. D.)

Words by ISAAC GREGORY SMITH (1826-).
HERBERT STANLEY OAKELEY (1830-1903).

Lento. ♩ = 60.

pp

Comes, at times, a still - ness as of e - ven,
Comes, at times, a voice of days de - part - ed,

Lento.

pp

Steep - ing the soul in mem - o - ries of love,
On the dy - ing breath of even-ing borne,

As when the glow is
Sinks then the traveller,

mem - o - ries of love, of love,
dy - ing breath of even-ing borne,

(*continued*)

rall.

sink-ing out of heav - en, As when the twi -light deep - ens in the grove.
faint and wea-ry-heart - ed, 'Long is the way,' it whis-pers, 'and for - lorn.'

rall.

Animato. *f* ♩ = 80.

Comes, at length a sound of man - y voi - ces, As when the waves break
Comes, at last, a voice of thrill-ing glad - ness, Borne on the breez - es

a sound of man-y voi-ces,
a voice of thrill-ing glad-ness,

Animato.

f

(*continued*)

ff *poco rall.* *p*

light - ly on the shore; As when at dawn the
of the ris - ing day; Say - ing, 'The Lord shall

break light-ly,
day; Say - ing,

ff *poco rall.* *pp*

f *ff* *pp* *rall.*

feath-er'd choir re - joi - ces, Sing - ing a - loud, be-cause the night is o'er.
make an end of sad - ness,' Say - ing, 'The Lord shall wipe all tears a - way.'

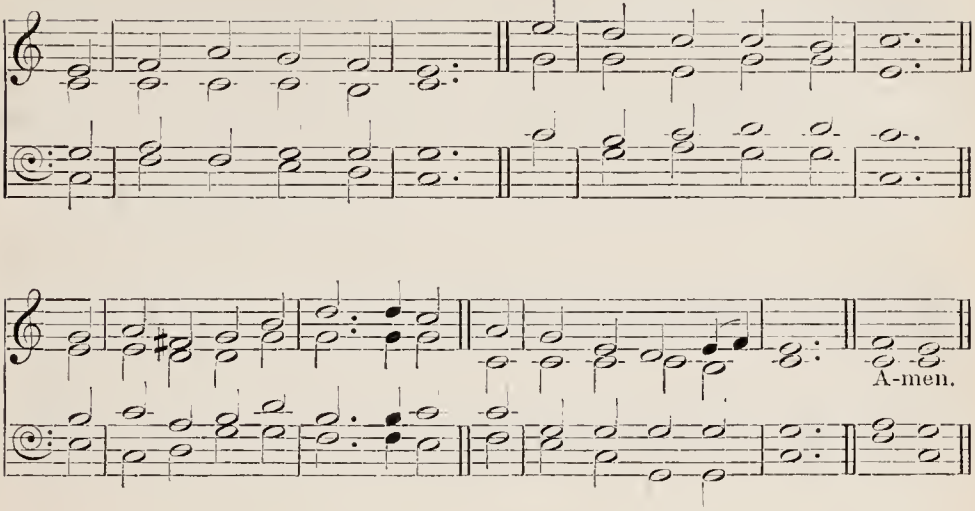
re - joi-ces, Sing-ing,
an end of sad-ness,'

f *ff* *pp* *rall.*

211

(Part I)

ST. GEORGE. (S.M.) ♩ = 92. Henry John Gauntlett (1805–1876).



Part I.

Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676).
Tr. John Wesley (1703–1791).

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender eare,
Who earth and heaven eommands.

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direet thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit eanst thou gain
By self-eonsuming care;
To him eommend thy eause; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Thy everlasting truth,
Father! thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for eaeh will prove.

And whatsoe'er thou will'st
Thou dost, O King of kings;
What thy unerring wisdom chose
Thy power to being brings.

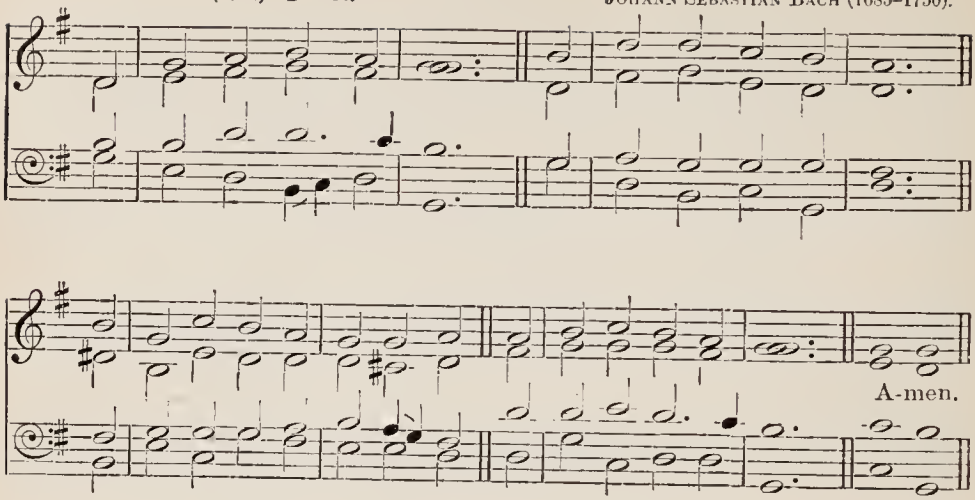
When thou arisest, Lord,
Who shall thy work withstand?
When all thy children want thou giv'st,
Who, who shall stay thy hand?

211

(Part II)

ST. AUGUSTINE. (S.M.) ♩ = 84.

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750).



Part II.

Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676).
Tr. John Wesley (1703–1791).

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

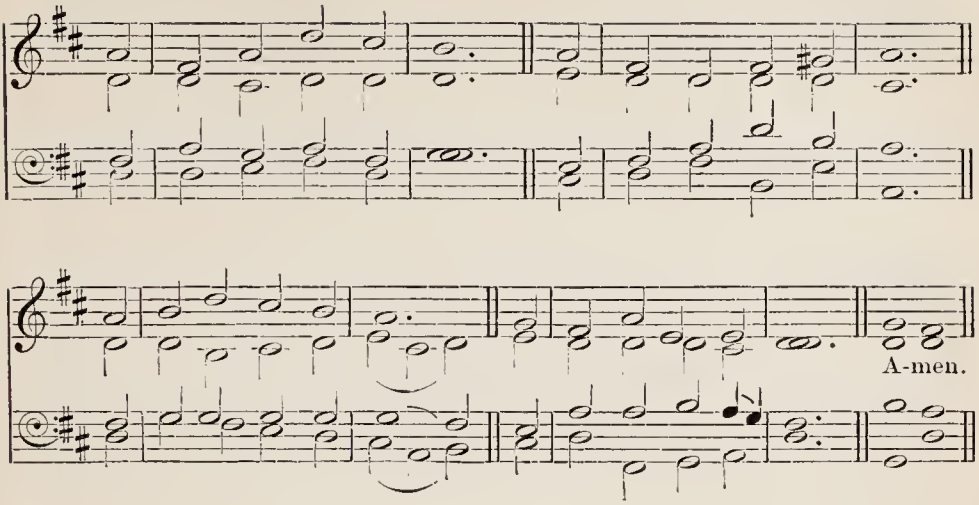
What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

Thou seest our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to thee:
Oh lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.

Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

EDEN. (6 6. 6 6.) ♩ = 88. OSWALD MOSLEY FEILDEN (1837–).



HORATIUS BONAR (1808–1889).

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be;
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me;

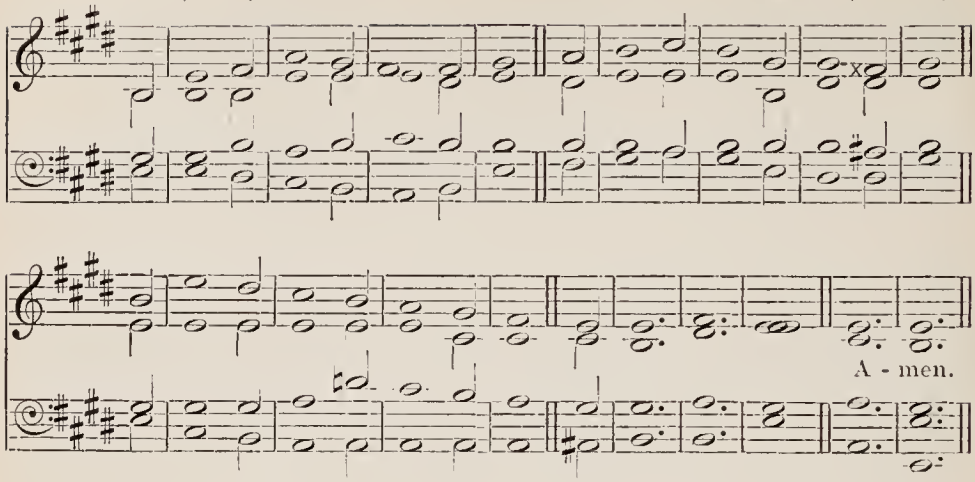
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright:

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

WIMBLEDON. (8 8. 8 4.) ♩ = 88. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876).



CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (1789–1871).

MY God and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
Thy will be done.

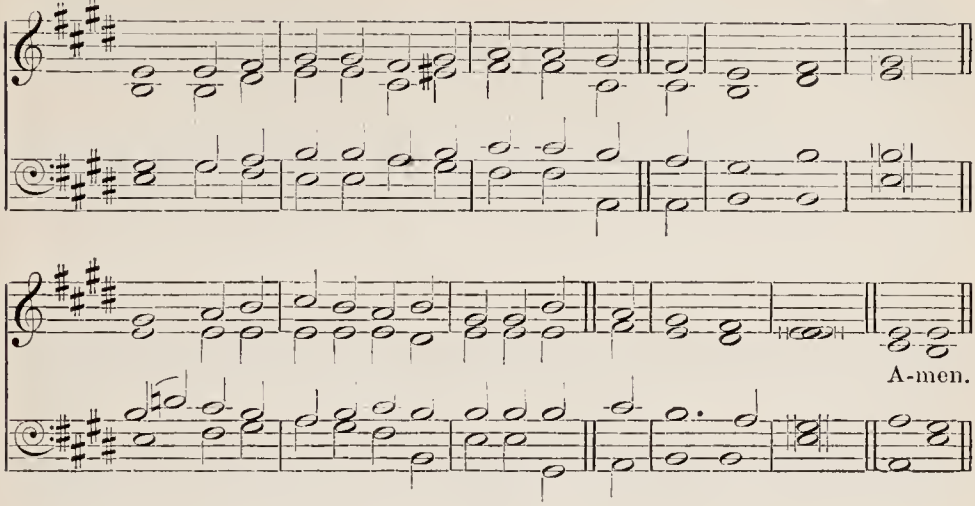
If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine;
Thy will be done.

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest—
Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

SUBMISSION. (10 4. 10 4.) ♩ = 84. ALBERT LISTER PEACE (1844–1912).



ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825–1864).

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

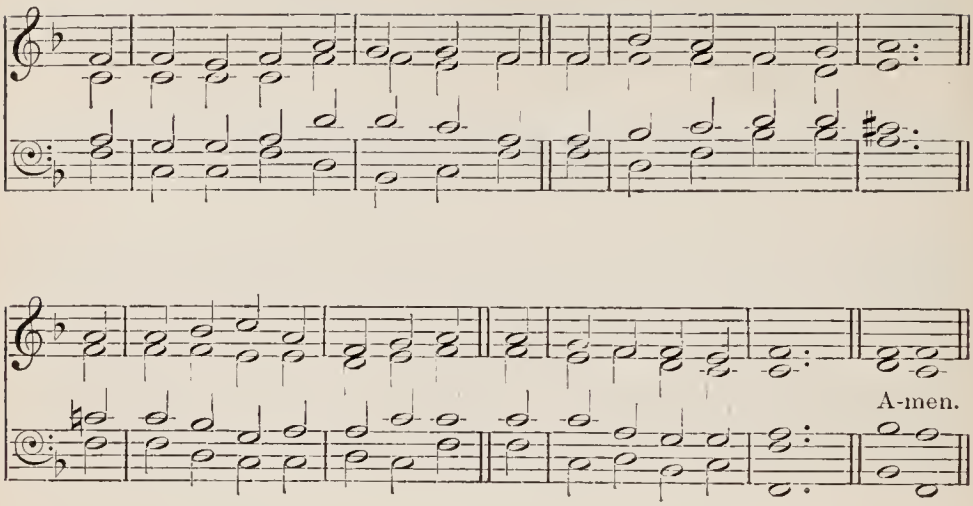
I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night;
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through peace to light.

215

ST. FLAVIAN. (C.M.) ♩ = 76. DAY'S *Psalmes* (1562).



RICHARD BAXTER (1615-1691).

LORD, it belongs not to my eare
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy graee must give.

If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

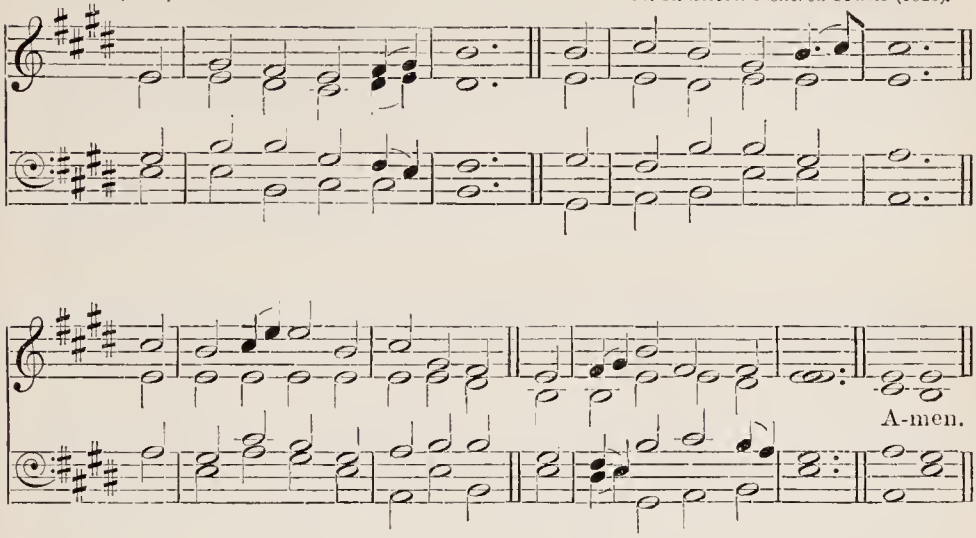
Come, Lord, when graee hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

Then I shall end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

216

SELMA. (S.M.) ♂ = 76. R. A. SMITH'S *Sacred Music* (1825).



See also ST. GEORGE, No. 211, part 1.

? BAYARD TAYLOR (1825–1878).

NOT so in haste, my heart!
Have faith in God and wait;
Although he seems to linger long,
He never comes too late.

He never comes too late,
He knoweth what is best;
Vex not thyself—it is in vain;
Until he cometh, rest.

Until he cometh, rest,
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God—'tis they
Are soonest at the goal.

Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed,
Then hold thee still, O restless heart,
For I shall wait his lead.

(FIRST TUNE)

DONNE SECOURS. (11 10. 11 10.) 𝅗𝅥 = 52. *Pseaumes octante trois*, Geneva (1551).

To be sung in unison.

Harmony.

A - men.

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER (1840-).

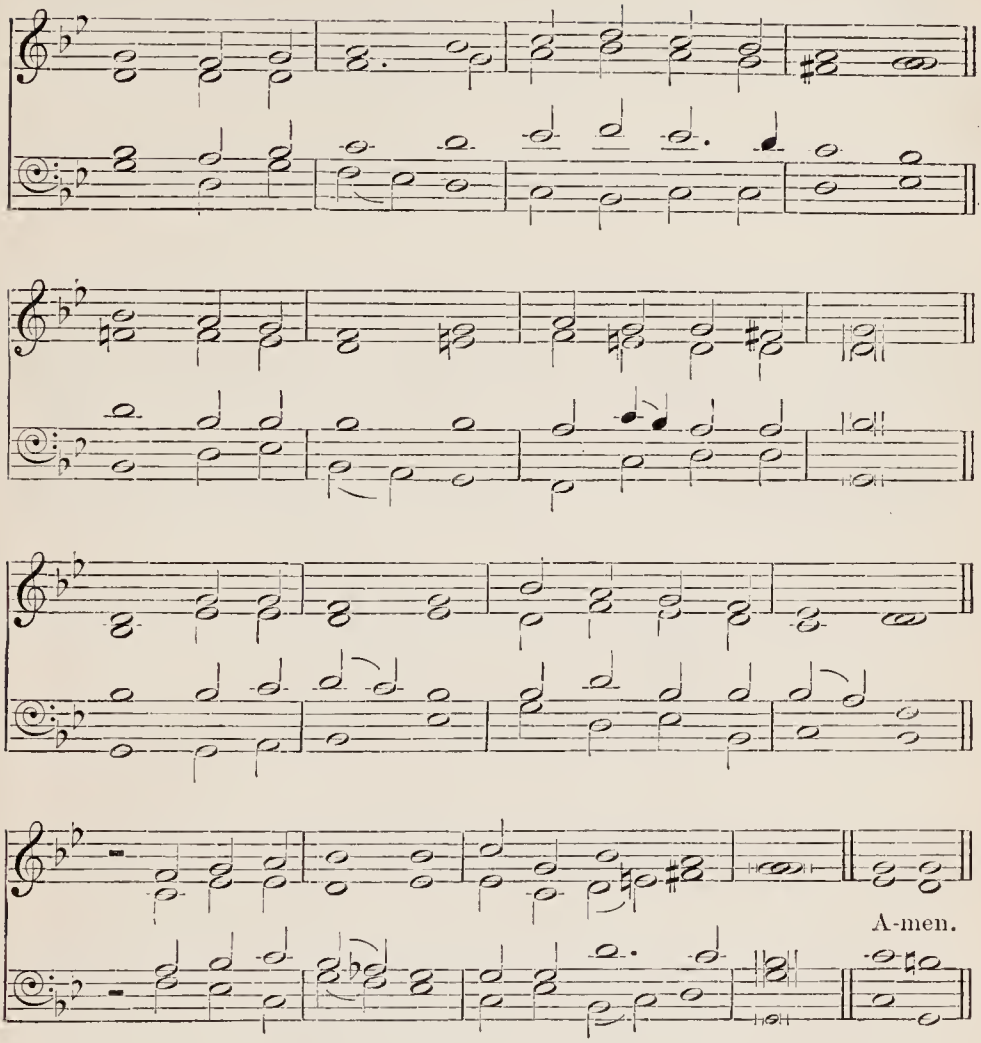
FATHER, to thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,
Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

217

L'OMNIPOTENT. (11 10. 11 10.) (SECOND TUNE) ♩ = 80.

Melody composed or adapted by L. BOURGEOIS for the *Genevan Psalter* (1545).

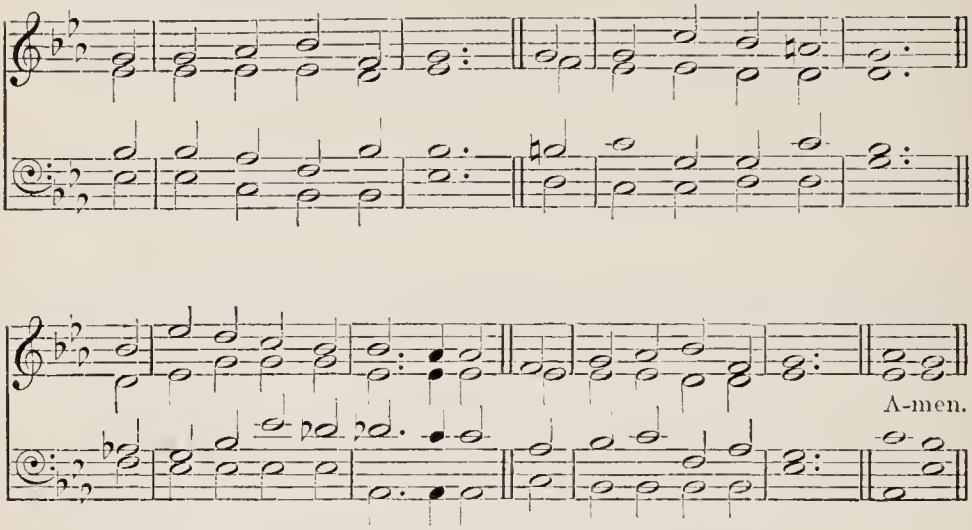


Naught shall affright us, on thy goodness leaning ;
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song ;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows ;
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain ;
Yet shalt thou praise him, when these darkened furrows,
Where now he plougheth, wave with golden grain.

218

MONSELL. (S.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. JOSEPH BARNBY (1838-1896).



WILLIAM FREEMAN LLOYD (1791-1853).

MY times are in thy hand :
My God, I wish them there ;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to thy care.

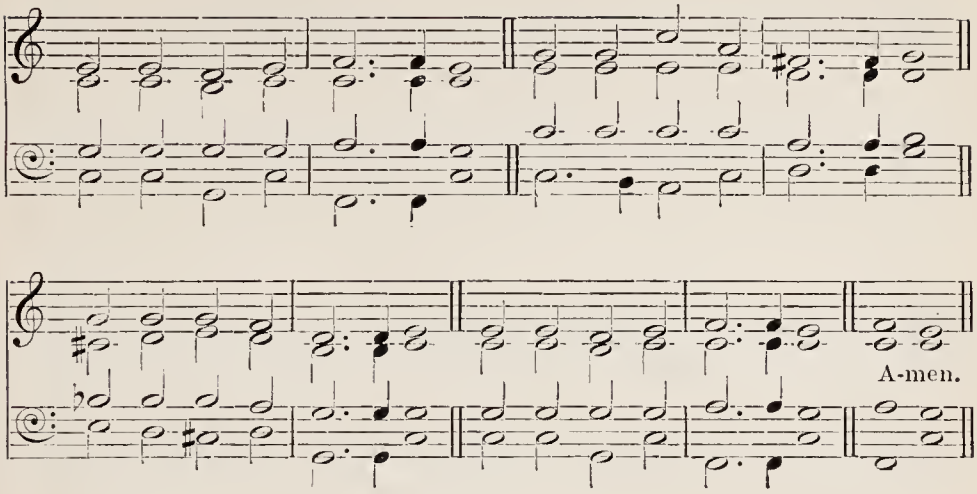
My times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

My times are in thy hand :
Why should I doubt or fear ?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

My times are in thy hand,
Jesus, the Crucified ;
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced
Are now my guard and guide.

My times are in thy hand :
I'll always trust in thee ;
And, after death, at thy right hand
I shall for ever be.

REDHEAD No. 47. (7 7. 7 7.) ♩ = 72. RICHARD REDHEAD (1820–1901).



HENRY HART MILMAN (1791–1868).

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Graeious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Graeious Son of Mary, hear.

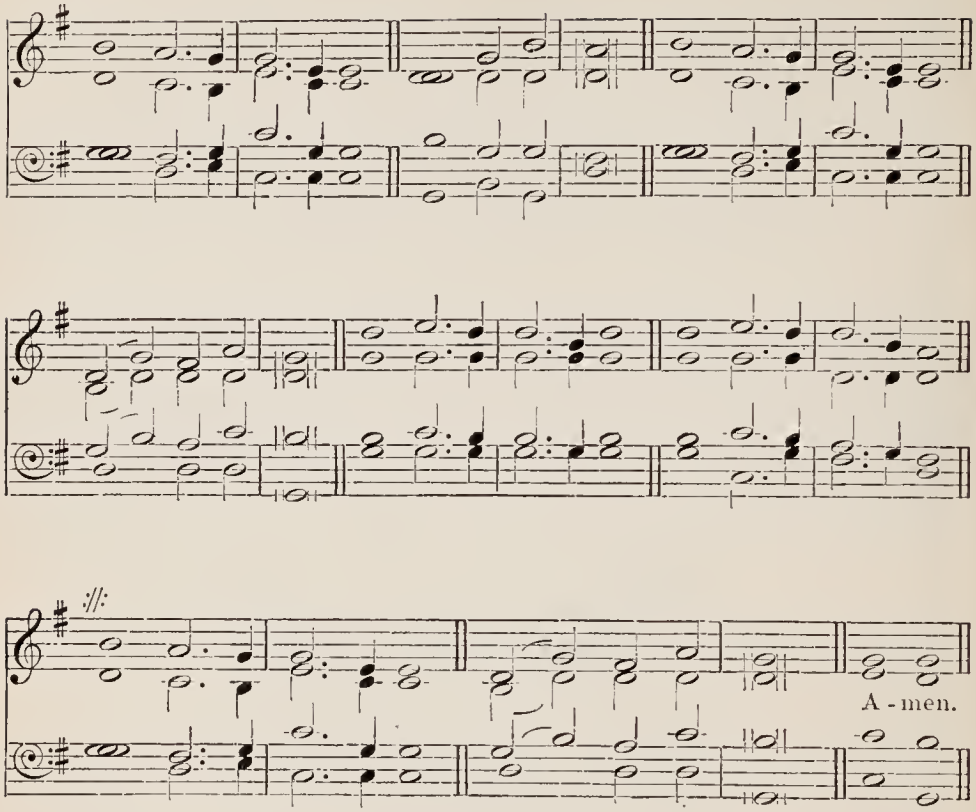
When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls,
When our final doom is near,
Graeious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear.

EXCELSIOR. (64. 64. 6664.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. LOWELL MASON (1792-1872).



SARAH FLOWER ADAMS (1805-1848).

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

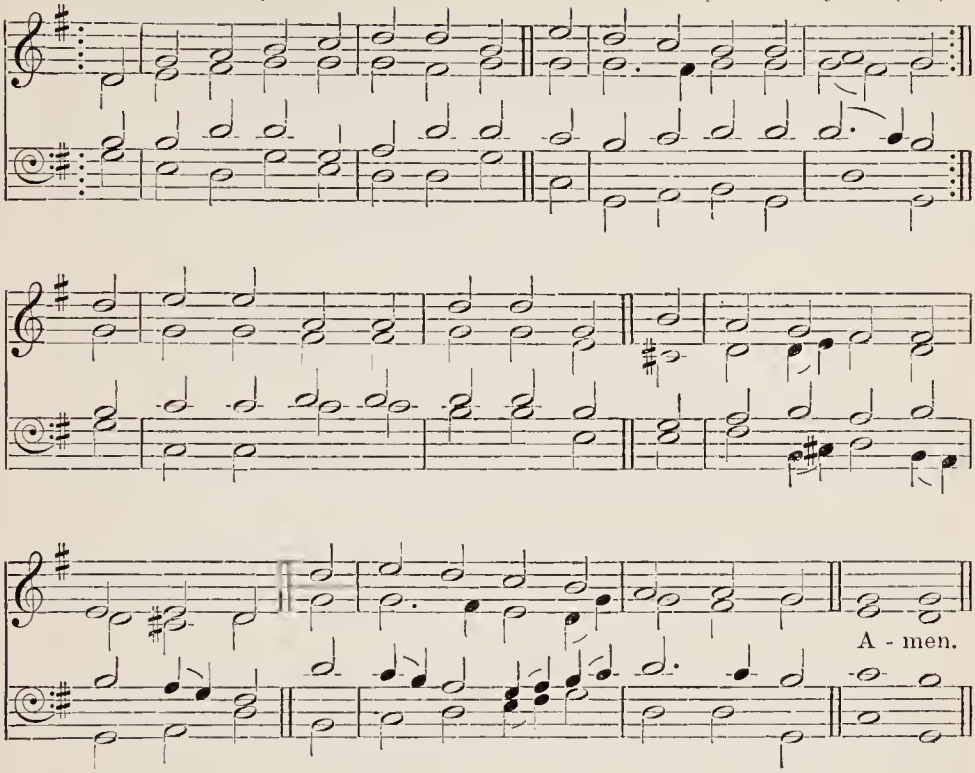
Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

221

BADEN. (87.87.44.88.) ♩ = 69. *Nürnbergisches Gesang-Buch* (1690).



SAMUEL RODIGAST (1649–1708).
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH (1829–1878).

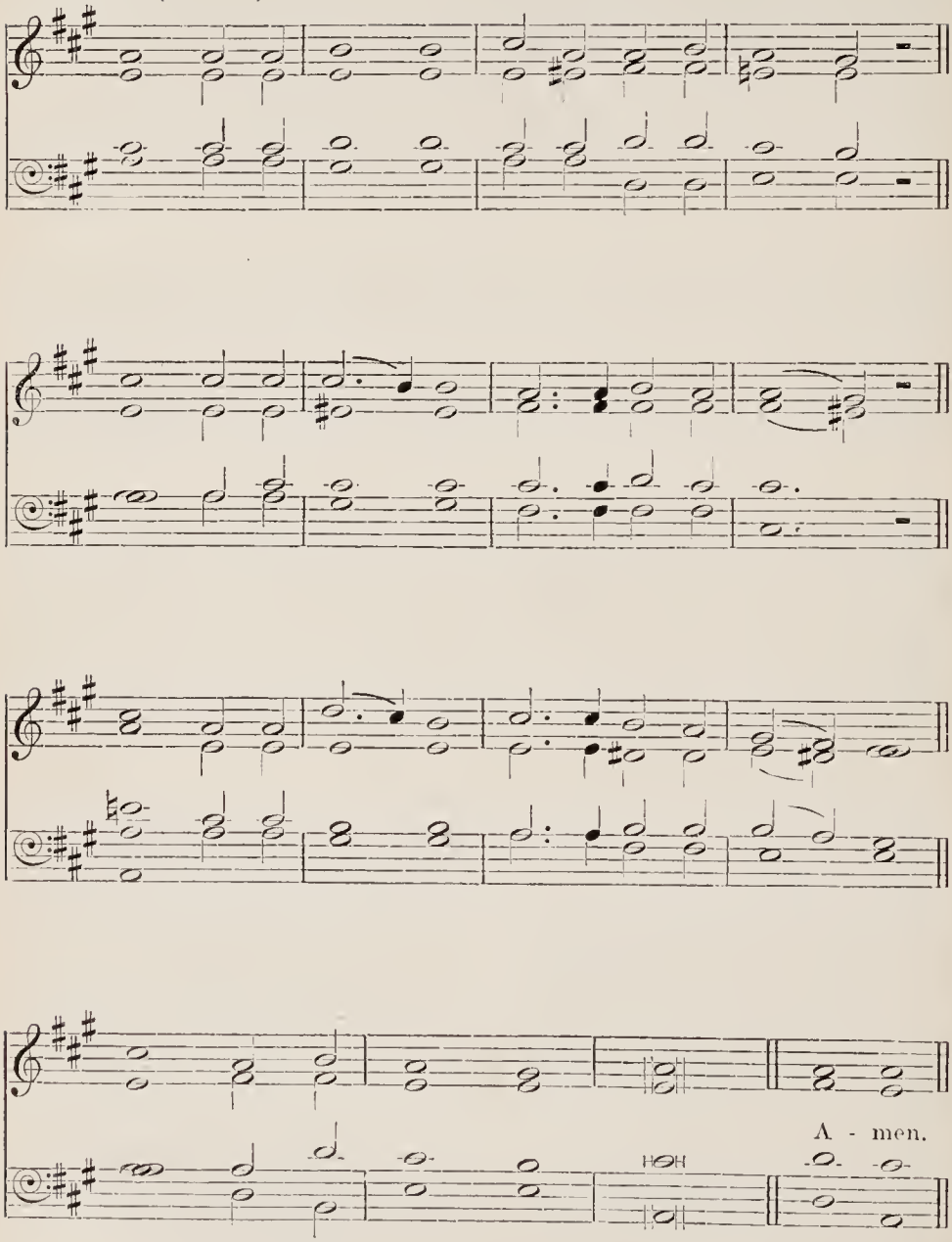
WHATE'ER my God ordains is right:
Holy his will abideth;
I will be still whate'er he doth,
And follow where he guideth.
He is my God,
Though dark my road;
He holds me that I shall not fall,
Wherefore to him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right:
He never will deceive me;
He leads me by the proper path,
I know he will not leave me,
And take content
What he hath sent:
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait his day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Though now this cup in drinking
May bitter seem to my faint heart,
I take it all unshrinking:
Tears pass away
With dawn of day:
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow shall depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right:
Here shall my stand be taken;
Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
Yet am I not forsaken;
My father's care
Is round me there:
He holds me that I shall not fall,
And so to him I leave it all.

FLEMMING. (11 10. 11 6.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING (1778-1813).



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807–1892).

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, my Father! let thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows for ever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

CHALVEY. (D.S.M.) ♩ = 84.

LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE (1836–1883).

A - men.

HORATIUS BONAR (1808–1889).

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh wash me in thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
Oh wash me in thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day ;
Oh wash me in thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,—
A far serener clime :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
Oh wash me in thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day ;
Oh wash me in thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while,
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day ;
Oh wash me in thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

ST. SYLVESTER. (87.87. and 88.89.) ♩ = 84. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823-1876).

♩ = 72. Verses 5 and 10.

A - men.

EDWARD CASWALL (1814-1878), *altd.*

DAYS and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead :
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed !

Soon our souls to God who gave them
  Will have sped their rapid flight ;
Able now by grace to save them,
  Oh that, while we can, we might !

Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
  Maker of this mighty frame,
Teach, oh teach us to remember
  What we are, and whence we came,

Whence we came, and whither wending,
  By thy mercy grant that we
May at last, in life unending,
  Find our perfect rest in thee.

Life passeth soon ;
Death draweth near :
Keep us, good Lord,
Till thou appear,—
With thee to live,
With thee to die,
With thee to reign through eternity.

As a shadow life is fleeting ;
  As a vapour, so it flies ;
For the bygone years retreating
  Pardon grant, and make us wise,—

Wise that we our days may number,
  Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work, nor slumber,
  Till thy holy rest we win.

Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
  Rouse dead souls to hear thy voice ;
Wake, oh wake each idle dreamer
  Now to make the eternal choice.

Soon before the Judge all glorious
  We with all the dead shall stand ;
Saviour, over death victorious,
  Place us then at thy right hand.

Life passeth soon ;
Death draweth near :
Keep us, good Lord,
Till thou appear,—
With thee to live,
With thee to die,
With thee to reign through eternity.

CROSSING THE BAR. (Irregular.) ♩ = 69.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON (1809-1892).
JOSEPH BARNBY (1838-1896).

Sun - set and even - ing star, And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moan-ing of the bar When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as mov-ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam,

rall.

When that which drew from out the bound - less deep

Turns a - gain home. . . Twi - light and even - ing bell,

home. Twi - - - light and even - ing bell,

And af - ter that the dark! And may there be no sad - ness of fare - well

cres - - cen - - do.

When I em - bark; For, though from out our bourne of time and place

rit. *f*

The flood may bear me far, . . . I hope to see my

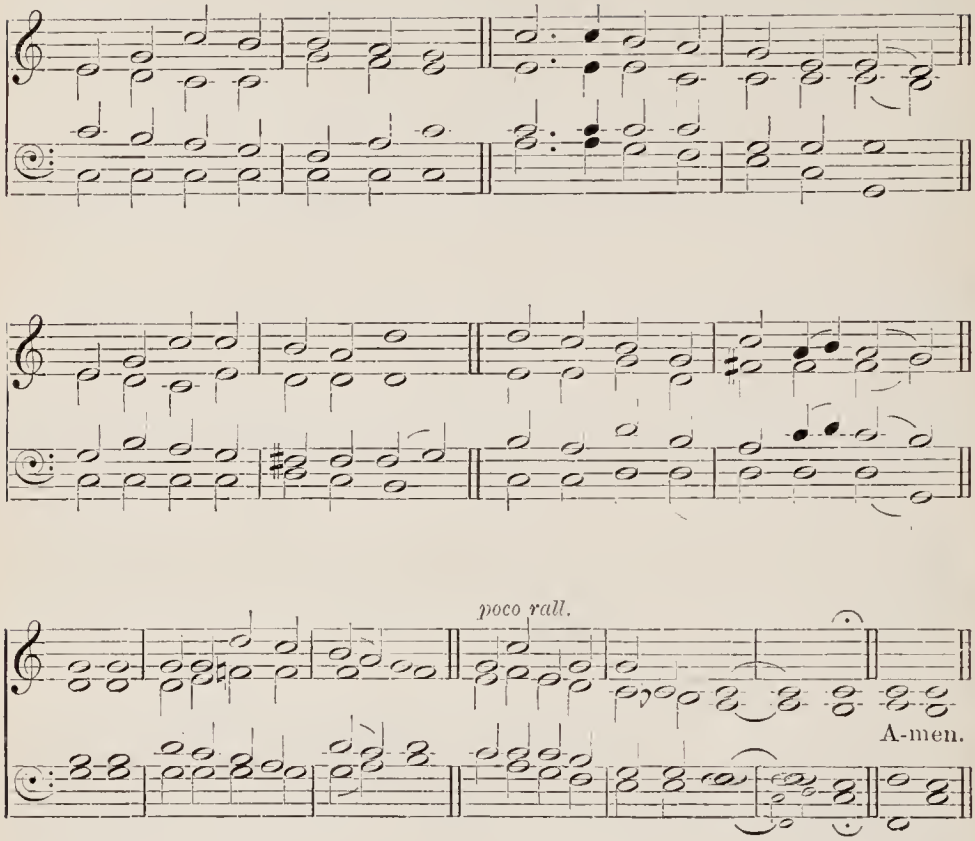
Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A - men.

[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

226

(FIRST TUNE)

REQUIESCAT. (7 7. 7 7. 8 8.) ♩ = 76. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823–1876).



JOHN ELLERTON (1826–1893).

NOW the labourer's task is o'er;
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.

There the sinful souls, that turn
To the Cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At his feet in Paradise.

There no more the powers of hell
Can prevail to mar their peace;
Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
He who died for their release.

'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving *him* to sleep in trust
Till the Resurrection-day.

HAZEL. (7 7. 7 7. 8 8.)

(SECOND TUNE) Words by JOHN ELLERTON (1826–1893).
BASIL HARWOOD (1859–).

Voices in unison. Slow.

1. Now the la-bourer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle
2. There the tears of earth are dried; There its hid-den
3. There the sin-ful souls, that turn To the Cross their
4. There no more the powers of hell Can pre-vail to
5. 'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,' Calm-ly now the

Like a Funeral March.

Ped.

day is past; Now up-on the far-ther shore
things are clear; There the work of life is tried
dy-ing eyes, All the love of Christ shall learn
mar their peace; Christ the Lord shall guard them well,
words we say; Leav-ing *him* to sleep in trust

Lands the voy-a-ger at last.
By a just-er Judge than here.
At his feet in Par-a-dise.
He who died for their re-lease.
Till the Re-sur-rec-tion-day.

(*continued*)

Voices in harmony.
Very sustained.

p

Fa - ther, in thy gra - cious keep - ing

Very sustained.

p

rall. e dim.

pp

Leave we now thy ser - vant sleep - ing. A - men.
sleep - - ing.

pp

sleep - ing.

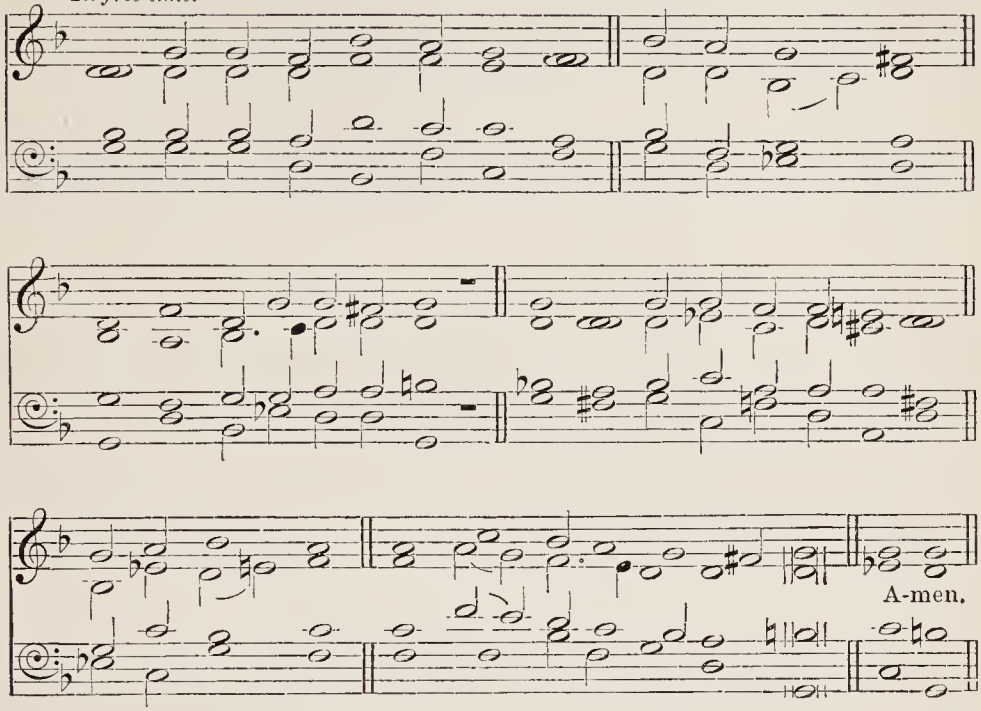
rall. e dim.

pp

GENEVAN PSALM 61. (8 4 7. 8 4 7.) 𝅗𝅥 = 76.

Pseaumes octante trois, Geneva (1551).
Set by HARRY ELLIS WOOLDRIDGE.

In free time.



Yattendon Hymnal, No. 92.

LOVE, unto thine own who camest
Condescending,
Whom thine own receivèd not:
Light, that shinedst in the darkness,
But the darkness
Thy splendour pereeivèd not:

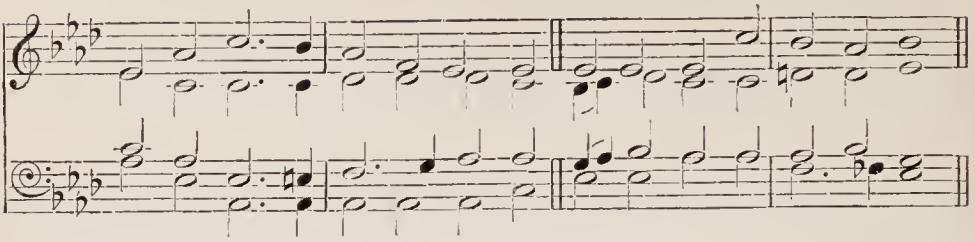
Oh blessed were they who saw thee,
Who were ehosen
First saints of thy saving word:
Blessèd they who have not seen thee,
Yet believing
Are callèd by thee, O Lord.

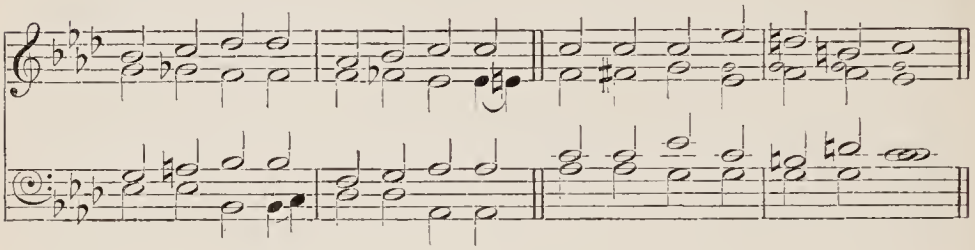
Like stars in the night appearing,
Some are shining,
Leaders high of man's desire:
Saints are some, in silent temples
Ever burning,
Bright lamps of Love's living fire.

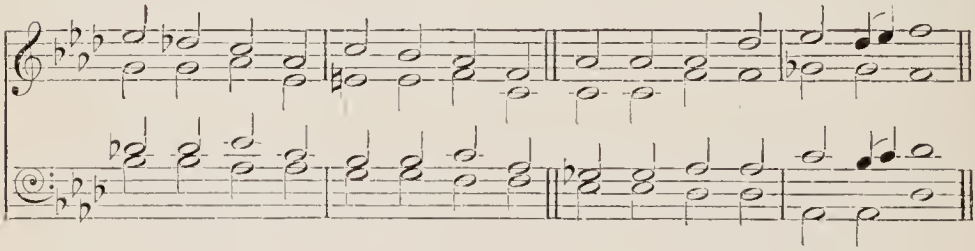
Thou hidest them, Love almighty,
In thy presence [wrongs:
From this world's provoking
Sheltered in thy quiet haven
Thou dost keep them
From strife of ungodly tongues.

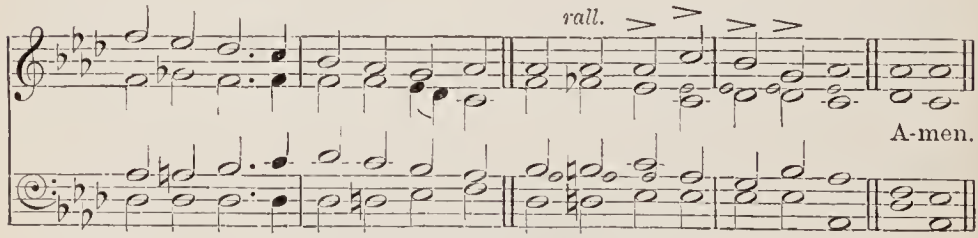
Love, unto thine own who eamest,
May thy servants
Thy great love reeeive aright:
Grant, oh grant that out of darkness
All creation
May come to thy marvellous light.

SANCTUARY. (8 7. 8 7. D.) 𝅗𝅥 = 92. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES (1823–1876).









[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

See also DEERHURST, No. 253.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH (1807-1885).

HARK ! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
  Hallelujah, Lord, to thee :
Multitude, which none can number,
  Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
  Palms of victory in their hands.

They have come from tribulation,
  And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the Blood of Jesus ;
  Tried they were, and firm they stood ;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
  Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
  By the might of Christ the Lord.

Marching with thy cross their banner,
  They have triumphed following
Thee, the captain of salvation,
  Thee, their Saviour and their King ;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered ;
  Gladly, Lord, with thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
  They were born, and glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory,
  Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
  Holy bliss and infinite,
Love and peace they taste for ever,
  And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
  Of the blessèd Trinity.

God of God, the One-begotten,
  Light of light, Emmanuel,
In whose Body joined together
  All the Saints for ever dwell ;
Pour upon us of thy fullness,
  That we may for evermore
God the Father, God the Son, and
  God the Holy Ghost adore.

YMDAITH MWNGC. (Irregular.) ♩ = 96.

Words by CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI (1830–1894).
Welsh Traditional Melody.

Voices in unison.

1. What are these that glow from a - far,
2. What are these that fly as a cloud, With
3. Light a - bove light, and bliss be - yond bliss, Whom
4. God the Fa - ther give us grace To

These that lean o - ver the gol - den bar, Strong as the li - on,
flash - ing heads and fa - ces bowed; In their mouths a vic -
words can - not ut - ter, lo, who is this? As a King with ma - ny
walk in the light of Je - su's face; God the Son give

pure as the dove, With o - pen arms, and hearts of love?
to - rious psalm, In their hands a robe and a palm?
crowns he stands, And our names are grav'n up - on his hands;
us a part In the hi - ding - place of Je - su's heart;

(*continued*)

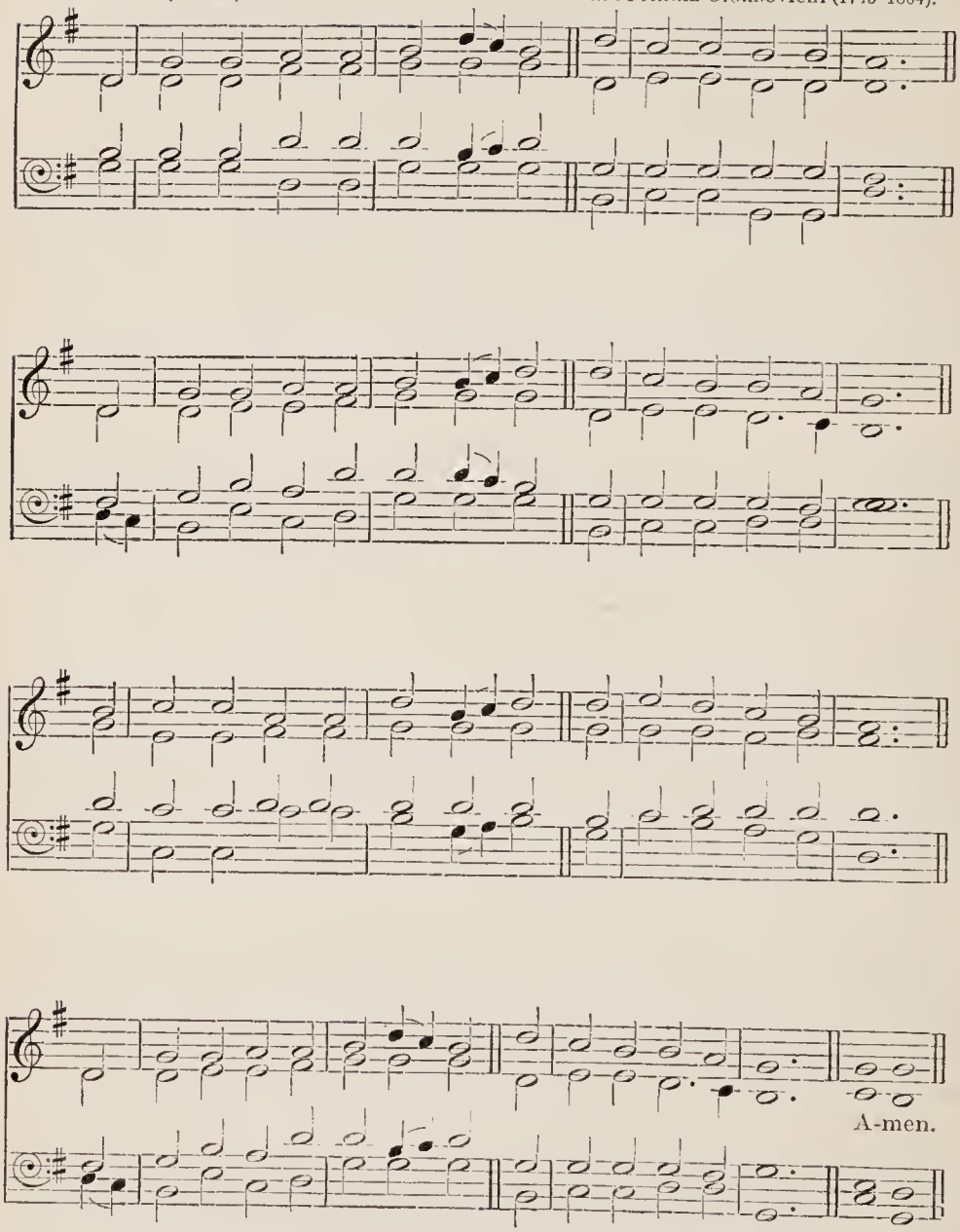
They the bless-èd ones gone be - - fore,
Wel - com-ing An - gels these that shine,
As a Priest, with God - up - lift - ed eyes, He
God the Spi - rit so hold us up That

They the bles-sèd for ev - er - more; Out of great tri-bu -
Your own An - gel, and yours, and mine; Who have hedged us, both
of - fers for us his Sac - ri - fice; As the Lamb of God, for
we may drink of Je - su's cup; God Al - migh-ty,

- la - tion they went Homo to their home of heaven con - tent.
day and night On the left hand and on the right.
sin - ners slain, That we too may live, he lives a - gain.
God Three in One, God Al - migh - ty, God a - lone. A - men.

230

ST. ASAPH. (D.C.M.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. GIOVANNI MARIE GIORNOVICHI (1745–1804).



ISAAC WATTS, *altd.* (1674–1748).

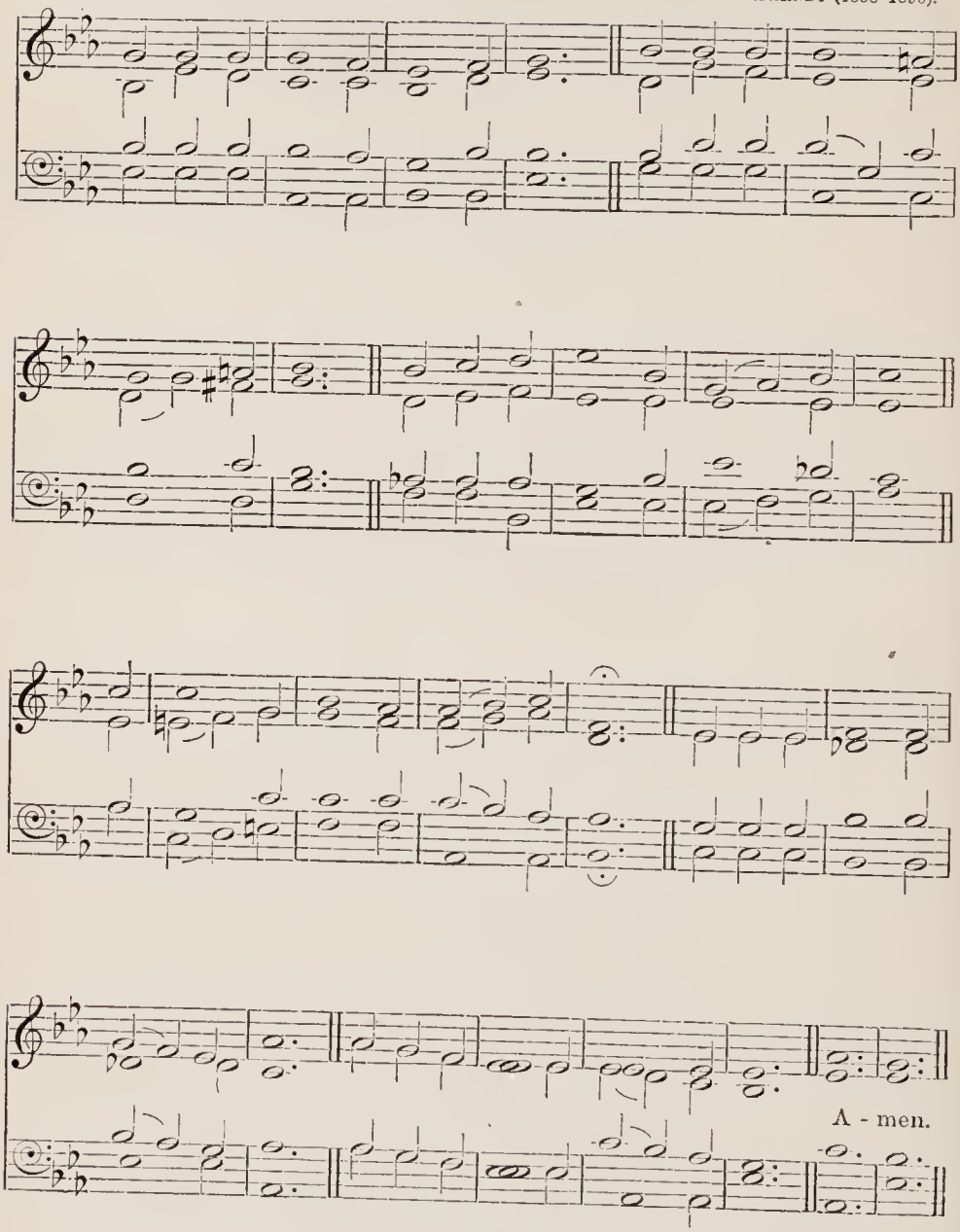
HOW bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?
Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing:
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

In pastures green he'll lead his flock
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) ♩ = 92. JOSEPH BARNBY (1838–1896).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

See also ISRAEL, No. 199.

JOHN ELLERTON (1826-1893).

GOD of the living, in whose eyes,
Unveiled thy whole creation lies ;
All souls are thine ; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away ;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life ;
Thine are their thoughts, their works, their powers,
All thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.

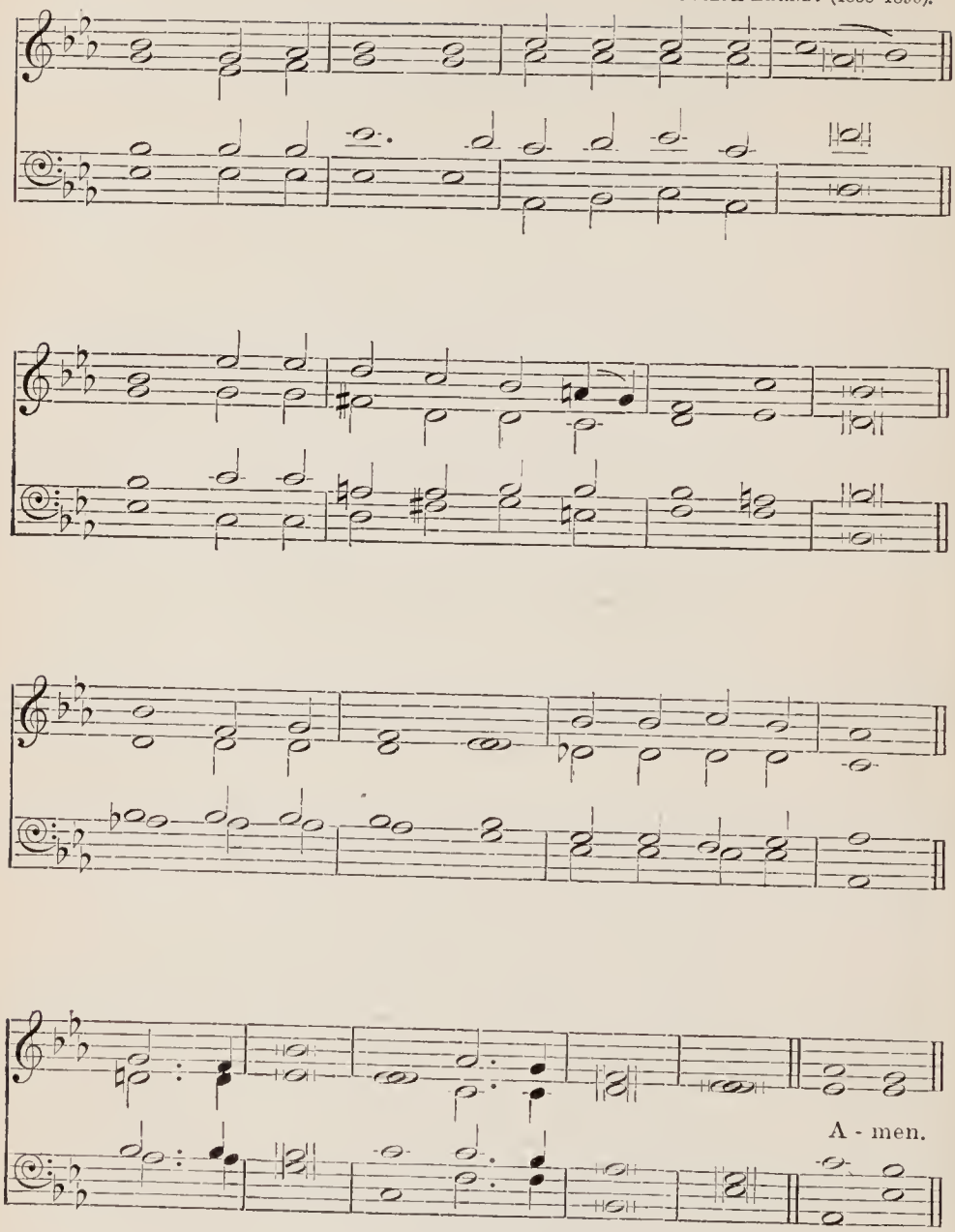
Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care ;
Not left to lie like fallen tree ;
Not dead, but living unto thee.

Thy word is true, thy will is just ;
To thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;
And bless thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear that world to see,
Where all are living unto thee.

O Breather into men of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin ;
That body, soul, and spirit, be
For ever living unto thee.

ST. PHILIP. (10 10. 10 4.) 𝅗𝅥 = 100.

JOSEPH BARNBY (1838-1896).



232

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW (1823–1897).

FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesu, be for ever blessed.
Hallelujah !

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might ;
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight ;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true light.

Oh may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Oh blest communion ! fellowship divine !
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine :
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

The golden evening brightens in the west :
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest ;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array :
The King of glory passes on his way.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Hallelujah !

233

MONTGOMERY. (D.S.M.) ♩ = 76.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY (1819-1858).

Here, in the bo - dy pent, ... Ab - sent from him I roam,
Ah! then my spi - rit faints To reach the land I love,

A-men.

233

James Montgomery (1771–1854).

FOR ever with the Lord!
Amen! so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here, in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

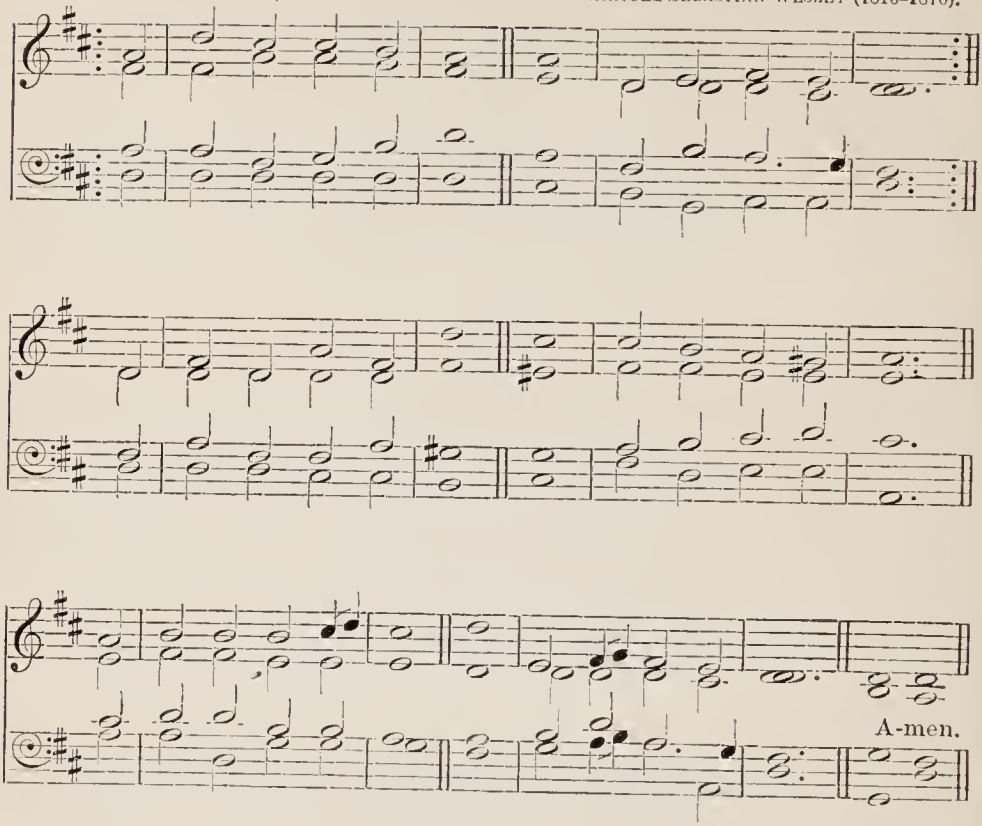
My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil:
Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord!'

234

HAWARDEN. (6 6. 6 6. D.) ♩ = 92. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876).



HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER (1821–1877).

THERE is a blessèd home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

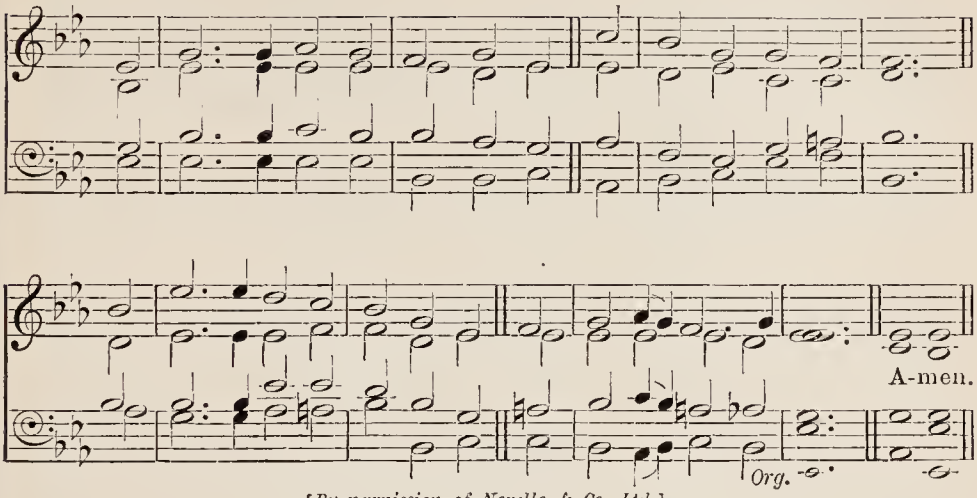
There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well,
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One,
And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

235

JERUSALEM. (C.M.) ♂ = 80. T. WORSLEY STANIFORTH (1845-1909).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

* F. B. P. (16th cent.) and
JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

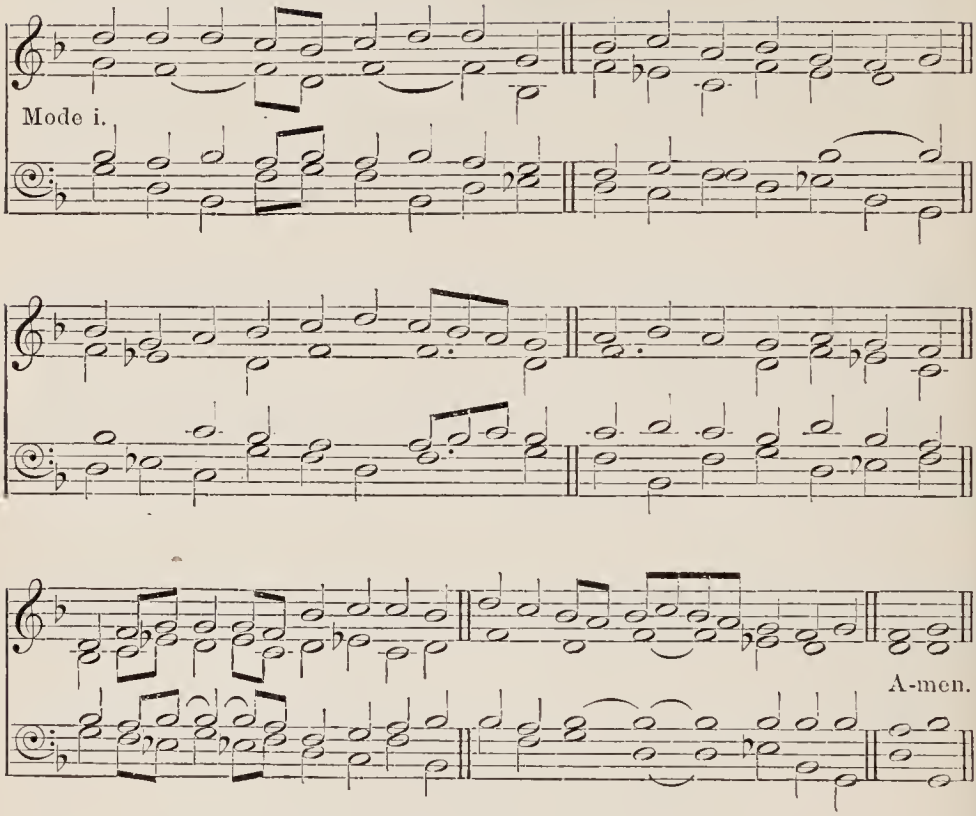
Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

* See *Oxford Hymn Book*, No. 224, and *Oxford Book of English Verse*, No. 61.

URBS BEATA. (8 7. 8 7. 8 7.) Sarum Plainsong.

To be sung in unison, in free time.



Anon. (6th cent.?)
Tr. John Mason Neale (1818–1866).

Urbs beata Hierusalem.

BLESSÈD city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,
Who, of living stones upbuilded,
  Art the joy of heaven above,
And, with angel cohorts circled,
  As a bride to earth dost move !

Bright with pearls her portal glitters ;
  It is open evermore ;
And, by virtue of his merits,
  Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who for Christ's dear name, in this world
  Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
  Polished well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
  By the heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath willed for ever
  That this palace should be decked.

Christ is made the sure Foundation,
  And the precious corner-stone,
Who, the two-fold walls surmounting,
  Binds them closely into one :
Holy Sion's help for ever,
  And her confidence alone.

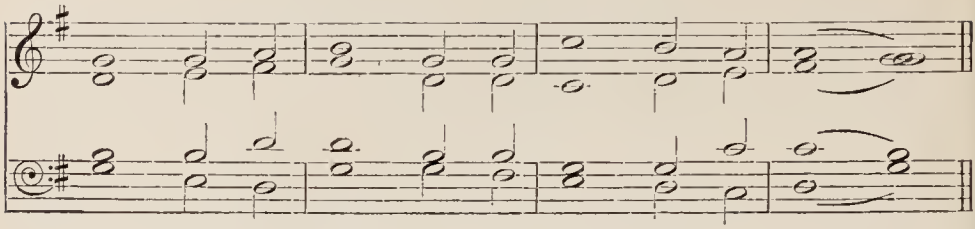
All that dedicated city,
  Dearly loved by God on high,
In exultant jubilation
  Pours perpetual melody ;
God the One, and God the Trinal,
  Singing everlastingly.

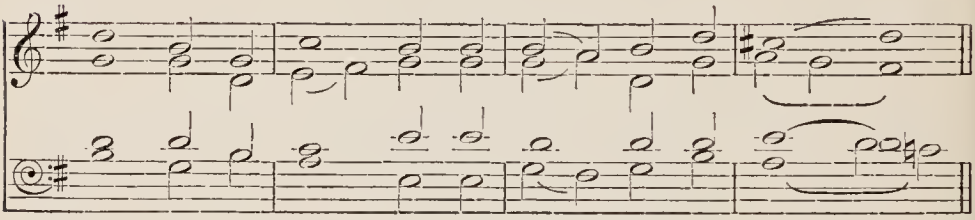
To this temple, where we call thee,
  Come, O Lord of Hosts, to-day !
With thy wonted loving-kindness
  Hear thy people as they pray ;
And thy fullest benediction
  Shed within its walls for ay.

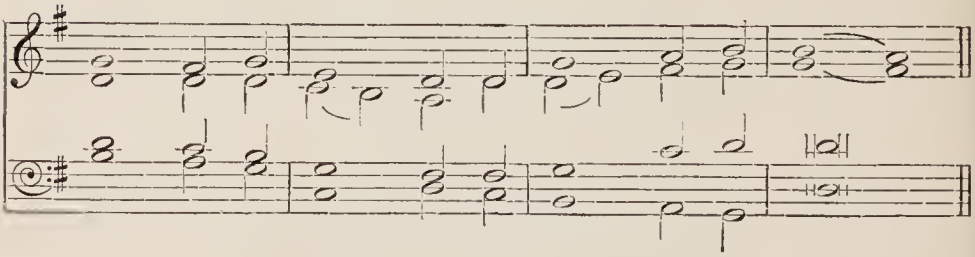
Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
  That they supplicate to gain :
Here to have and hold for ever
  Those good things their prayers obtain ;
And hereafter in thy glory
  With thy blessèd ones to reign.

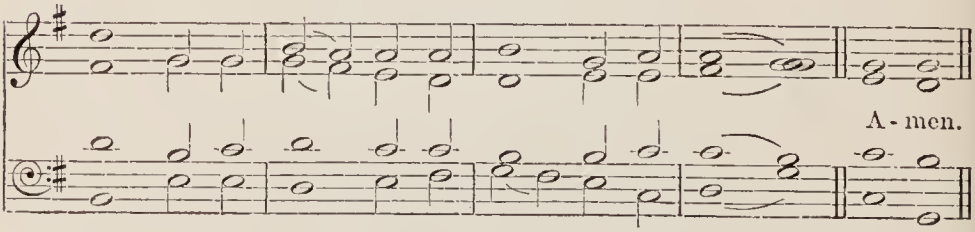
Laud and honour to the Father ;
  Laud and honour to the Son ;
Laud and honour to the Spirit ;
  Ever Three, and ever One :
Consubstantial, co-eternal,
  While unending ages run.

O QUANTA QUALIA. (10 10. 10 10.) 𝅗𝅥 = 104. Melody from La Feillée's *Plain Chant* (1808).









PETER ABELARD (1079–1142).
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE (1818–1866).

O QUANTA QUALIA SUNT ILLA SABBATA.

O WHAT their joy and their glory must be,
Those endless Sabbaths the blessèd ones see!
Crown for the valiant; to weary ones rest;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

What are the Monarch, his court, and his throne?
What are the peace and the joy that they own?
Tell us, ye blest ones, that in it have share,
If what ye feel ye can fully declare.

Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
'Vision of peace,' that brings joy evermore!
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

We, where no trouble distraction can bring,
Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing;
While for thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
Thy blessèd people shall evermore raise.

There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
Those Sabbath-keepers have one and no more;
One and unending is that triumph-song
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

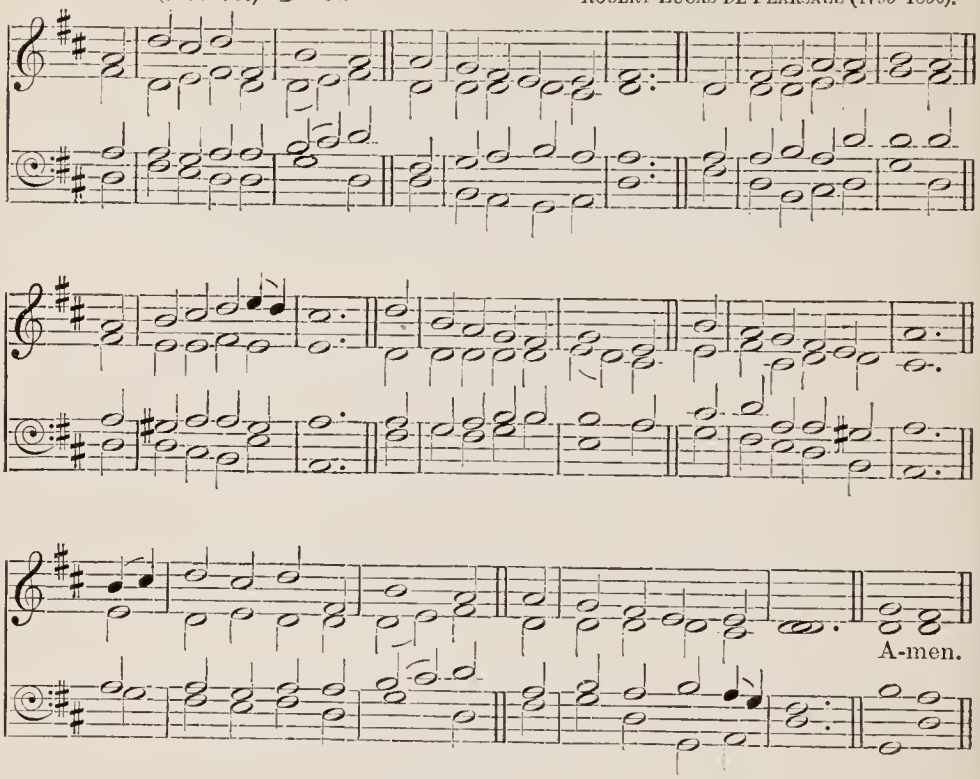
Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,
We for that country must yearn and must sigh,
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

Low before him with our praises we fall,
Of whom, and in whom, and through whom are all;
Of whom, the Father; and through whom, the Son;
In whom, the Spirit, with these ever One.

238

(Part I)

PEARSALL. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♂ = 84. ROBERT LUCAS DE PEARSALL (1795-1856).



PART I.

BERNARD of Cluny (12th cent.).
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE (1818-1866).

HORA NOVISSIMA.

THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late ;
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate,—
The Judge that comes in merey,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.

Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray
Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath-day.
Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee.

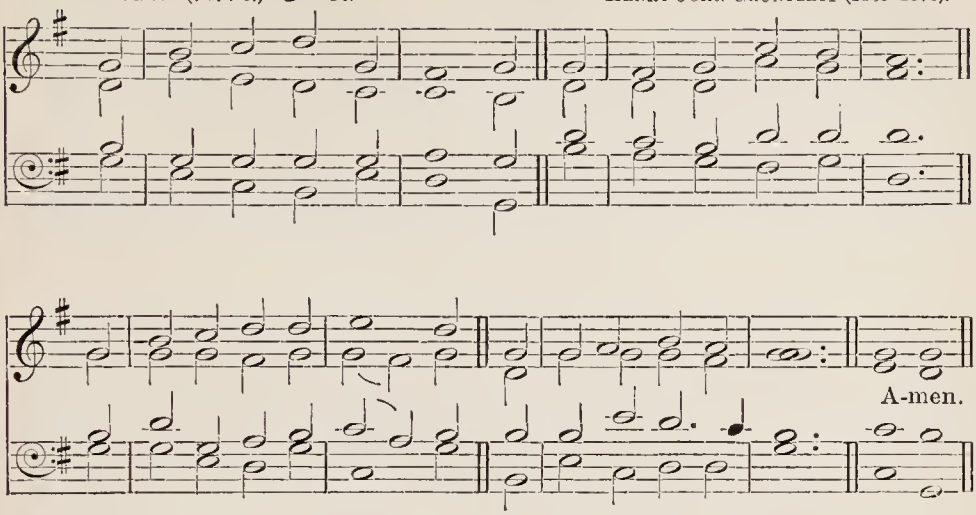
There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn.
Strive, man, to win that glory ;
Toil, man, to gain that light ;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect !
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect !
Jesus, in merey bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

238

(Part II)

ST. ALPHEGE. (76.76.) ♩ = 84. HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT (1805–1876).



Part II.

BERNARD of Cluny (12th cent.).
Tr. JOHN MASON NEALE (1818–1866).

Hic breve vivitur.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!

There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Zion in her anguish
With Babylon must cope;

But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,
The shadows flee away,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as doth the day.

There God, our King and portion,
In fullness of his grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!

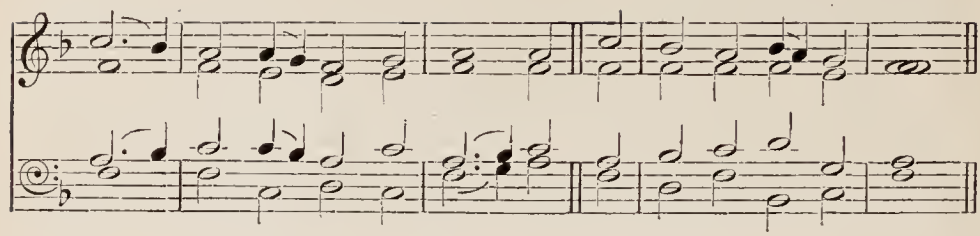
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

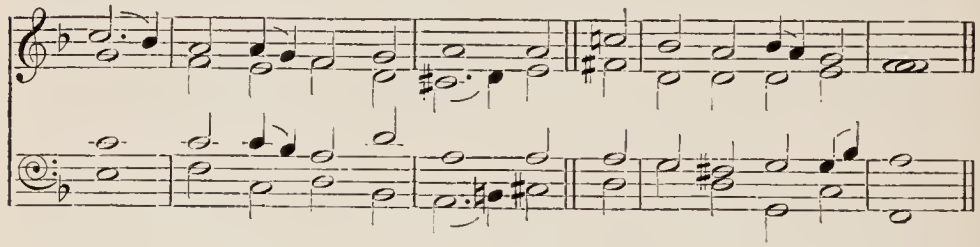
238

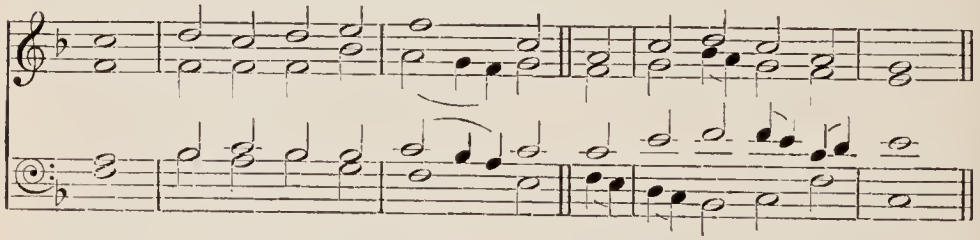
(Part III)

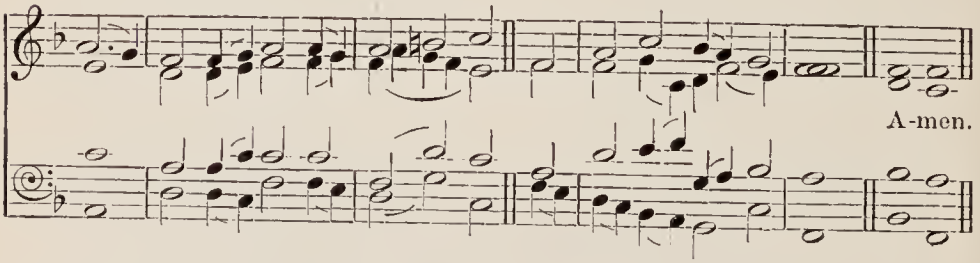
R. Mills' *Caniadau Seion* (1840).
Harmonized by Basil Harwood.

MEIRIONYDD. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 88.









See also Arcadelt, No. 206.

Part III.

Bernard of Cluny (12th cent.).
Tr. John Mason Neale (1818–1866).

O bona patria.

FOR thee, O dear dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep;
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
Thy saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ;
The cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

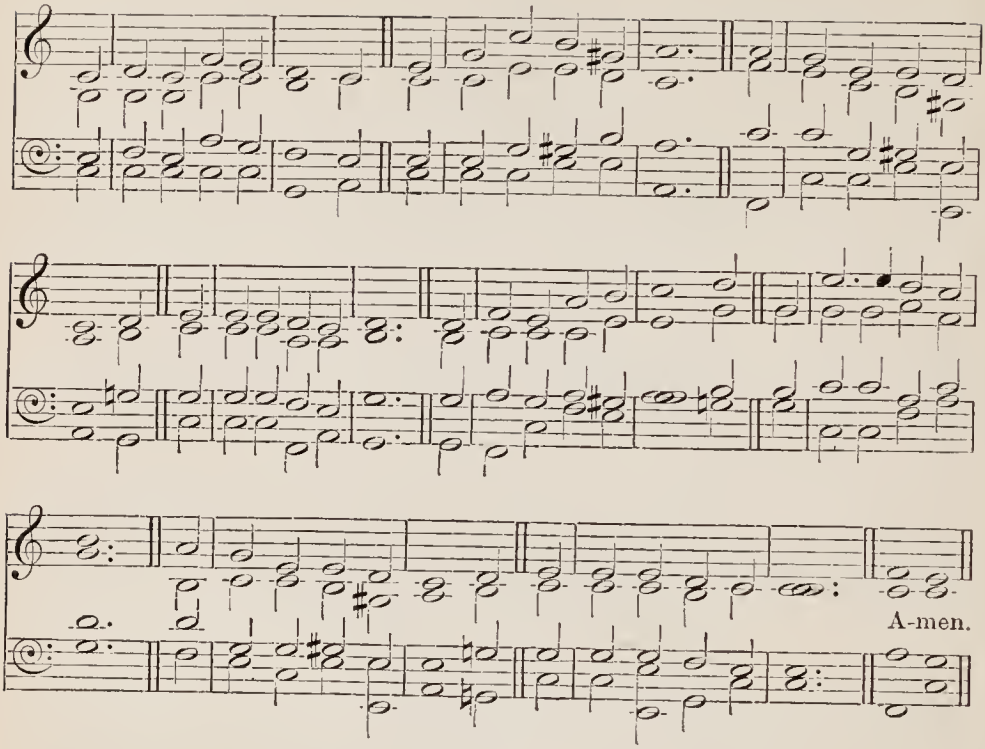
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;
Thou hast no time, bright day;
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

The only art thou needest,
Thanksgiving for thy lot;
The only joy thou seekest,
The life where death is not;
And all thine endless leisure
In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,
The wealth that is thy King's!

238

(Part IV)

EWING. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 92. Alexander Ewing (1830–1895).



Part IV.

Bernard of Cluny (12th cent.).
Tr. John Mason Neale (1818–1866).

Urbs Sion aurea.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppress:
I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

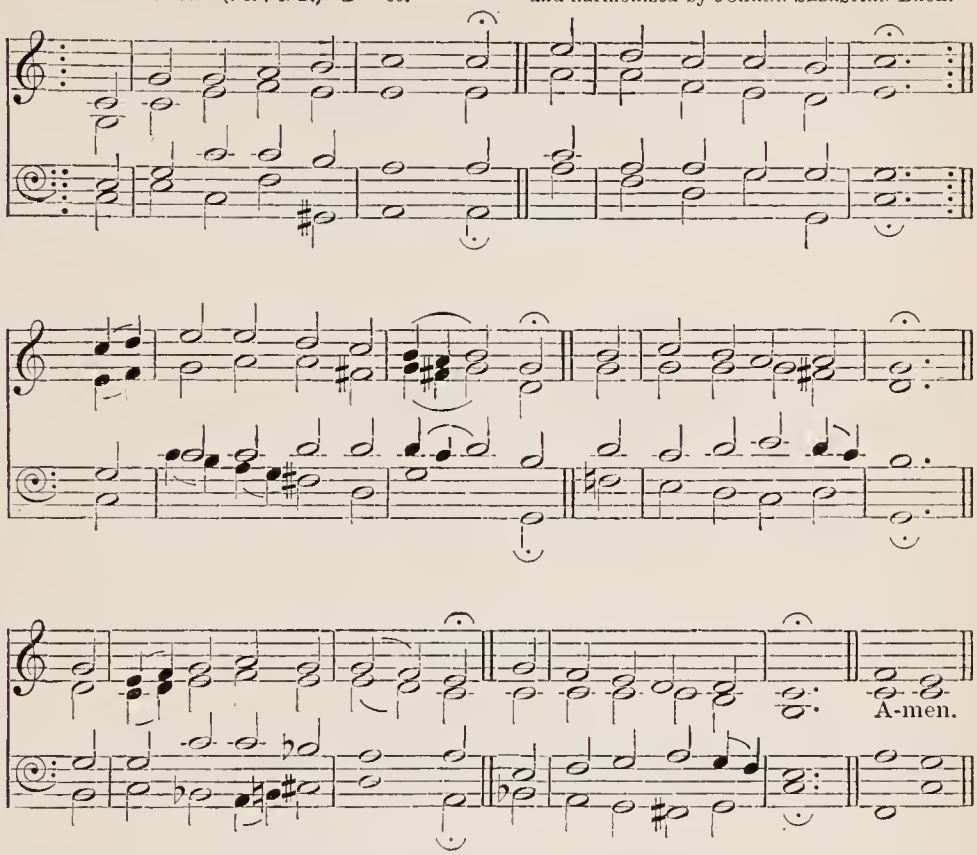
There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

239

ST. THEODULPH. (76.76 D.) ♩ = 60.

Melody by MELCHIOR TESCHNER (c. 1615). Adapted and harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.



EDWARD HAYES PLUMPTRE (1821-1891).

THY hand, O God, has guided
Thy flock, from age to age;
The wondrous tale is written,
Full clear, on every page;
Our fathers owned thy goodness,
And we their deeds record;
And both of this bear witness,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

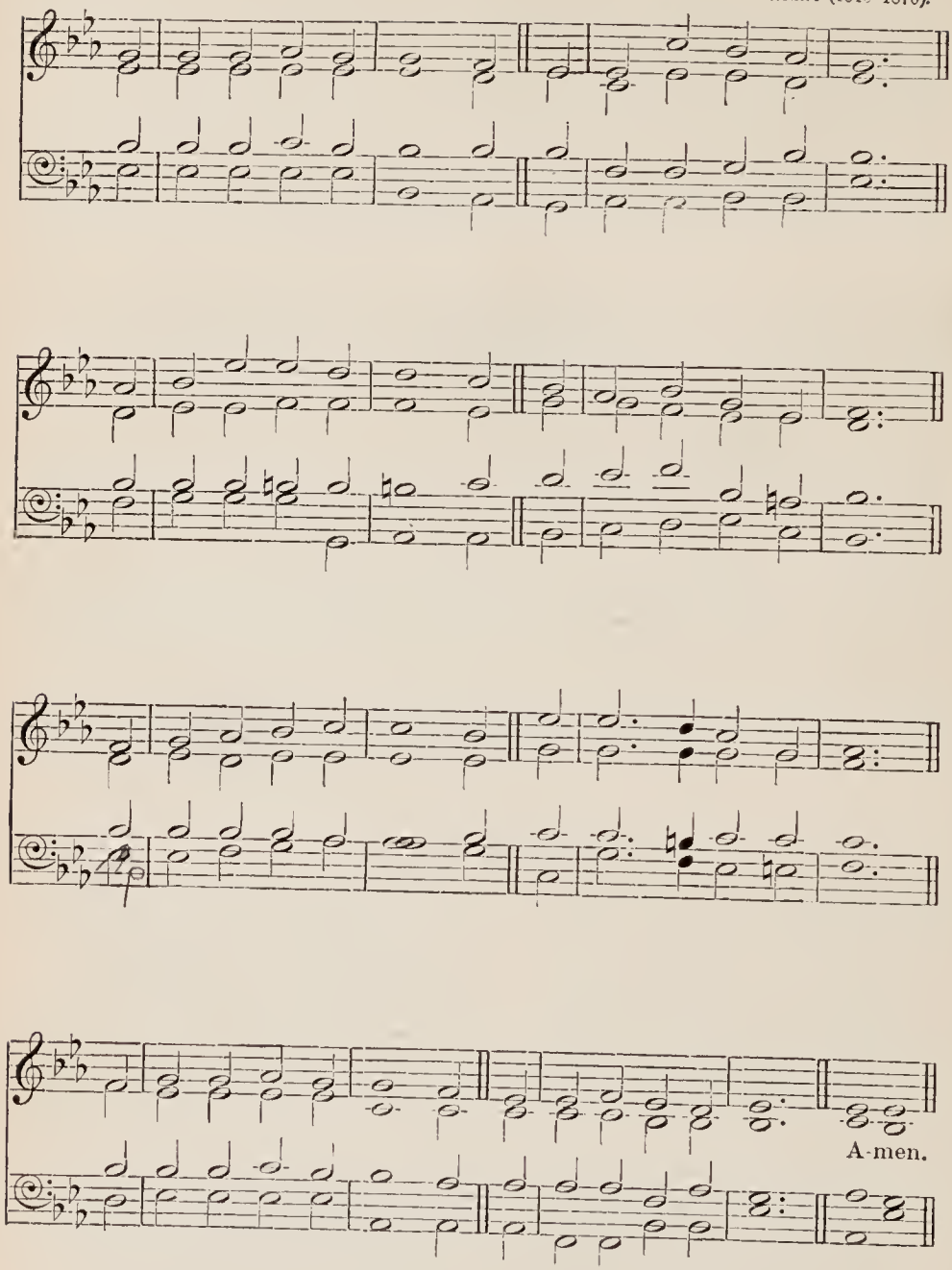
Thy heralds brought glad tidings
To greatest, as to least;
They bade men rise, and hasten
To share the great King's feast;
And this was all their teaching,
In every deed and word,
To all alike proclaiming
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

Through many a day of darkness,
Through many a scene of strife,
The faithful few fought bravely
To guard the nation's life.
Their Gospel of redemption,
Sin pardoned, man restored,
Was all in this enfolded,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

Thy mercy will not fail us,
Nor leave thy work undone;
With thy right hand to help us,
The victory shall be won;
And then, by men and angels,
Thy name shall be adored,
And this shall be their anthem,
One Church, one Faith, one Lord.

AURELIA. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 88.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY (1810–1876).



240

Samuel John Stone (1839–1900).

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord;
She is his new creation
By water and the Word:
From heaven he came and sought her
To be his holy Bride,
With his own Blood he bought her,
And for her life he died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one Faith, one Birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

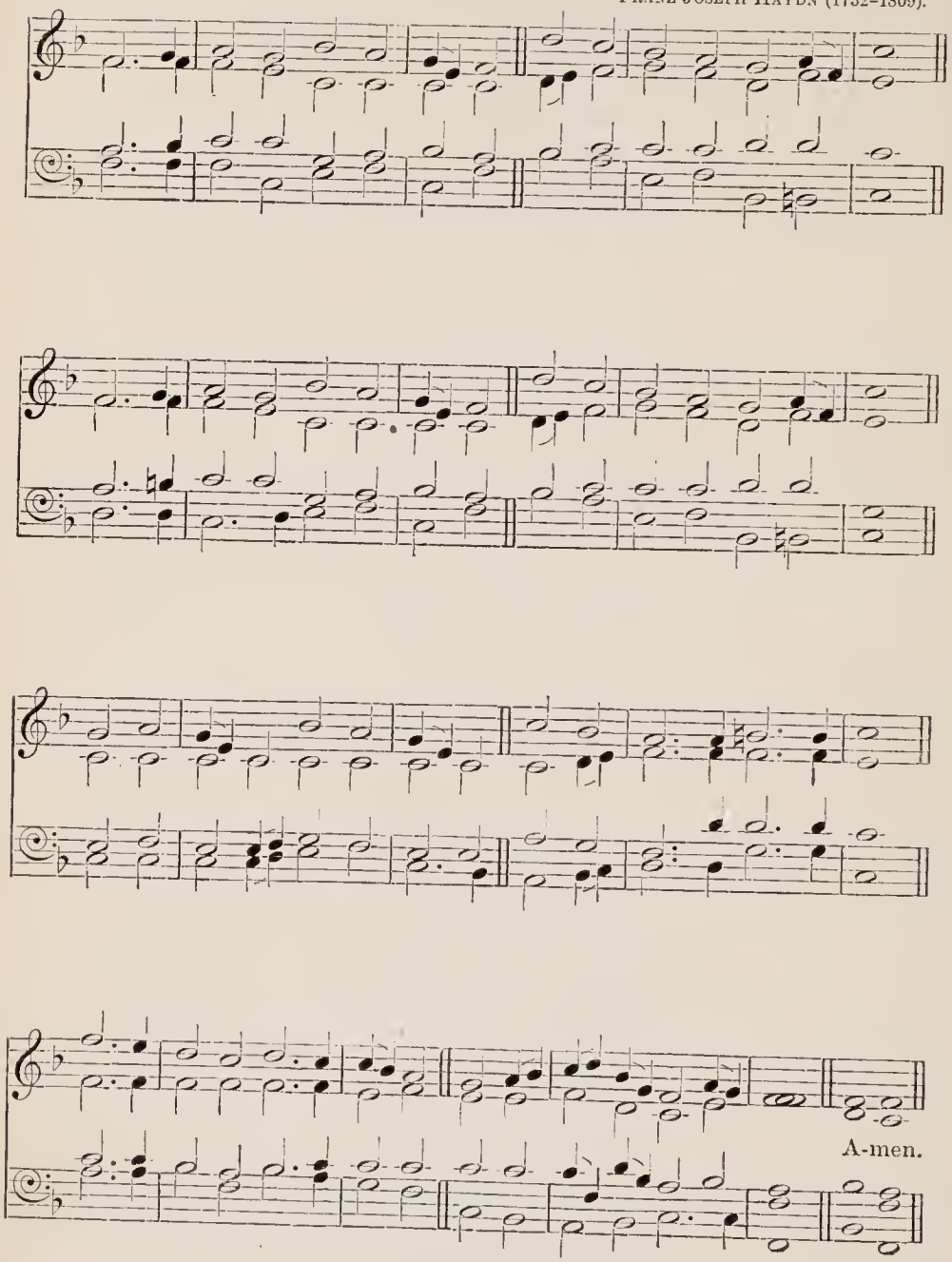
Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee.

AUSTRIA. (8 7. 8 7. D.) ♩ = 84.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN (1732–1809).



JOHN NEWTON (1725–1807).

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Round each habitation hovering,
See, the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

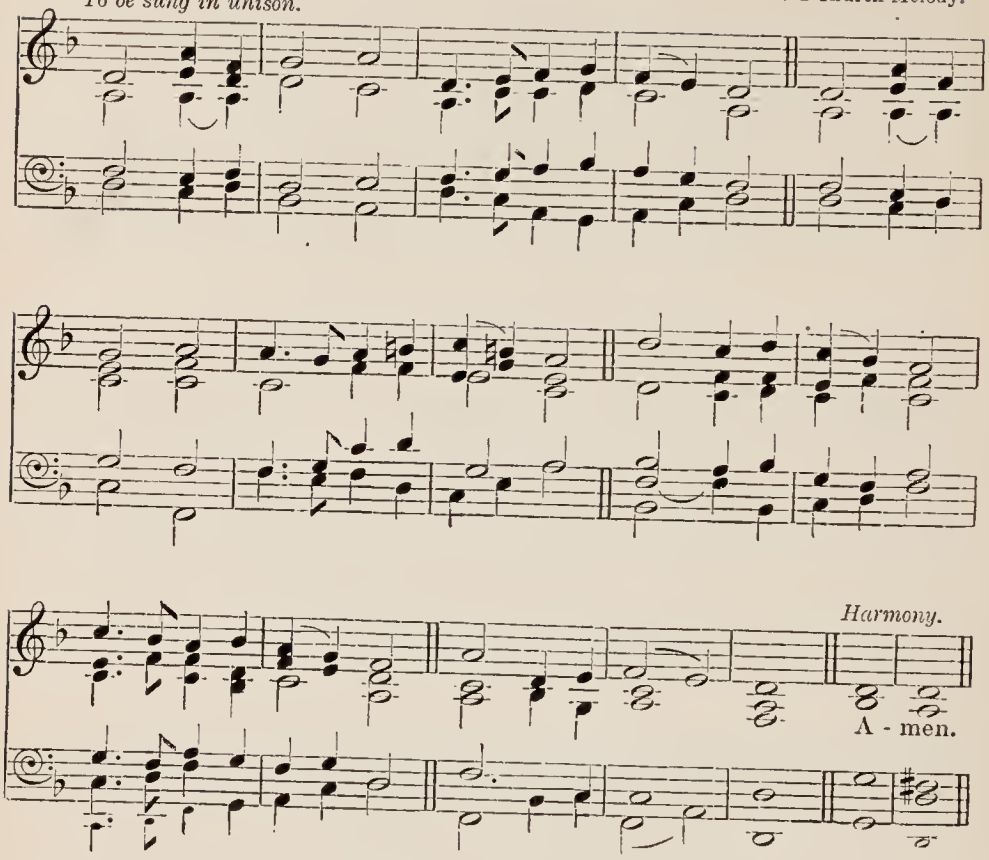
Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings;
And, as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

Saviour! if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name.
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

242

ISTE CONFESSOR. (11 11. 11 5.) (FIRST TUNE) ♩ = 60.
To be sung in unison.

Rouen Church Melody.



PHILIP PUSEY (1799–1855).

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,
Hear and receive thy Church's supplication,
Lord God Almighty.

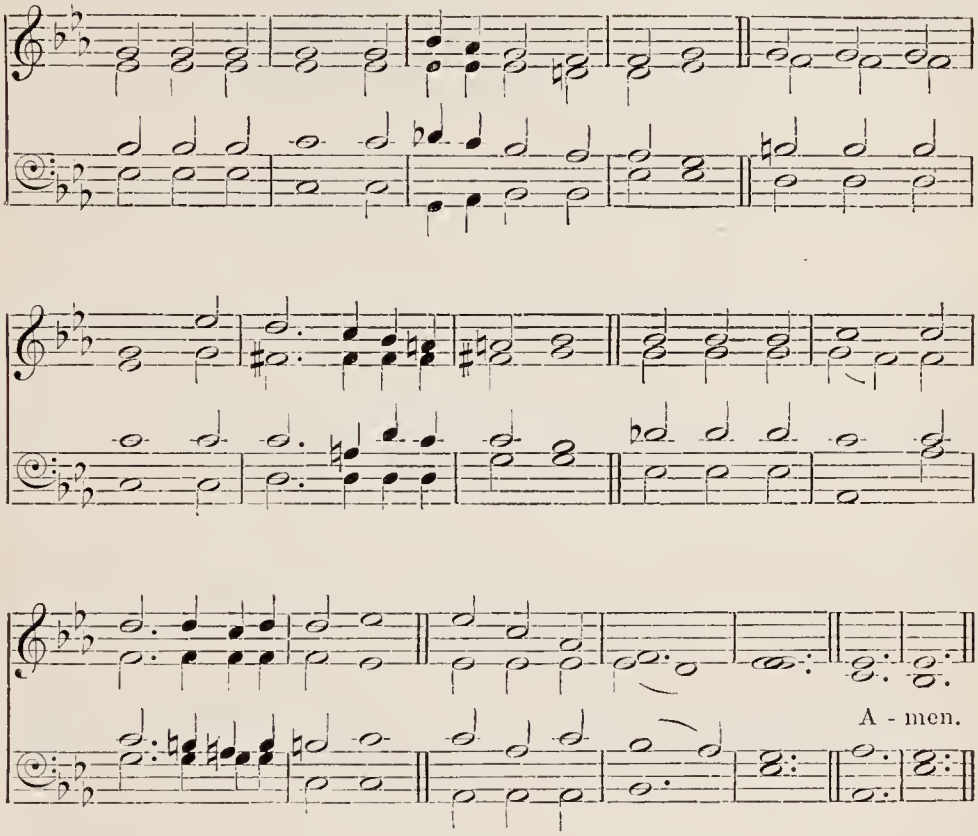
See round thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

Lord, thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,
Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth,
Grant us thy peace, Lord.

242

(SECOND TUNE)

CLOISTERS. (11 11, 11 5.) ♩ = 80. JOSEPH BARNBY (1838–1896).

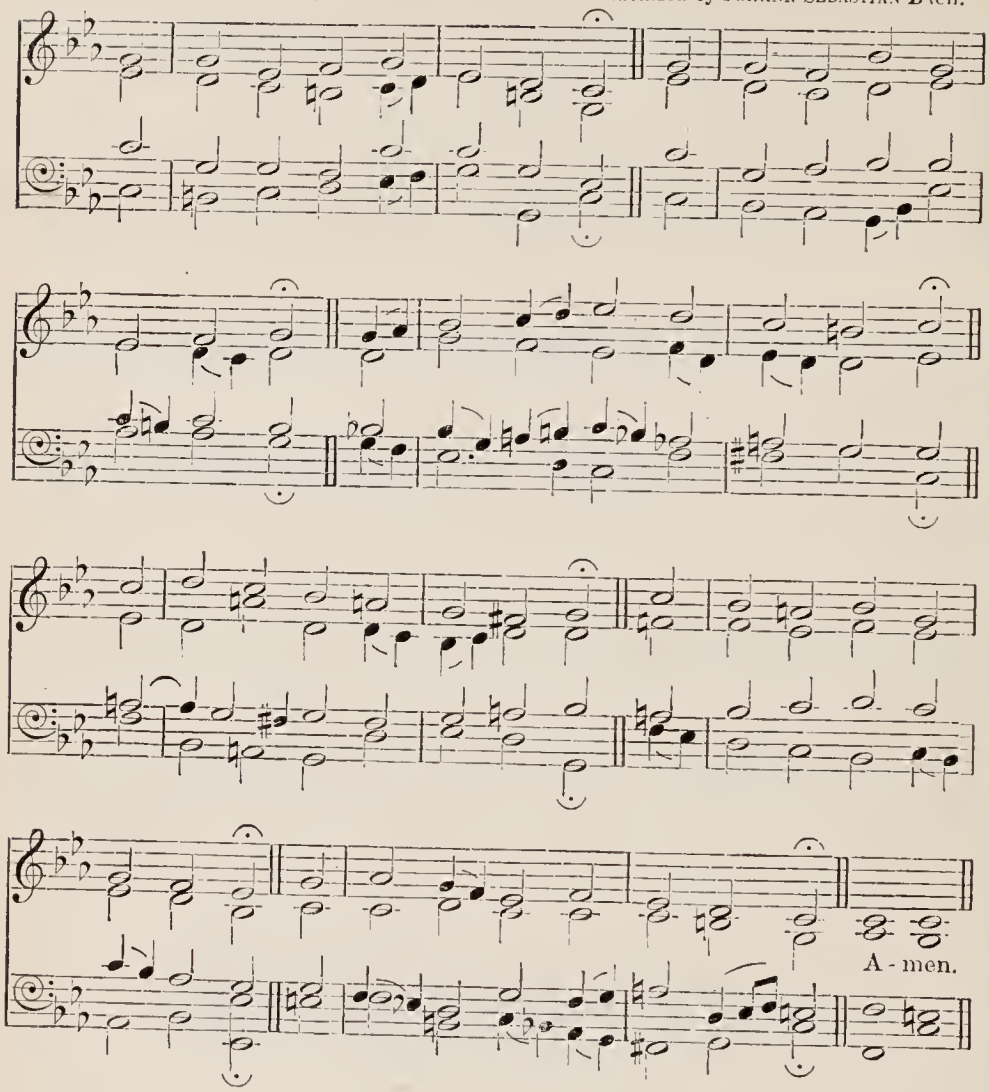


Peace in our hearts our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging ;
Send us, O Saviour.

Grant us thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in thy Heaven.

VATER UNSER. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) ♩ = 54.

(?) MARTIN LUTHER (1483–1546).
Harmonized by JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH.



MARTIN LUTHER (1483–1546).
CATHERINE WINKWORTH (1829–1878).

Vater unser im Himmelreich.

OUR Father, thou in Heaven above,
Who biddest us to dwell in love,
As brethren of one family,
And cry for all we need to thee;
Teach us to mean the words we say,
And from the inmost heart to pray.

All hallowed be thy name, O Lord!
Oh let us firmly keep thy word,
And lead, according to thy name,
A holy life, untouch'd by blame;
Let no false teachings do us hurt—
All poor deluded souls convert.

Thy Kingdom come ! Thine let it be
In time and through eternity !
Oh let thy Holy Spirit dwell
With us, to rule and guide us well ;
From Satan's mighty power and rage
Preserve thy Church from age to age.

Thy will be done on earth, O Lord,
As where in Heaven thou art adored !
Patience in time of grief bestow,
Obedience true through weal and woe ;
Strength, tempting wishes to control
That thwart thy will within the soul.

Give us to-day our daily bread,
Let us be duly clothed and fed,
And keep thou from our homes afar
Famine and pestilence and war,
That we may live in godly peace,
Unvexed by cares and avarice.

Forgive our sins, that they no more
May grieve and haunt us as before,
As we forgive their trespasses
Who unto us have done amiss ;
Thus let us dwell in charity,
And serve each other willingly.

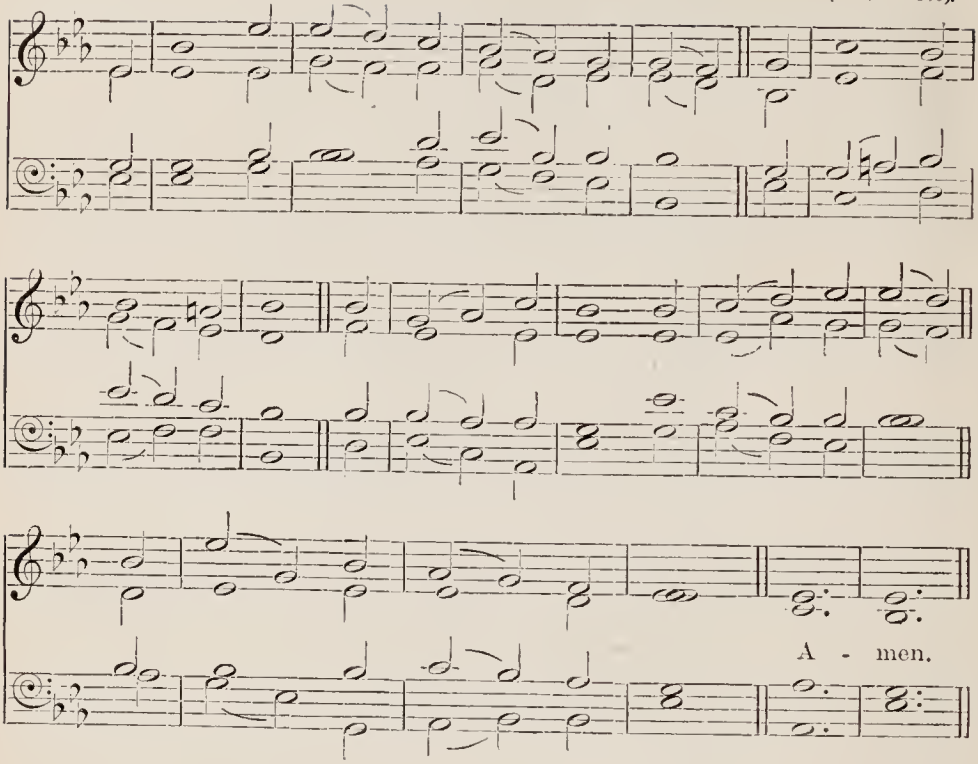
Into temptations lead us not,
And when the foe doth war and plot
Against our souls on every hand,
Then, armed with faith, oh may we stand
Against him as a valiant host
Through comfort of the Holy Ghost.

Deliver us from evil, Lord,
The days are dark and foes abroad ;
Redeem us from the second death,
And when we yield our dying breath,
Console us, grant us calm release,
And take our souls to thee in peace.

Amen ! that is, so let it be !
Strengthen our faith and trust in thee,
That we may doubt not, but believe,
That what we ask we shall receive ;
Thus in thy name and at thy word
We say Amen ; now hear us, Lord !

244

ABRIDGE. (C.M.) ♩ = 84. ISAAC SMITH (*c.* 1735-1800).



FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER (1840-).

THY kingdom come—on bended knee
The passing ages pray ;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting Right
The silent stars are strong.

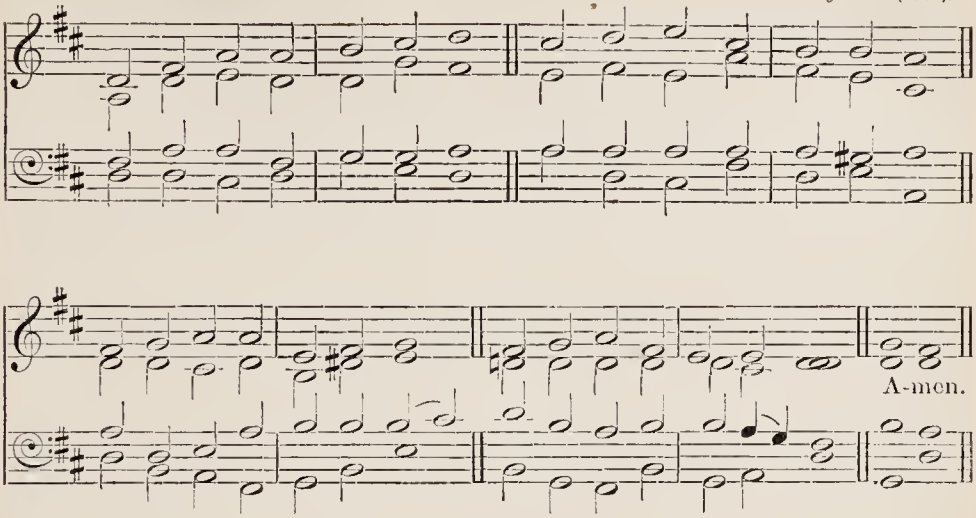
And lo ! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear ;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near :

The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be clothed with might,
And every hurt be healed :

When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad,—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

245

LÜBECK. (7 7. 7 7.) ♩ = 72. FREYLINGHAUSEN'S *Gesang Buch* (1704).



JOHN PAGE HOPPS (1834-1912).

FATHER, let thy kingdom come,
Let it come with living power;
Speak at length the final word,
Usher in the triumph hour.

As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men,
When thy martyrs died for thee,
Let it come, O God, again.

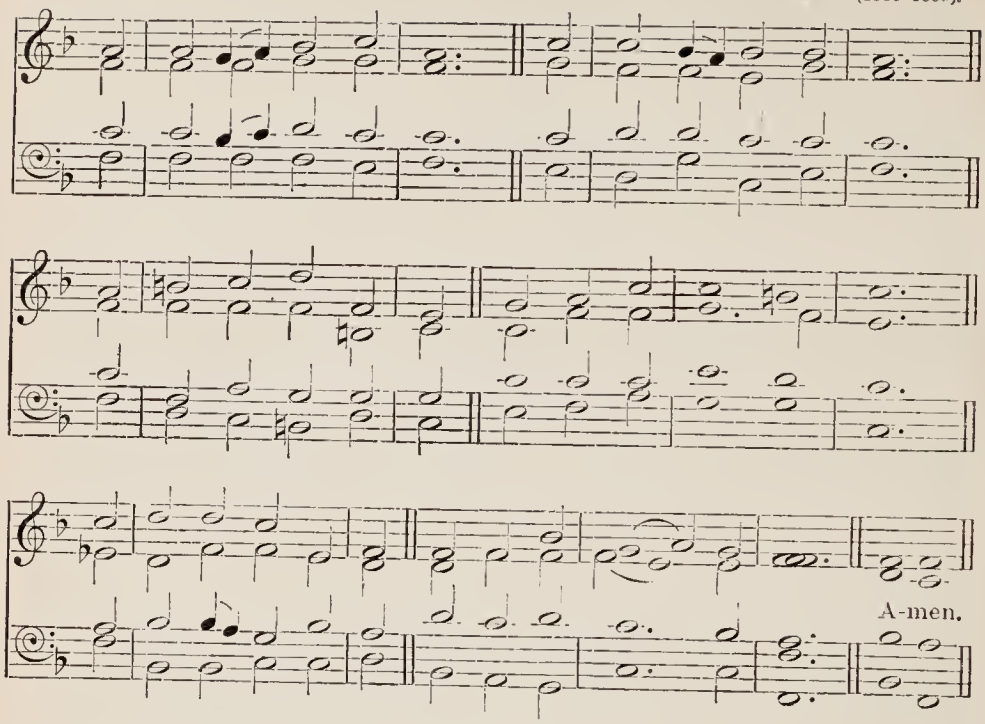
Tyrant thrones and idol shrines,
Let them from their place be hurled;
Enter on thy better reign,
Wear the crown of this poor world.

Oh what long, sad years have gone
Since thy Church was taught this prayer;
Oh what eyes have watched and wept
For the dawning everywhere.

Break, triumphant day of God,
Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
Eager souls and holy songs
Wait to hail thy dawning here.

Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,
May they all for God be won;
And, in every human heart,
Father, let thy kingdom come.

WALTHAM. (6 6. 6 6. 6 6.) ♩ = 88. WILLIAM HENRY MONK (1823-1889).



FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE (1824-1897).

O THOU not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem !

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above ;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love ;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God ! thou art.

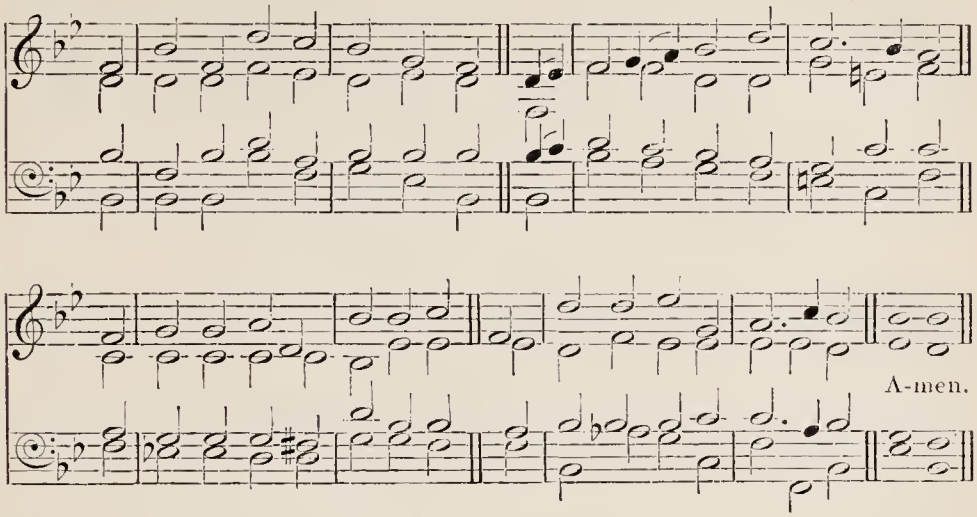
Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down ;
Where self itself yields up ;
Where martyrs win their crown ;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go ;
Where in his steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe ;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God ! thou art.

Not throned above the skies
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gathered are ;
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem !

247.

CHURCH TRIUMPHANT. (L.M.) ♂ = 84. JAMES WILLIAM ELLIOTT (1833-).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS (1840–1893).

THESE things shall be! a loftier race [shall rise
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

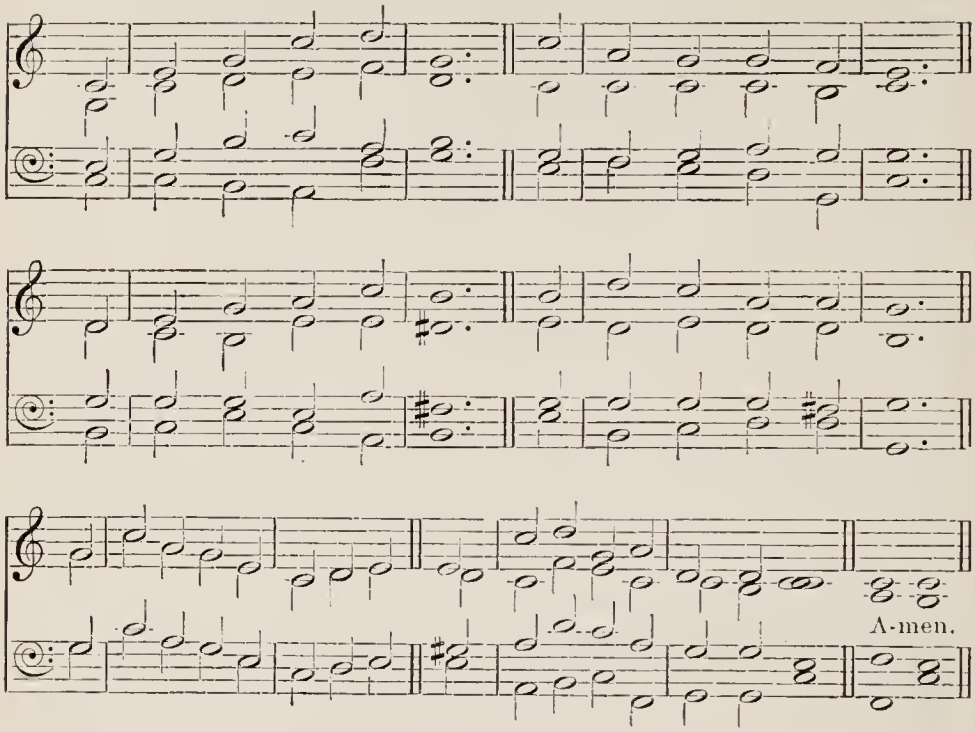
Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed joys
Who chant their heavenly songs before
God's face with undiscordant noise.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, no shame,
Though pain and passion may not die:
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

CHRISTCHURCH. (6 6. 6 6. 8 8.) ♩ = 92. CHARLES STEGGALL (1826–1905).



HENRY BURTON (1840-).

BREAK, day of God, oh break,
Sweet light of heavenly skies!
I all for thee forsake,
And from my dead self rise:
O Lamb of God, whose love is light,
Shine on my soul, and all is bright.

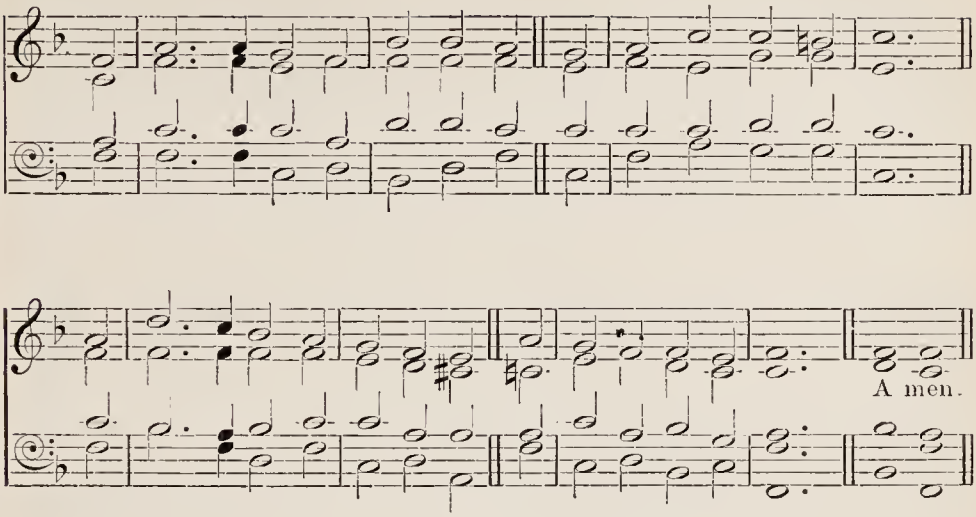
Break, day of God, oh break!
The night has lingered long;
Our hearts with sighing wake,
We weep for sin and wrong:
O Bright and Morning Star, draw near;
O Sun of Righteousness, appear.

Break, day of God, oh break!
The earth with strife is worn;
The hills with thunder shake,
Hearts of the people mourn:
Break, day of God, sweet day of peace,
And bid the shout of warriors cease.

Break, day of God, oh break,
Like to the days above!
Let purity awake,
And faith, and hope, and love;
But lo! we see the brightening sky;
The golden morn is drawing nigh.

249

WINCHESTER OLD. (C.M.) ♩ = 76. EST'S *Whole Booke of Psalmes* (1592).



See also ST. MAGNUS, No. 109.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771-1854).

LIFT up your heads, ye gates of [brass;
Ye bars of iron, yield,
And let the King of Glory pass;
The Cross is in the field.

That banner, brighter than the star
That leads the train of night,
Shines on the march, and guides from far
His servants to the fight.

A holy war those servants wage;
In that mysterious strife,
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.

Ye armies of the living God,
Sworn warriors of Christ's host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
Take your appointed post.

Though few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength,
Go to the conquest of all lands,
All must be his at length.

The spoils at his victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves as trophies meet,
In his great judgement day.

Then fear not, faint not, halt not now;
Quit you like men, be strong.
To Christ shall all the nations bow,
And sing the triumph-song.

Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass!
The Cross hath won the field!

250

SKELTON. (Irregular). ♩ = 84.

Words by JULIA WARD HOWE (1819-1910).
CHARLES L. NAYLOR (1869-).

In march time, with great vigour and fervour.

ff

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2. sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re - treat; He is
3. seen him in the watch fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have
4. bean-ty of the lil - ies Christ was born, a-cross the sea, With a

ff

In march time, with great vigour and fervour.

ff

Ped.

tramp-ling out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fa - tal
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judge-ment seat: Oh be swift, my soul, to
build - ed him an al - tar in the even-ing dews and damps; I can read his right-eous
glo - ry in his bo-som that trans - fig - ures you and me: As he died to make men

(*continued*)

cres. *ff*

light - ning of his terri - ble swift . . sword: His truth is march ing
answer him; be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing
sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march-ing
ho - ly, let us live to make men free. While God is march-ing

cres. *ff*

with breadth.

cres. *ff*

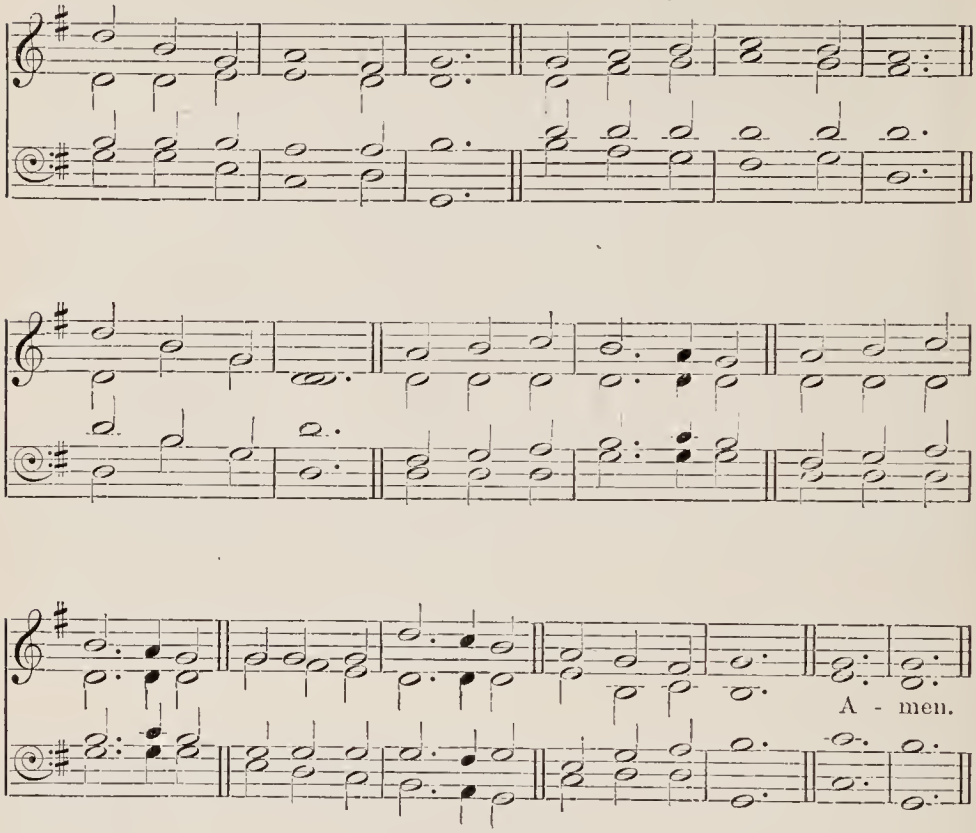
on, His truth is march - ing on. 2. He hath
on, Our God is march - ing on. 3. I have
on, His day is march - ing on. 4. In the
on, While God is march - ing on.

[*Copyright of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Department.*]

251

MOSCOW. (664.6664.) ♩ = 84.

FELICE DE GIARDINI (1716–1796).
Harmonized by SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.



JOHN MARRIOTT (1780–1825).

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray
Let there be light!

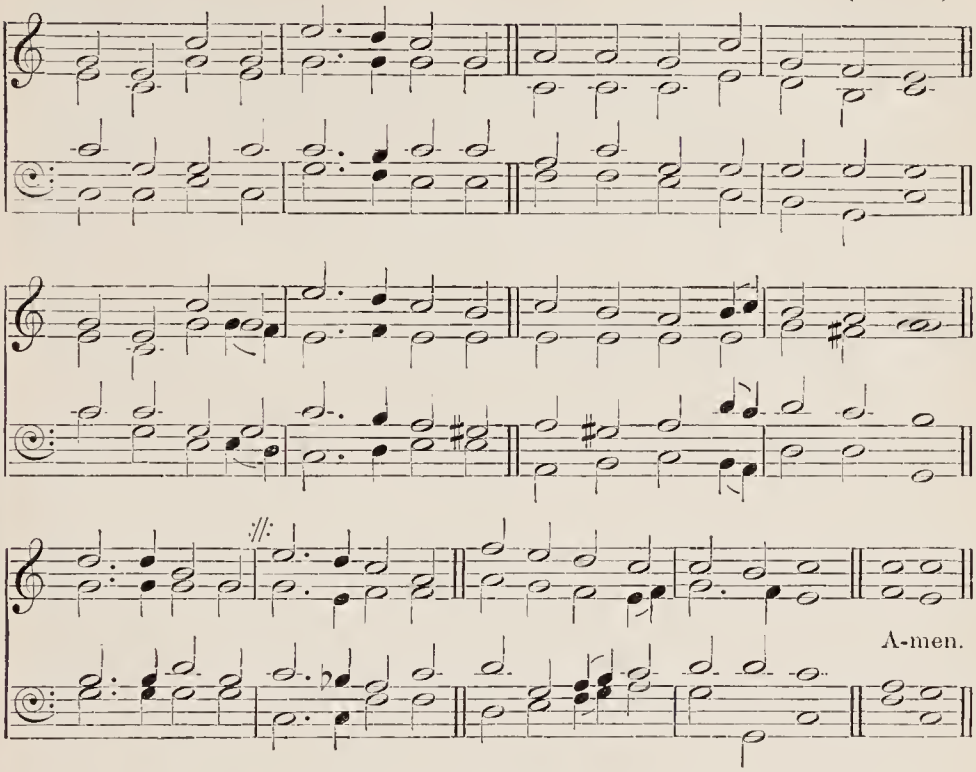
Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide
Let there be light!

252

REGENT SQUARE. (87.87.87.) ♂ = 96. HENRY SMART (1813–1879).



WILLIAM WILLIAMS (1717–1791).

O'ER those gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul; be still and gaze,
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Blessèd Jubilee!
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night,
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

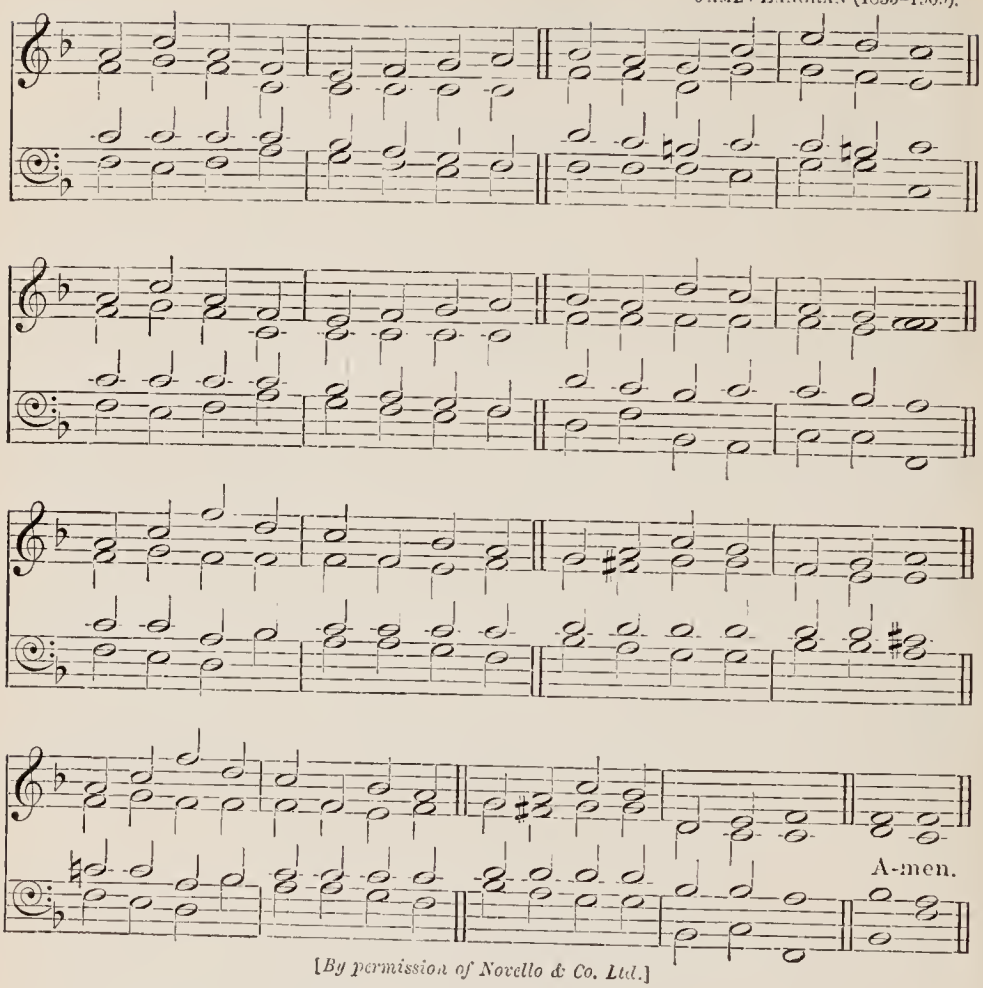
Fly abroad, eternal Gospel!
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

253

(FIRST TUNE)

DEERHURST. (87. 87. D.) ♂ = 84.

JAMES LANGRAN (1835–1909).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE (1818–1896).

SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,
Fruitful let thy sorrows be ;
By thy pains and consolations,
  Draw the Gentiles unto thee :
Of thy Cross the wondrous story,
  Be it to the nations told ;
Let them see thee in thy glory,
  And thy merey manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,
  Pants for thee eaeh mortal breast ;
Human tears for thee are flowing,
  Human hearts in thee would rest,

253

BETHANY (CRUCIFER.) (SECOND TUNE)
(8 7. 8 7. D.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. HENRY SMART (1813–1879).

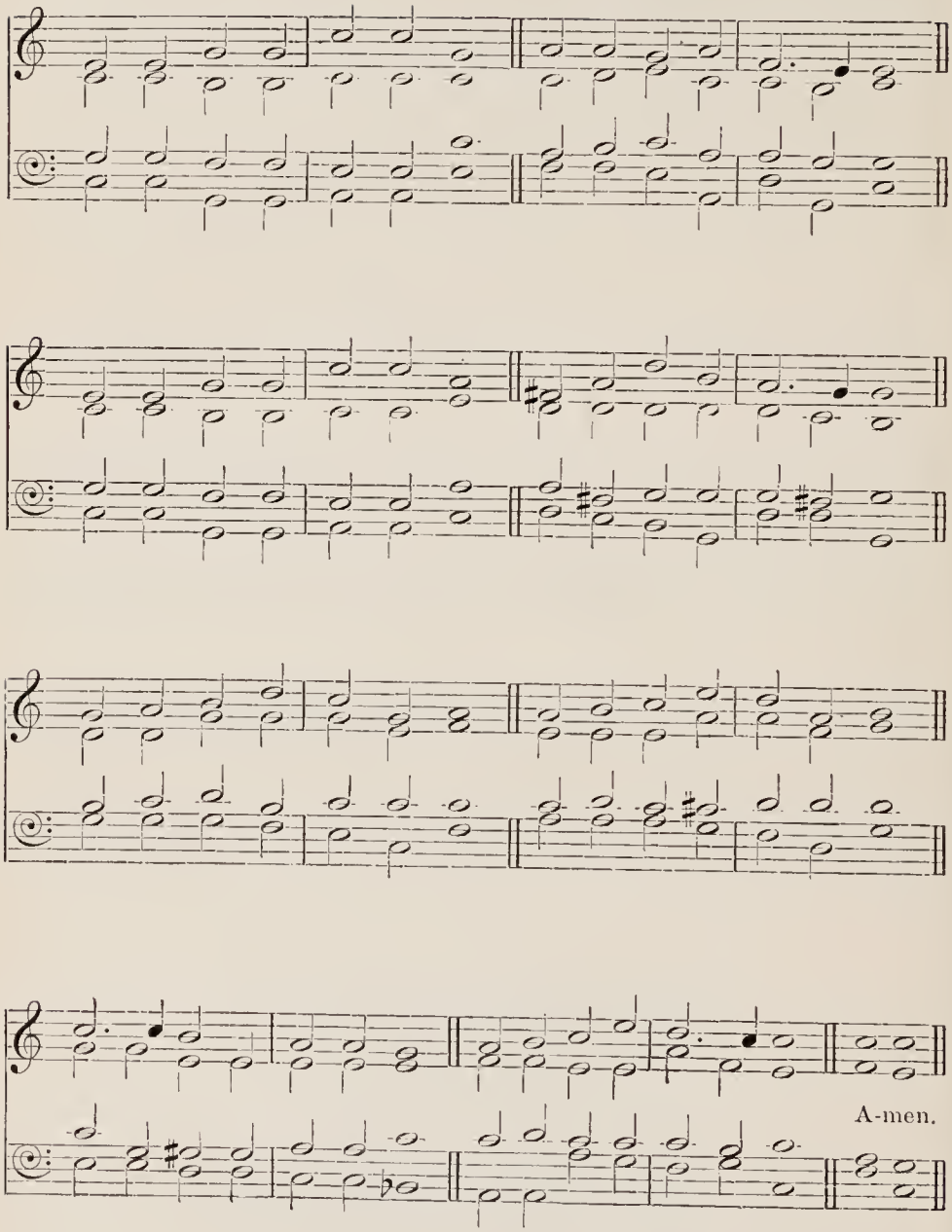
A-men.

Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain ;
Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

Saviour, lo the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For thy Spirit, new creating
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light ;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

254

CULFORD. (7 7. 7 7. D.) ♩ = 92. EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS (1818–1901).



CHARLES WESLEY (1707–1788).

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace !
Jesu's love the nations fires,
  Sets the kingdoms on a blaze :
To bring fire on earth he came ;
  Kindled in some hearts it is :
Oh that all might catch the flame,
  All partake the glorious bliss !

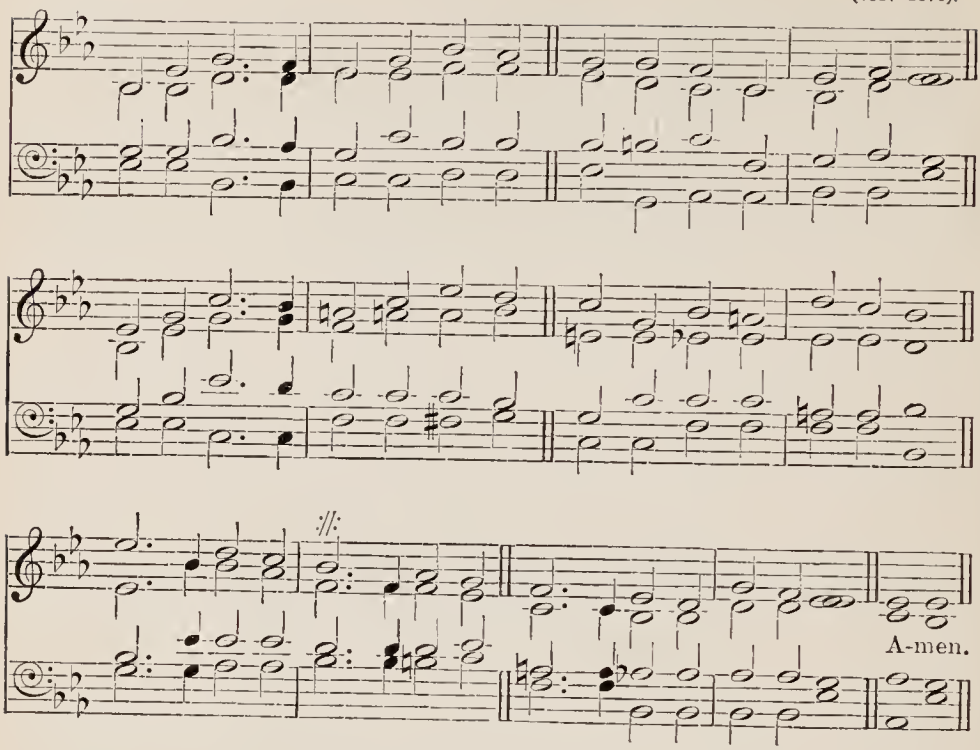
When he first the work begun,
  Small and feeble was his day :
Now the word doth swiftly run,
  Now it wins its widening way :
More and more it spreads and grows,
  Ever mighty to prevail ;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
  Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Sons of God, your Saviour praise !
  He the door hath opened wide ;
He hath given the word of grace,
  Jesu's word is glorified :
Jesus, mighty to redeem,
  He alone the work hath wrought ;
Worthy is the work of him,
  Him who spake a world from naught.

Saw ye not the cloud arise,
  Little as a human hand ?
Now it spreads along the skies,
  Hangs o'er all the thirsty land :
Lo ! the promise of a shower
  Drops already from above ;
But the Lord will shortly pour
  All the Spirit of his Love !

255

KENSINGTON NEW. (87.87.87.) (FIRST TUNE) ♩ = 88. JAMES TILLEARD (1827–1876).



THOMAS KELLY (1769–1854).

SPEED thy servants, Saviour, speed them :
Thou art Lord of winds and waves ;
They were bound, but thou hast freed them ;
Now they go to free the slaves ;
Be thou with them :
'Tis thine arm alone that saves.

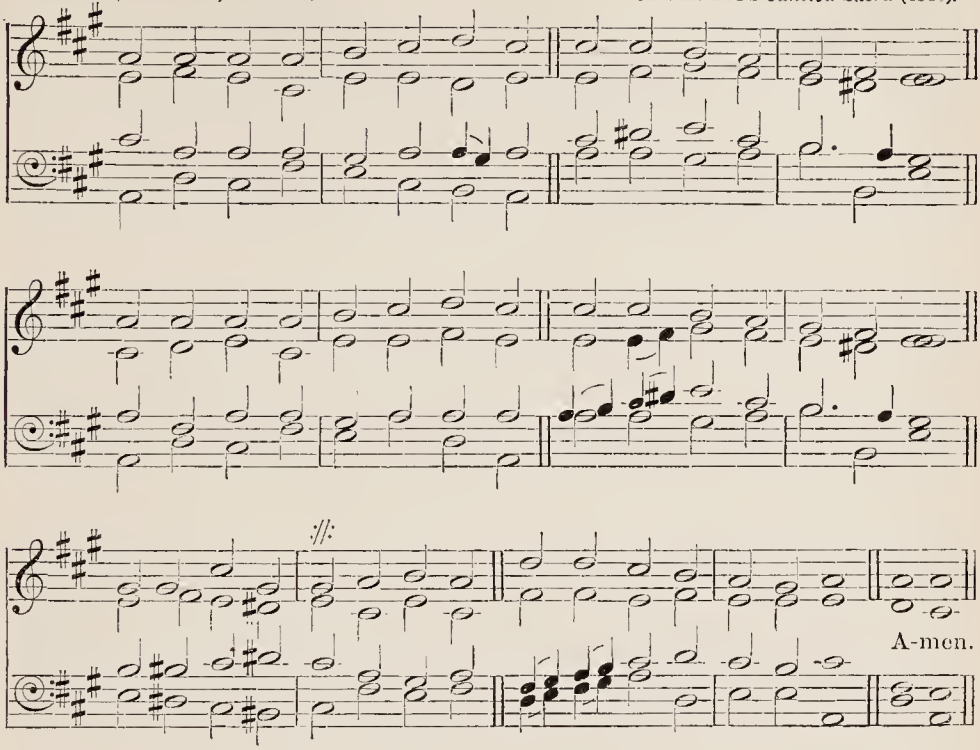
Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at thy command ;
As their stay thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land :
Oh be with them !
Lead them safely by the hand.

When they think of home, now dearer
Than it ever seemed before,
Bring the promised glory nearer,
Let them see that peaceful shore,
Where thy people
Rest from toil, and weep no more.

255

(SECOND TUNE)

ORIEL. (8.7.8.7.8.7.) ♩ = 80. CASPAR ETT'S *Cantica Sacra* (1840).

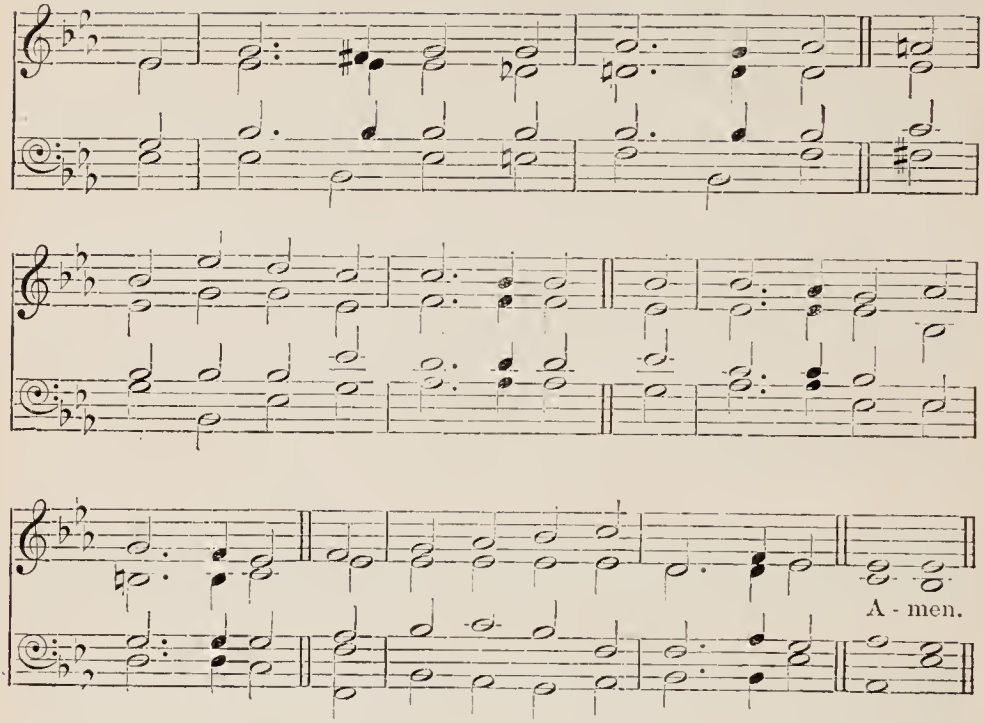


Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
  And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
  Then their sinking hopes sustain :
    Thus supported,
  Let their zeal revive again.

In the midst of opposition
  Let them trust, O Lord, in thee ;
When success attends their mission,
  Let thy servants humbler be :
    Never leave them,
  Till thy face in heaven they see ;

There to reap in joy for ever,
  Fruit that grows from seed here sown ;
There to be with him, who never
  Ceases to preserve his own,
    And with triumph
  Sing a Saviour's grace alone.

WALTHAM. (L.M.) ♩ = 100. JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN (1827-1905).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

GEORGE WASHINGTON DOANE (1799-1859).

FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Saviour died.

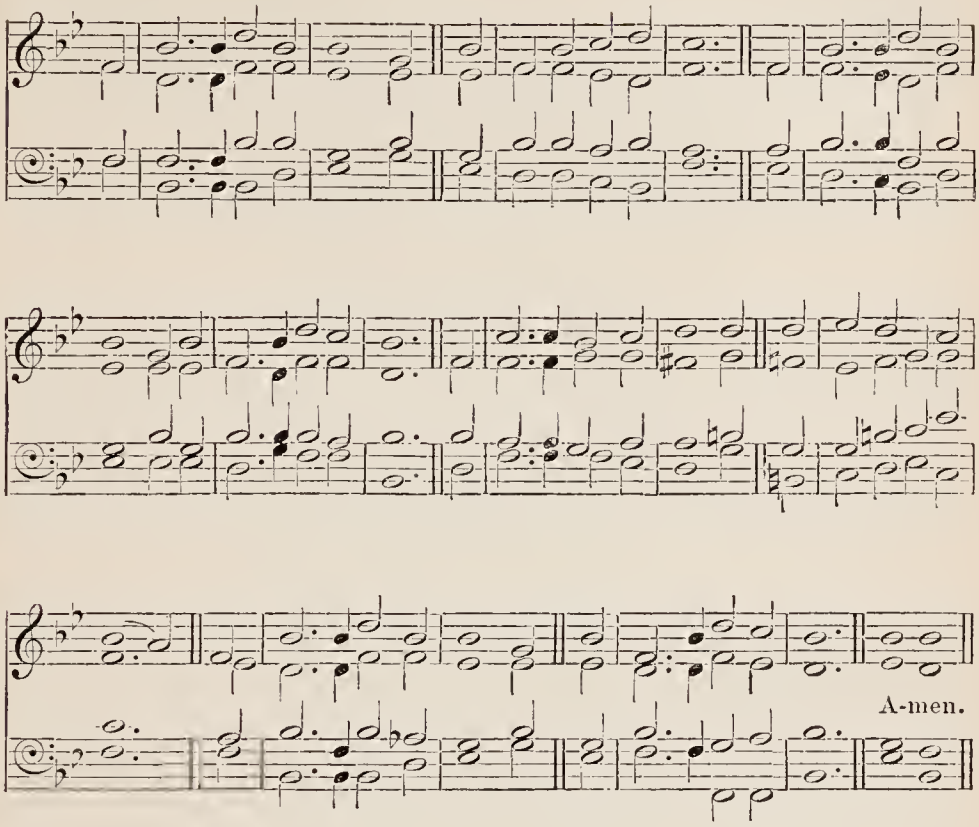
Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

257

MORNING LIGHT. (7 6. 7 6. D.) ♩ = 100. GEORGE JAMES WEBB (1803-1887).



ROBERT MURRAY (1832-1910).

FROM ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own thee Lord,
And, filled with true devotion,
Obey thy sovereign word.
Our prairies and our mountains,
Forest and fertile field,
Our rivers, lakes, and fountains,
To thee shall tribute yield.

O Christ, for thine own glory,
And for our country's weal,
We humbly plead before thee,
Thyself in us reveal;
And may we know, Lord Jesus,
The touch of thy dear hand;
And, healed of our diseases,
The tempter's power withstand.

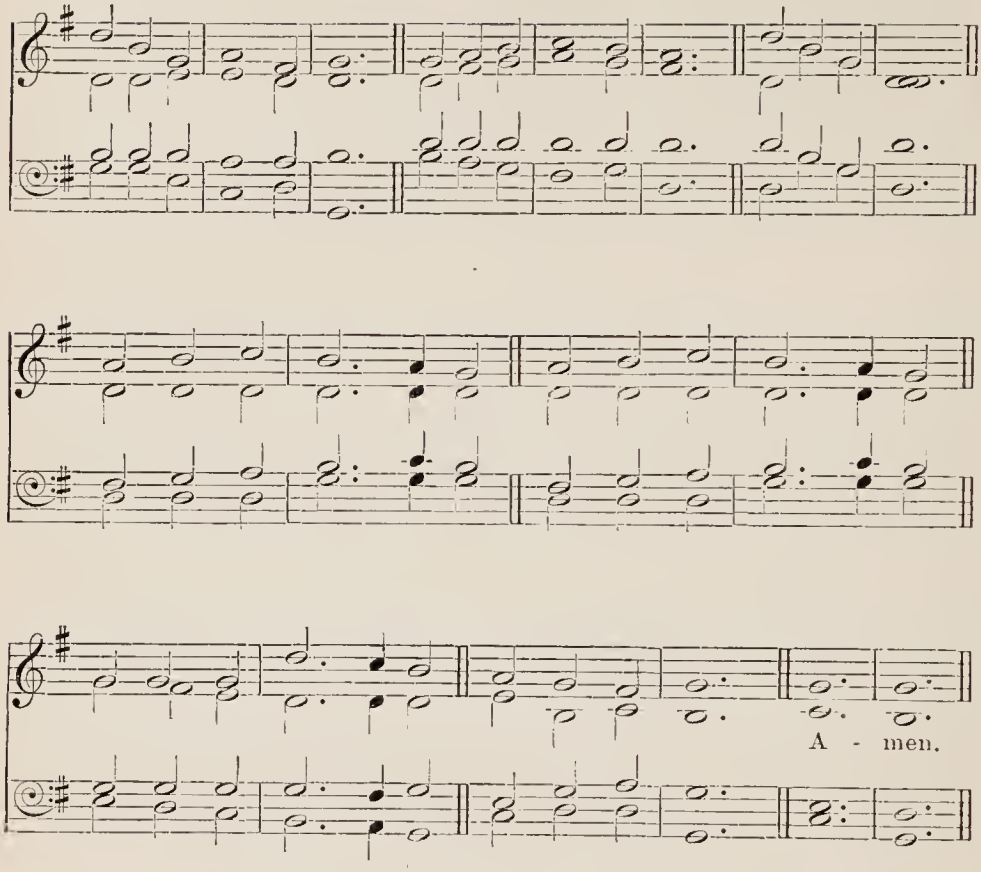
Where error smites with blindness,
Enslaves and leads astray,
Do thou in lovingkindness
Proclaim thy gospel day;
Till all the tribes and races
That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
Within thy courts shall stand.

Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go;
Forth with thy message send us,
Thy love and light to show;
Till, fired with true devotion
Enkindled by thy Word,
From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own thee Lord.

258

MOSCOW. (6 6 4. 6 6 6 4.) ♩ = 84.

FELICE DE GIARDINI (1716–1796).
Harmonized by SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.



WHITEFIELD'S *Leaflet* (1757).

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise :
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend :
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success,
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour :
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power !

To the great One in Three,
Eternal praises be,
Hence evermore :
His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

MOSCOW. (6 6 4. 6 6 6 4.)

SAMUEL WOLCOTT (1813-1886).

CHRIST for the world! we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With loving zeal—
The poor, and them that mourn,
The faint and overborne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
Whom Christ doth heal.

Christ for the world! we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer—
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

Christ for the world! we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

Christ for the world! we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song;—
The new-born souls whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

260

SUPPLICATION. (66. 66. D.) ♩ = 96.

Words by THOMAS TOKE LYNCH (1818-1871).
GEORGE F. VINCENT (1855-).

Unison.

1. Lift up your heads, re - joice, Re -
2. Lift up your heads, re - joice, Re -
3. Lift up your heads, re - joice, Re -
4. He comes, the wide world's King— He

- demp - tion draw - eth nigh; Now breathes a soft - er air,
- demp - tion draw - eth nigh; Now mount the lad - en clouds,
- demp - tion draw eth nigh; Oh, note the vary - ing signs
comes, the true heart's Friend— New glad - ness to be - gin,

Now shines a mild - - er sky;
Now flames the darken - ing sky,
Of earth, and air, and sky:
And an - cient wrong to end;

The ear - ly trees put forth Their
The ear - ly scat - tered drops De -
The God of glo - ry comes In
He comes, to fill with light The

new and ten - der leaf: Hushed is the moan - ing wind
scend with heav - y fall, And to the wait - ing earth
gen - tle - ness and might, To com - fort and a - larm,
wear - y wait - ing eye: Lift up your heads, re - joice,

ritard.

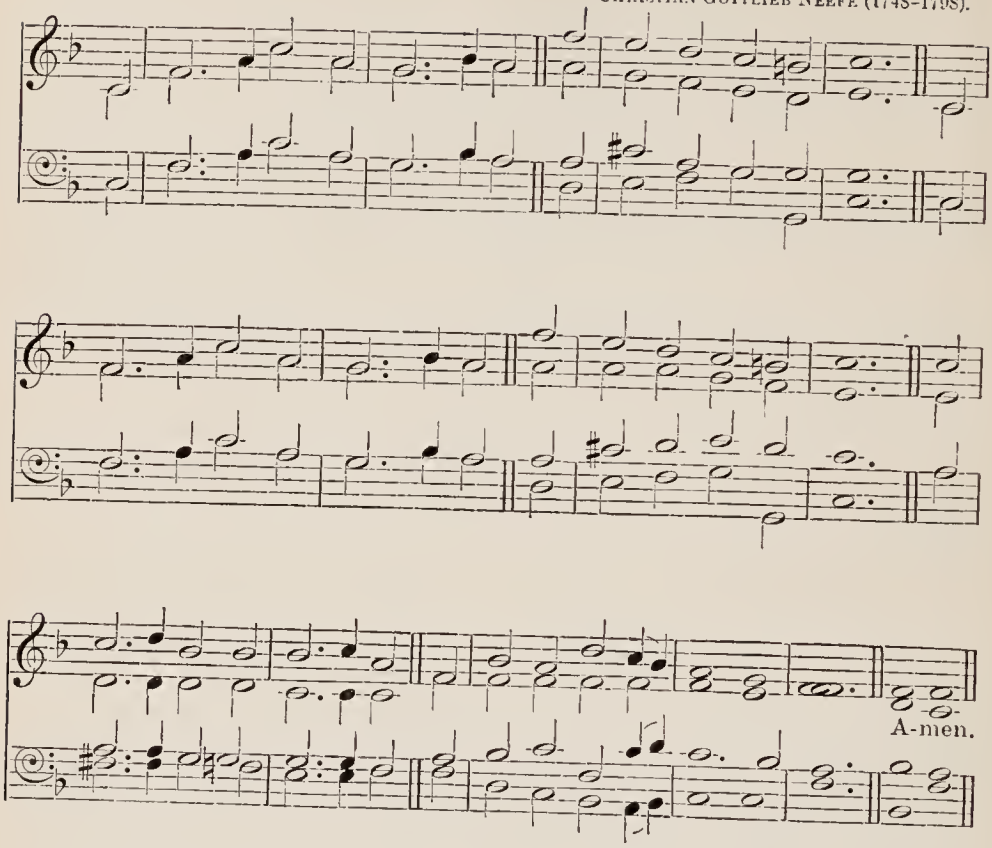
That told of win - ter's grief.
The hid - den thun - ders call.
To suc - cour and to smite.
Re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh. A - men.

ritard.

261

MEIRINGEN. (8 6. 8 6. 8 8.) ♩ = 88.

CHRISTIAN GOTTLIEB NEEFE (1748–1798).



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794–1878).

O NORTH, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled towns and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

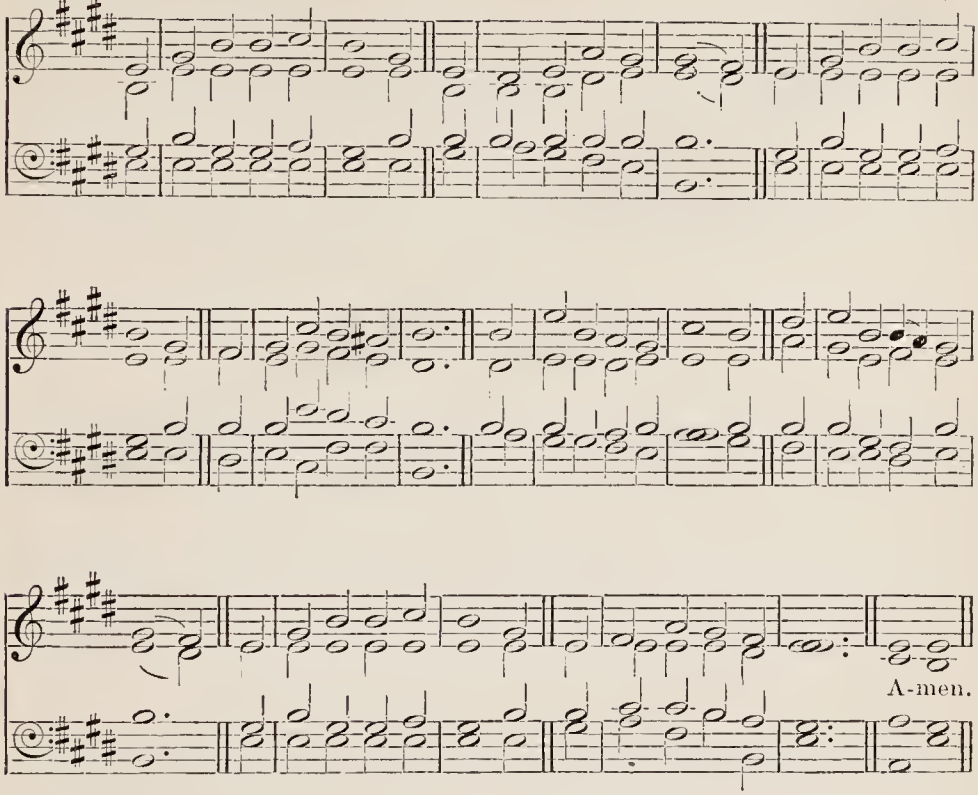
Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-belovèd Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun.
He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father, haste the promised hour,
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky;
When he shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul:

When all shall heed the words he said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led
Shall seek to pattern theirs;
And he, who conquered death, shall win
The nobler conquest over sin.

262

MISSIONARY HYMN. (76.76.D.) 𝅗𝅥 = 88. LOWELL MASON (1792–1872).



REGINALD HEBER (1783–1826).

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

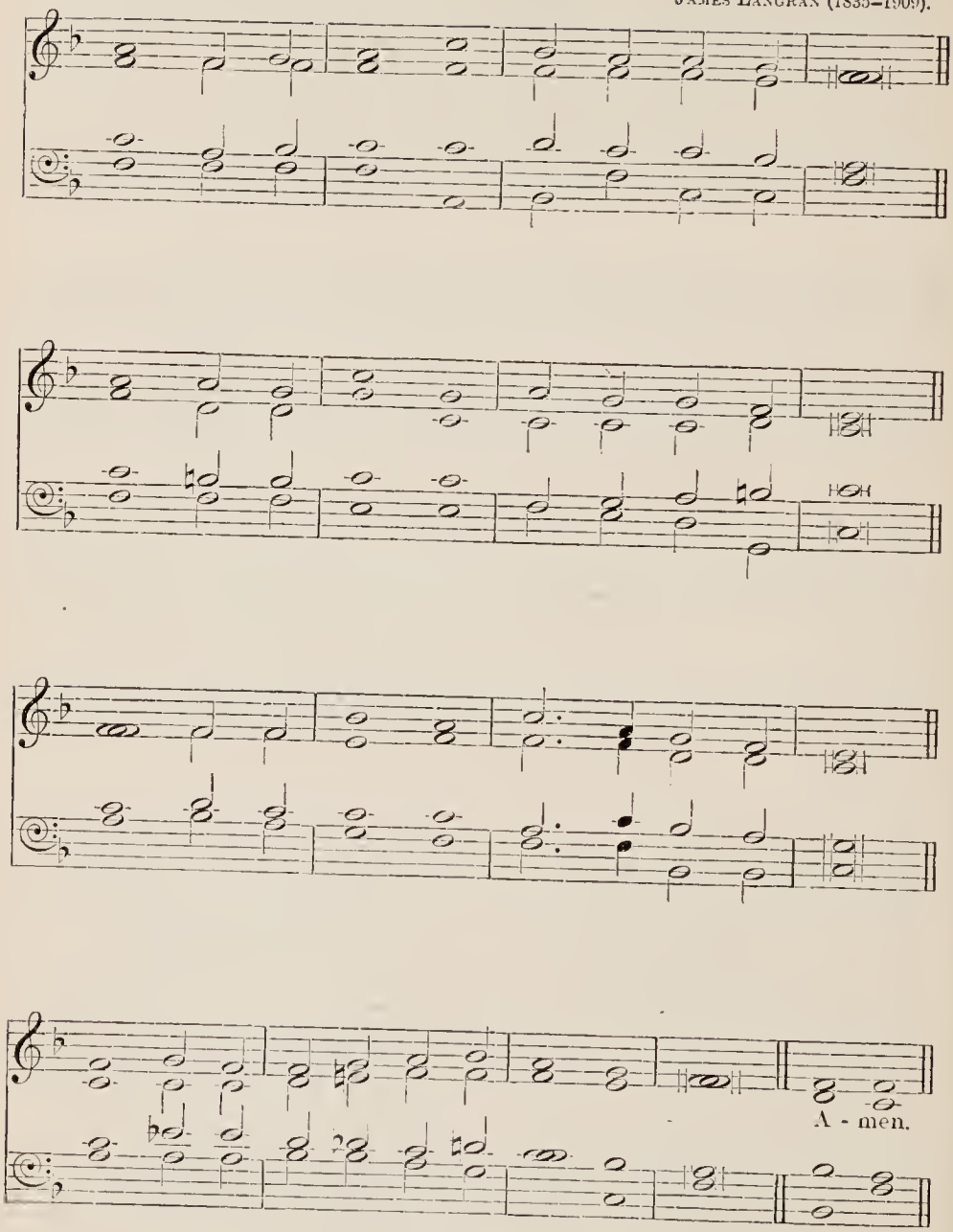
What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

ST. AGNES. (10 10. 10 10.) 𝅗𝅥 = 96.

JAMES LANGRAN (1835–1909).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

See also ELLINGHAM, No. 39.

HORATIUS BONAR (1808–1889).

HERE, O my Lord, I see thee face to face ;
Here would I touch and handle things unseen,
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven ;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

This is the hour of banquet and of song ;
This is the heavenly table spread for me ;
Here let me feast, and feasting still prolong
The brief bright hour of fellowship with thee.

Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone ;
The bread and wine remove, but thou art here,
Nearer than ever ; still my Shield and Sun.

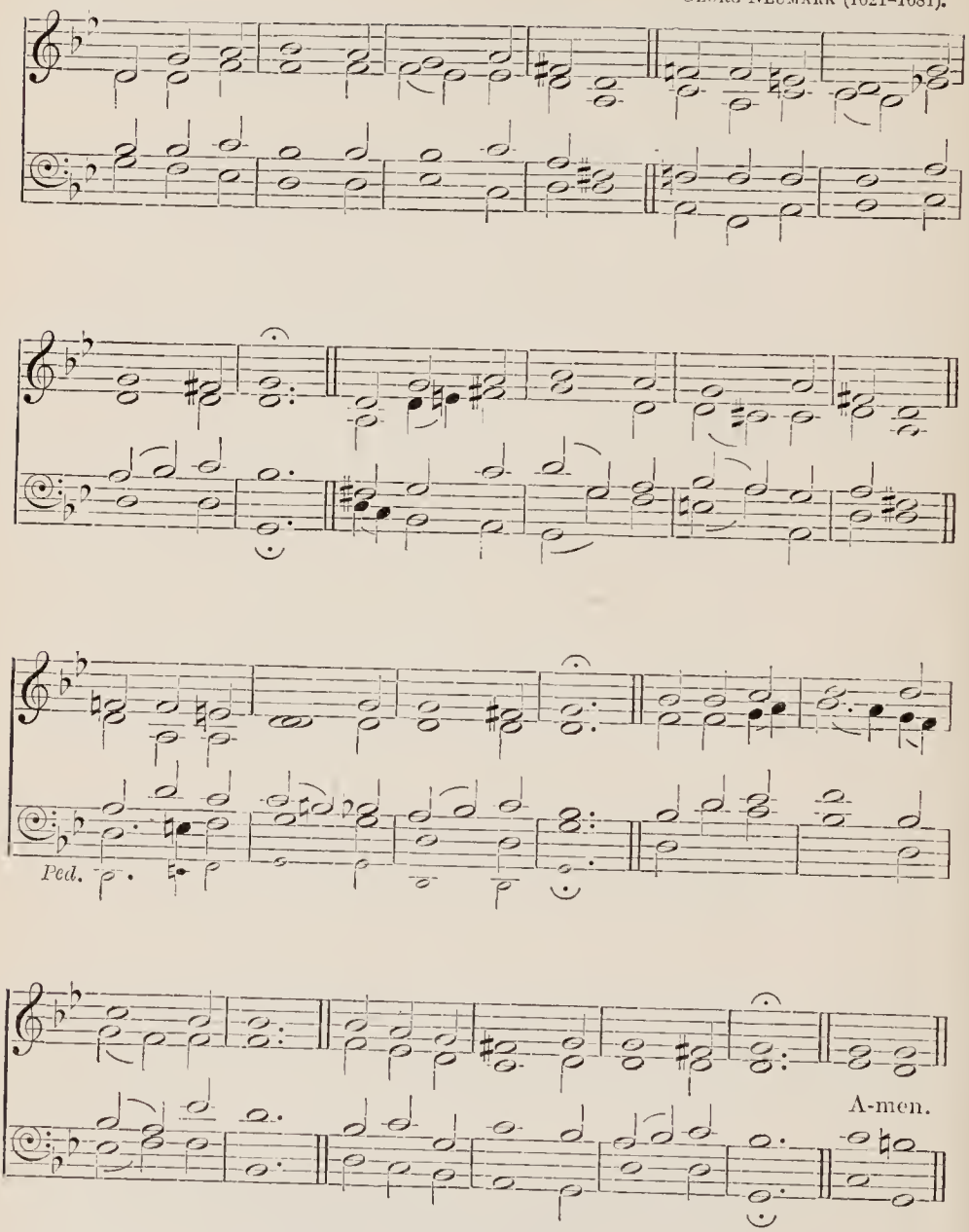
I have no help but thine ; nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon ;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness ;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood ;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;
Yet passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

NEUMARK. (9 8. 9 8. 8 8.) ♩ = 72.

Original version of melody by
GEORG NEUMARK (1621–1681).



For another version of this chorale see No. 47.

JOHANN RIST (1607–1667).
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH (1829–1878).

HELP us, O Lord! behold we enter
Upon another year to-day;
In thee our hopes and thoughts now centre,
Renew our courage for the way:
New life, new strength, new happiness,
We ask of thee: oh hear, and bless!

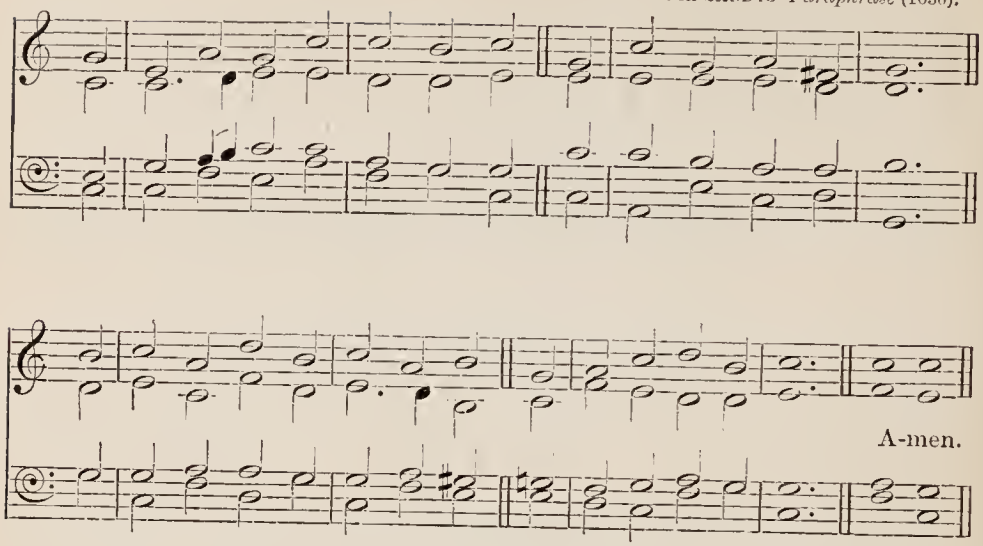
O God, be with us and direct us;
O God, our plans and hopes inspire;
O God, from thoughts of sin protect us;
O God, be all our heart's desire;
O God, be in our thoughts each day
Nor suffer us to fall away!

And grant us, when the year is over,
Its latest hour in peace may close;
In all things care for us, and cover
Our head in time of fear and woes!
So may we, when our years are gone,
Appear with joy before thy throne!

265

'Mr. Denby' in Barber's *Psalm Tunes* (1687) founded on Henry Lawes' 136th Psalm in Sandys' *Paraphrase* (1636).

ST. ANNE. (C.M.) ♩ = 69.



Isaac Watts (1674–1748).

Psalm xc.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

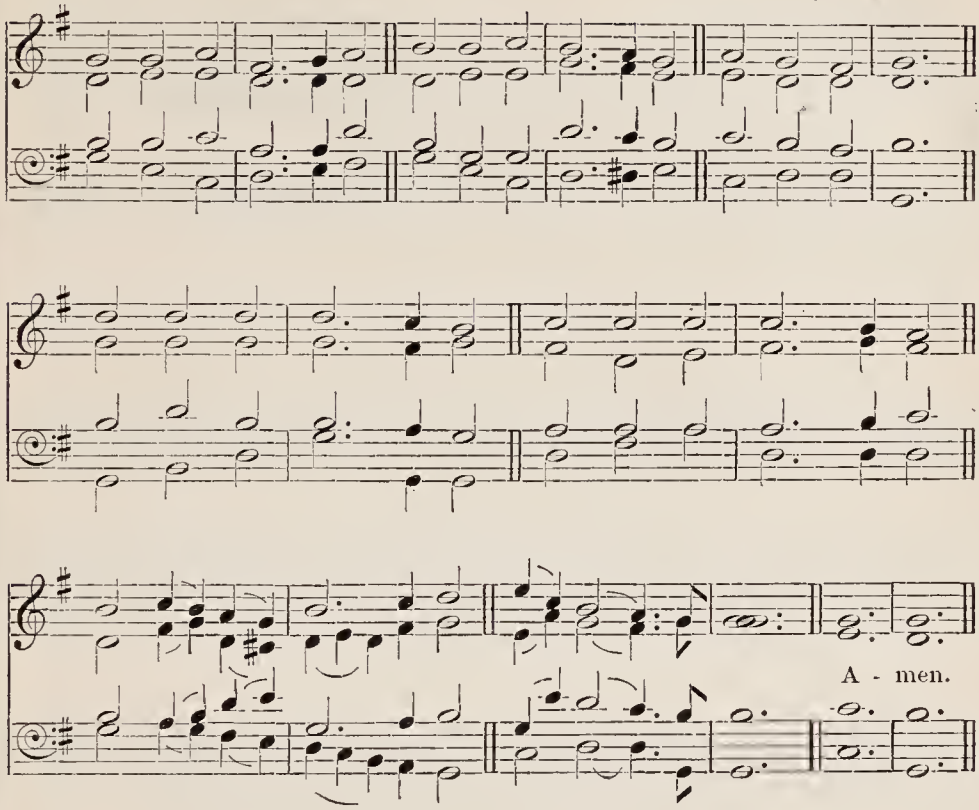
A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

266

NATIONAL ANTHEM. (664.6664.) ♂ = 72. *Thesaurus Musicus*, 1740 and 1745.

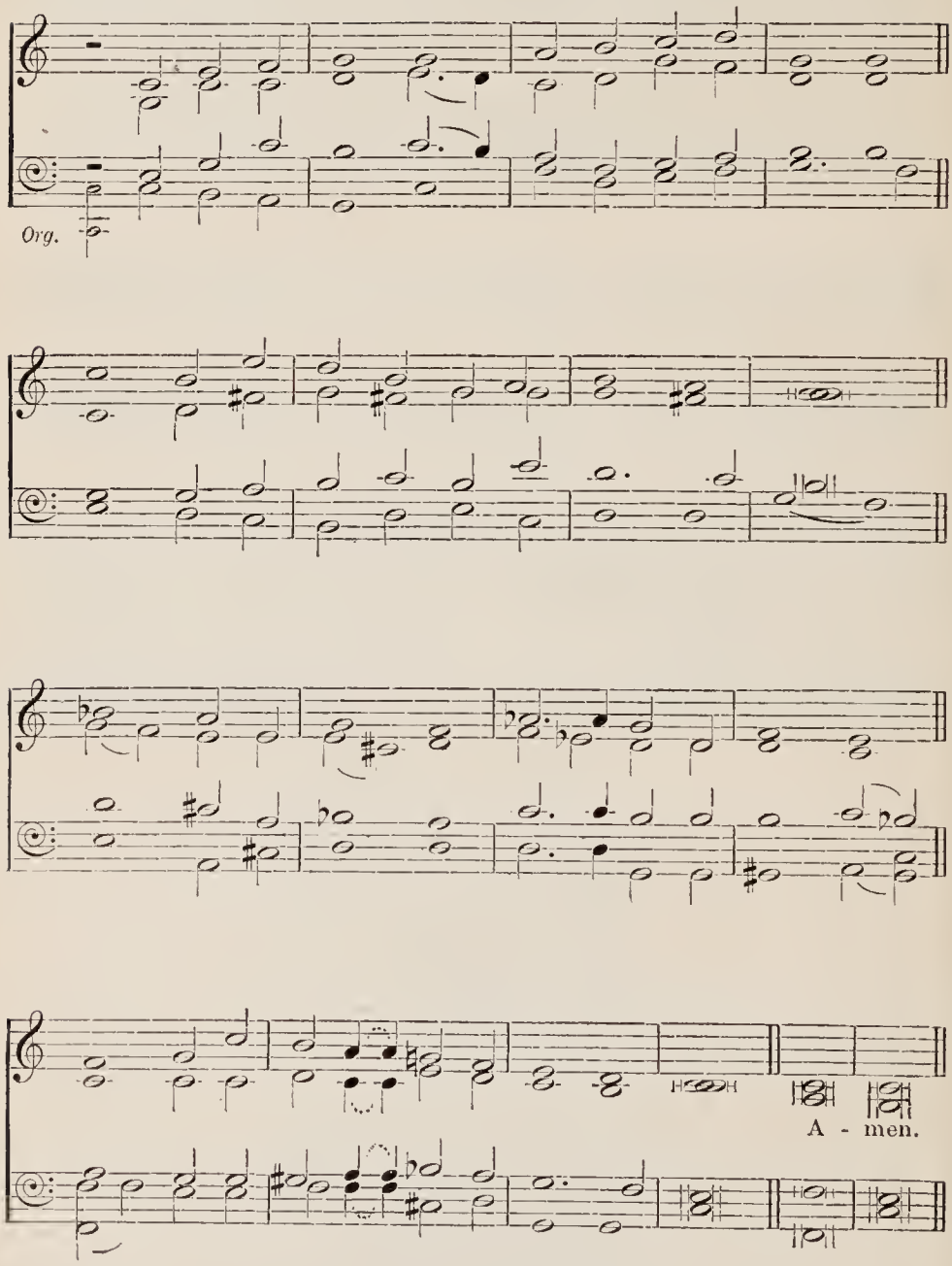


GOD save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King :
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us ;
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour ;
Long may he reign :
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

DEUS REFUGIUM NOSTRUM.
(11 10. 11 10.) ♩ = 104.

ERNEST CAMPBELL MACMILLAN (1893-).



Yattendon Hymnal, No. 74. Based on F. R. TAILOUR (1615).

THE King, O God, his heart to thee upraiseth ;
With him the nation bows before thy face ;
With high thanksgiving thee thy glad Church praiseth,
Our strength thy spirit, our trust and hope thy grace.

Unto great honour, glory undeservèd,
Hast thou exalted us, and drawn thee nigh ;
Nor, from thy judgements when our feet had swervèd,
Didst thou forsake, nor leave us, Lord most high.

In thee our fathers trusted and were savèd,
In thee destroyèd thrones of tyrants proud ;
From ancient bondage freed the poor enslavèd :
To sow thy truth poured out their saintly blood.

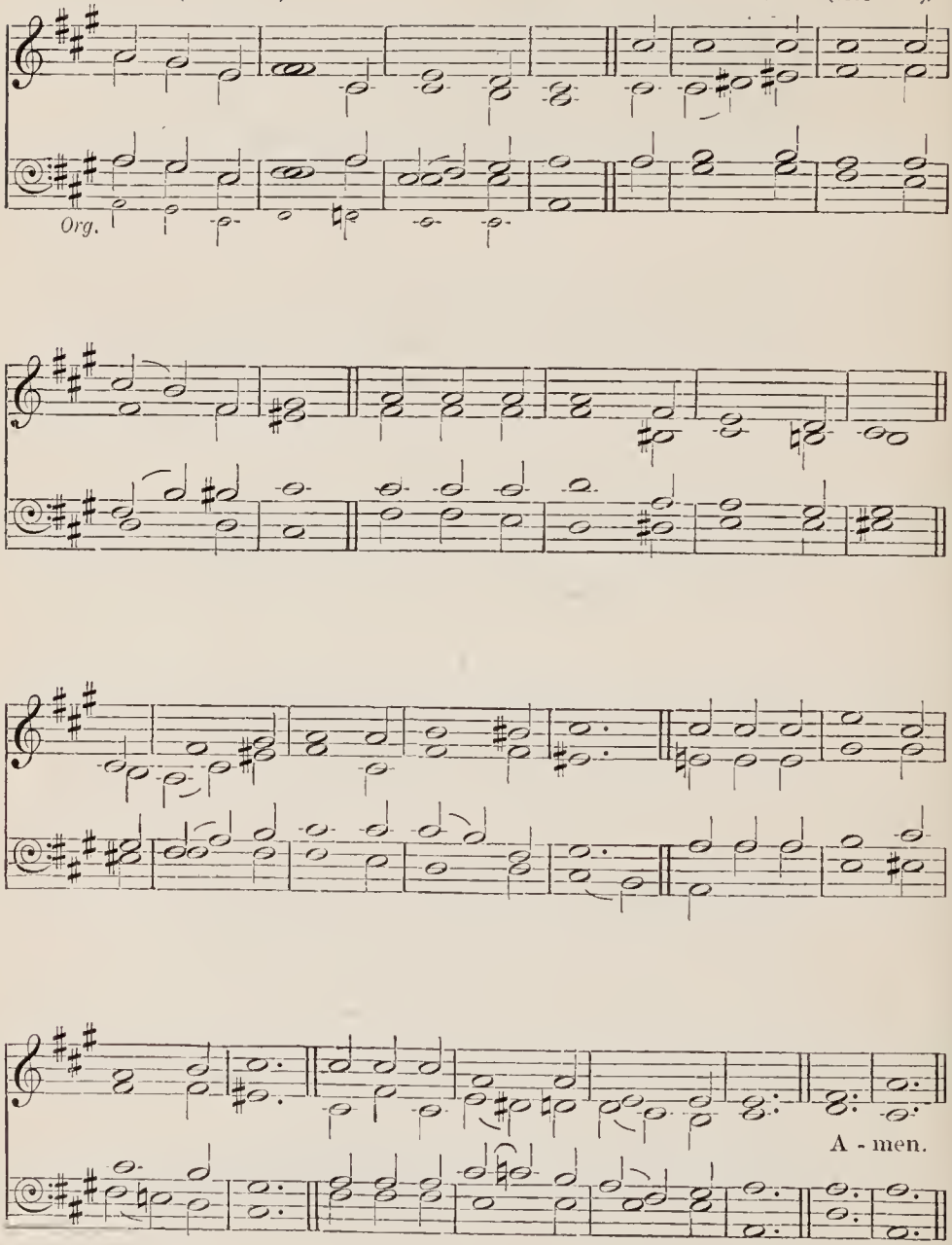
Us now, we pray, O God, in anger scorn not,
Nor to vainglorying leave, nor brutish sense ;
In time of trouble thy face from us turn not,
Who art our Rock, our stately sure defence.

Unto our minds give freedom and uprightness ;
Let strength and courage lead o'er land and wave ;
To our souls' armour grant celestial brightness,
Joy to our hearts, and faith beyond the grave.

Our plenteous nation still in power extending,
Increase our joy, uphold us by thy Word ;
Beauty and wisdom all our ways attending,
Goodwill to man and peace through Christ our Lord.

268

BLANCHARD. (8 8. 8 8. 8 8.) ♩ = 76. GEORGE FREDERICK BLANCHARD (1868-).



268

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-).

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine :
    Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
    Lest we forget, lest we forget.

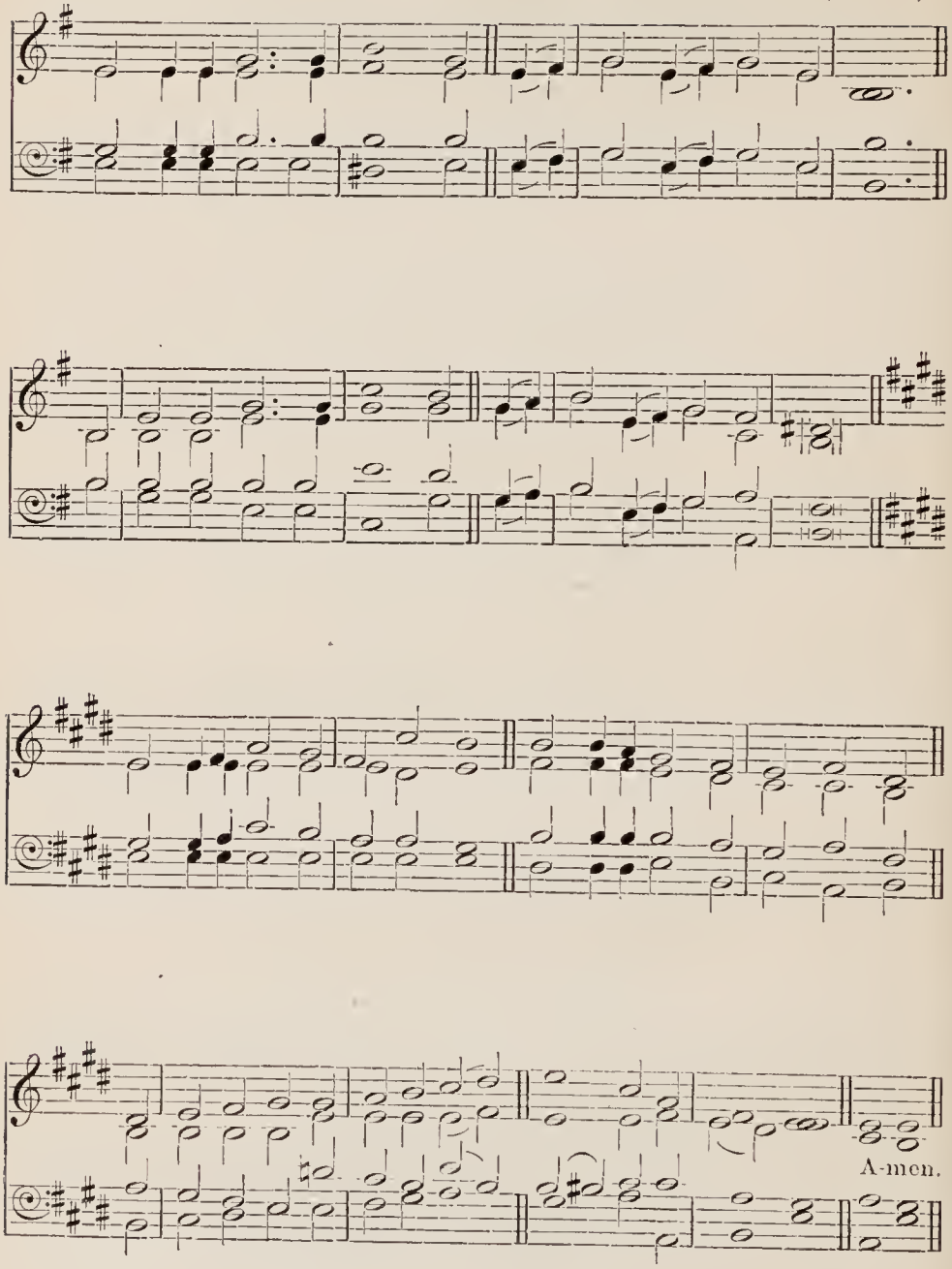
The tumult and the shouting dies ;
The eaptains and the kings depart ;
Still stands thine aneient saerifiee,
An humble and a eontrite heart :
    Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
    Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far ealled, our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire ;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyré !
    Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
    Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues which have not thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law :
    Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
    Lest we forget, lest we forget.

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard ;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not thee to guard :
    For frantic boast and foolish word,
    Thy mercy on thy people, Lord.

COMMONWEALTH. (7 6. 7 6. 8 8 8 5.) ♩ = 92. JOSIAH BOOTH (1852-).



EBENEZER ELLIOTT (1781–1849).

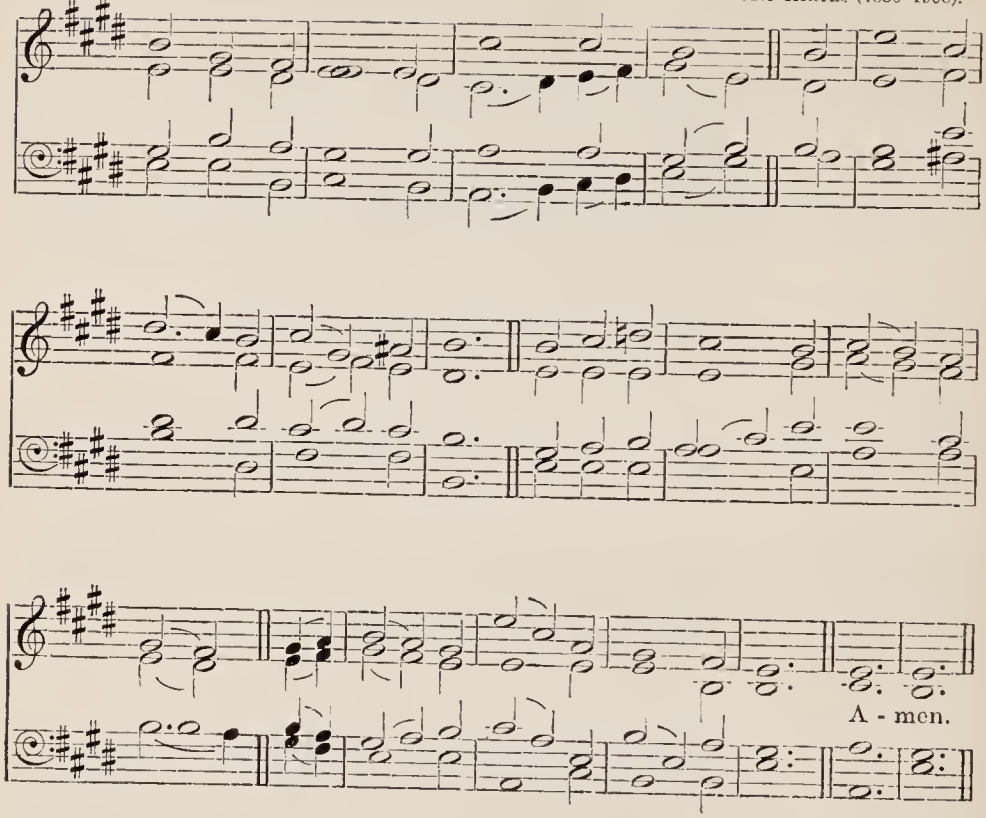
WHEN wilt thou save the people?
O God of merey, when?
Not kings alone, but nations!
Not thrones and erowns, but men!
Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
Their heritage a sunless day.
God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
'No,' say thy mountains; 'No,' thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
God save the people!

When wilt thou save the people?
O God of merey, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men:
God save the people; thine they are,
Thy ehildren, as thine angels fair;
From viee, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

GALILEE. (L.M.) ♩ = 88.

PHILIP ARMES (1830–1908).



RUDYARD KIPLING (1865–).

LAND of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be ;
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women of our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh help thy children when they call ;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefilèd heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth ;
That, in our time, thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day ;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
On thee for judge, and not our friends ;
That we, with thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

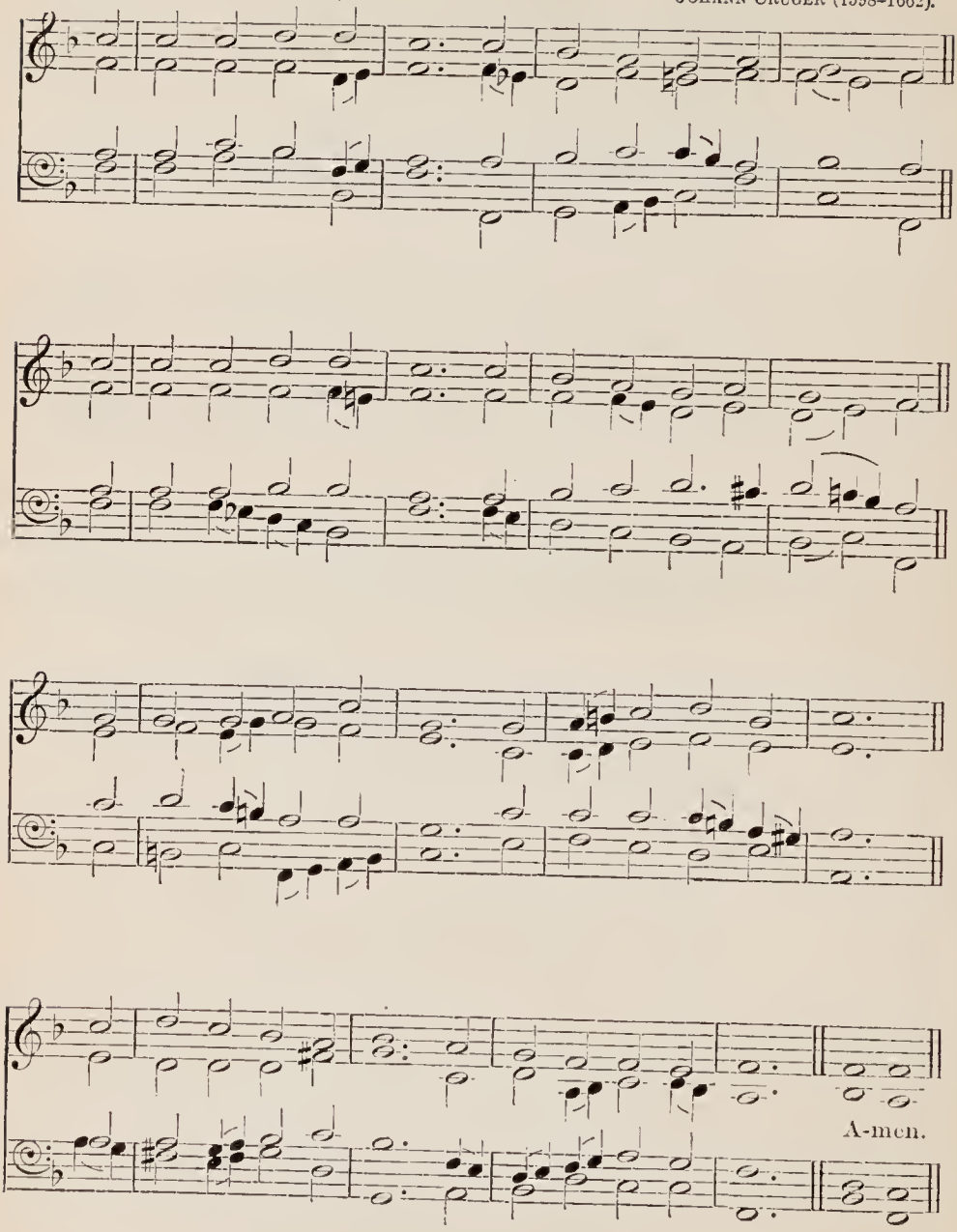
Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
That, under thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs ;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun !

Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died ;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be !

NUN DANKET. (67.67.66.66.) 𝅗𝅥 = 56.

JOHANN CRÜGER (1598–1662).



MARTIN RINKART (1586–1649).
Tr. CATHERINE WINKWORTH (1829–1878).

Nun danket alle Gott.

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world rejoices ;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

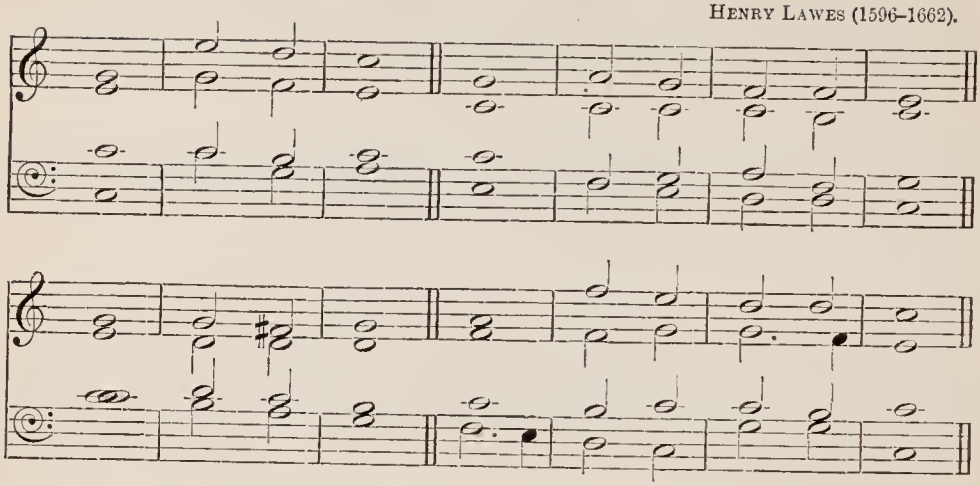
Oh may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

272

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

HENRY LAWES (1596–1662).



WE práise | thee, O | God : We acknówledge | thee to | be the | Lord.

All the eárth doth | worship | thee : Thé | Father | ever- | lasting.

To thee all ángels | cry a- | loud : The heávens, and | all the | powers there- | in.

To thee Chérubim and | Sera- | phim : Cón | tinual- | ly do | cry,

Hóly | holy | holy : Lórd | God of | Saba- | oth ;

Heaven and earth are fúll of the | majes- | ty : Óf | — thy | Glo- — | ry.

The glorious cómpany | of the a- | postles : Práise | — — | — — | thee ;

The goodly féllowship | of the | prophets : Práise | — — | — — | thee ;

The nóble | army of | martyrs : Práise | — — | — — | thee ;

The holy chúrch throughout | all the | world : Dóth | — ac- | knowledge | thee ;

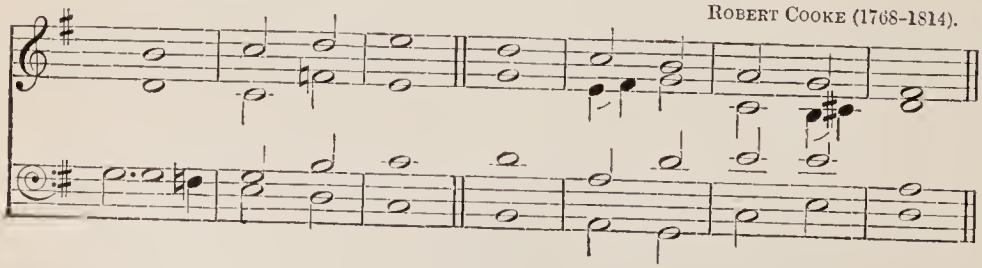
Thé | Fa- — | ther : Óf an | infinite | majes- | ty ;

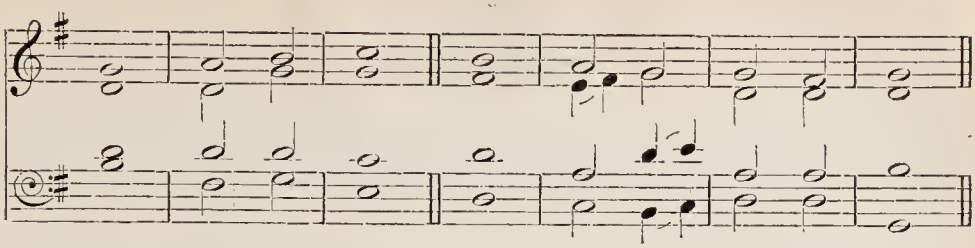
Thine hónour- | able, | true : Ánd | on- — | ly — | Son ;

2nd part.

Álso the | Holy | Ghost : Thé | Com- — | fort- — | er.

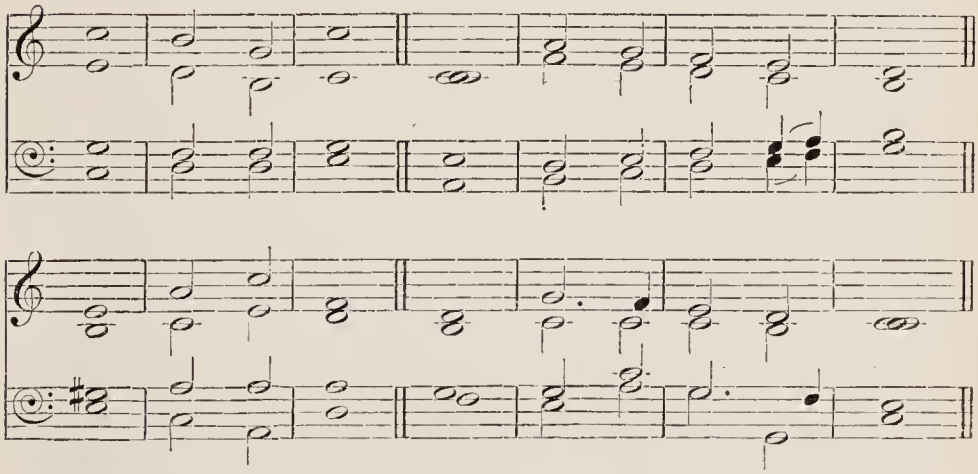
ROBERT COOKE (1768–1814).





Thóu art the | King of | Glory : Ó | — — | — — | Christ ;
Thou art the éver | lasting | Son : Óf | — the | Fa- — | ther.
When thou tookest upon thee tó de- | liver | man : Thou didst nót ab- | hor the | Virgin's | womb ;
When thou hadst overcóme the | sharpness of | death : Thou didst open the kíngdom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.
Thou sittest at the ríght | hand of | God : Ín the | glory | of the | Father.
We belíéve that | thou shalt | come : Tó | be — | our — | Judge.
We therefore práy thee, | help thy | servants : Whom thou hast redéemed | with thy | precious | blood ;
Make them to be númbered | with thy | saints : Ín | glory | ever- | lasting.
O Lórd, | save thy | people : Ánd | bless thy | heri- | tage,
Gó- | — vern | them : Ánd | lift them | up for | ever.
Dáy | by — | day : Wé | magni- | fy — | thee ;
Ánd we | worship thy | name : Éver | world with- | out — | end.

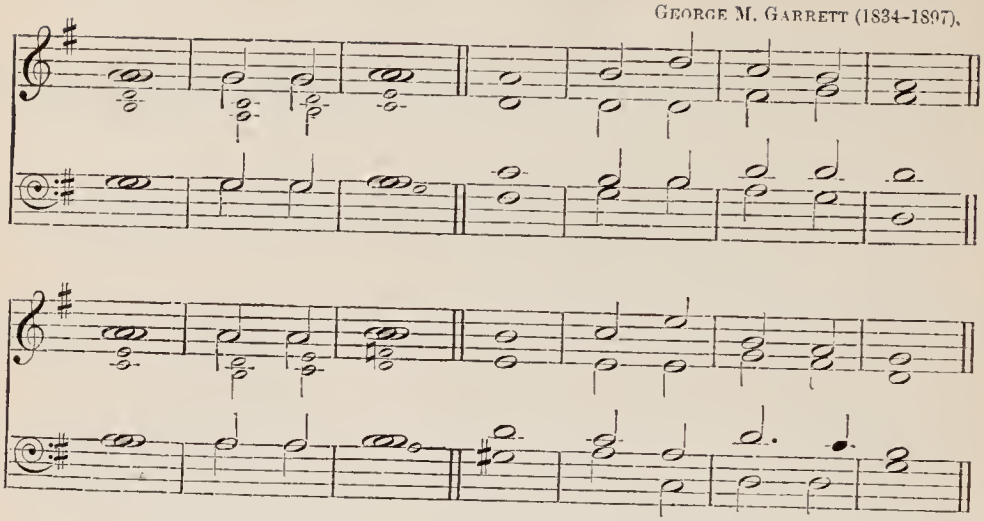
John Davy (1763–1824).



Voúch- | safe, O | Lord : To kéep us this | day with- | out — | sin ;
O Lórd, have | mercy up- | on us : Háve | mer- — | cy up- | on us.
O Lord, let thy mércy | lighten up- | on us : Ás our | trust is | in — | thee ;
O Lord, in thée | have I | trusted : Lét me | never | be con- | founded.

BENEDICTUS

GEORGE M. GARRETT (1834-1897).

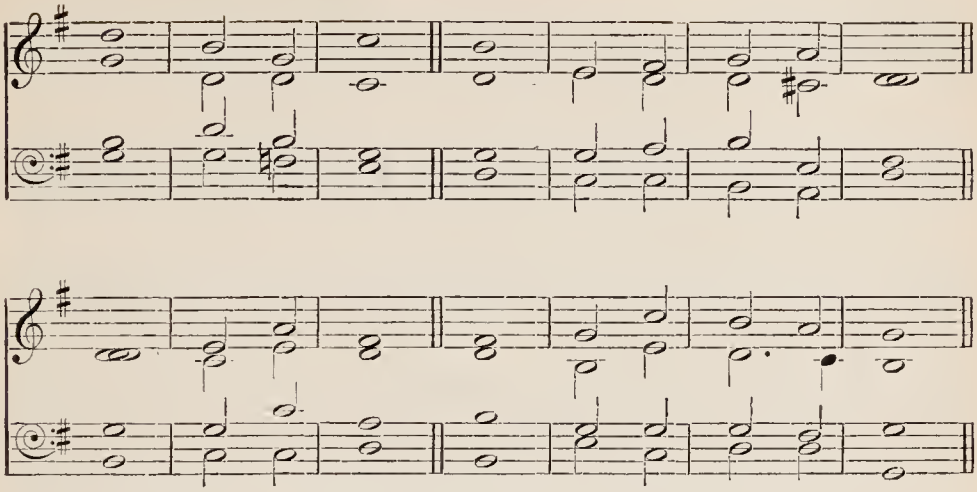


BLESSED be the Lórd | God of | Israel : For he hath vísited | and re- | deemed his | people,
And hath raised up a míghty sal- | vation | for us : In the hoúse | of his | servant | David ;
As he spake by the moúth of his | holy | prophets : Which have béen | since the | world be- | gan ;
That we should be sáved | from our | enemies : And fróm the | hands of | all that | hate us ;
To perform the mercy prómised | to our | forefathers : Ánd to re- | member his | holy | covenant ;
To perform the oath which he swáre to our | forefather | Abraham : Thát | he would | give — | us,
That we, being delivered out of the hánds | of our | enemies : Might sérve | him with- | out — | fear ;
In holiness and ríghteous- | ness be- | fore him : Áll the | days — | of our | life.
And thou, child, shalt be called the próphet | of the | highest : For thou shalt go before the face of the Lórd | to pre- | pare his | ways ;
To give knowledge of salvátion | unto his | people : Fór the re- | mission | of their | sins,
Through the tender mércy | of our | God : Whereby the dáyspring from on | high hath | visited | us,
To give light to them that sit in darkness * and ín the | shadow of | death : And to guide our féet | into the | way of | peace.
Glory be to the Fáther and | to the | Son : Ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be : Wórld without | end, — | A- — | men.

274

JUBILATE DEO

HENRY SMART (1813–1879).



[*By permission of Novello & Co. Ltd.*]

O BE joyful in the Lórd, | all ye | lands : Serve the Lord with gladness * and come befóre his | presence | with a | song.

Be ye sure that the Lórd | he is | God : it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves * we are his people, ánd the | sheep of | his — | pasture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving * and ínto his | courts with | praise : Be thankful unto hím, and | speak good | of his | name,

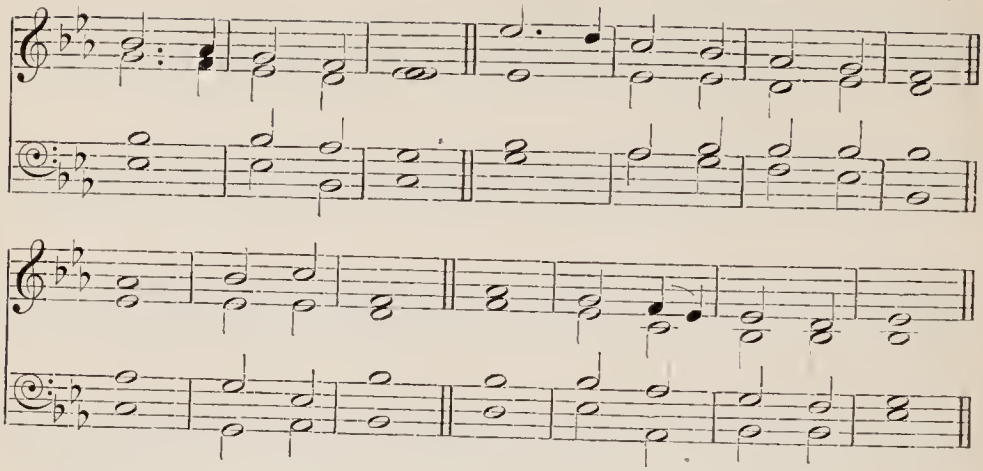
For the Lord is gracious * his mércy is | ever- | lasting : And his truth endureth from géner- | ation to | gener- | ation.

Glory be to the Fáther and | to the | Son : Ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be : Wórld without | end, — | A- — | men.

MAGNIFICAT

EARL OF MORNINGTON (1735–1781).



MY soul doth mágni- | fy the | Lord : And my spirit háth re- | joiced in | God my | Saviour,

Fór he | hath re- | garded : The lówliness | of his | hand- — | maiden ;

Fór be- | hold, from | henceforth : Áll gener- | ations shall | call me | blessed ;

For he that is míghty hath | magnified | me : Ánd | holy | is his | name.

2nd part.

And his mércy is on | them that | fear him : Throughóut | all — | gener- | ations.

He hath shewed strénght | with his | arm : He hath scattered the proud in the imágin- | ation | of their | hearts ;

He hath put down the míghty | from their | seat : And háth ex- | alted the | humble and | meek.

He hath filled the húngry with | good — | things : And the rích he hath | sent — | empty a- | way ;

He, remembering his mercy, hath hólpen his | servant | Israel : As he promised to our forefathers * Ábraham | and his | seed for | ever.

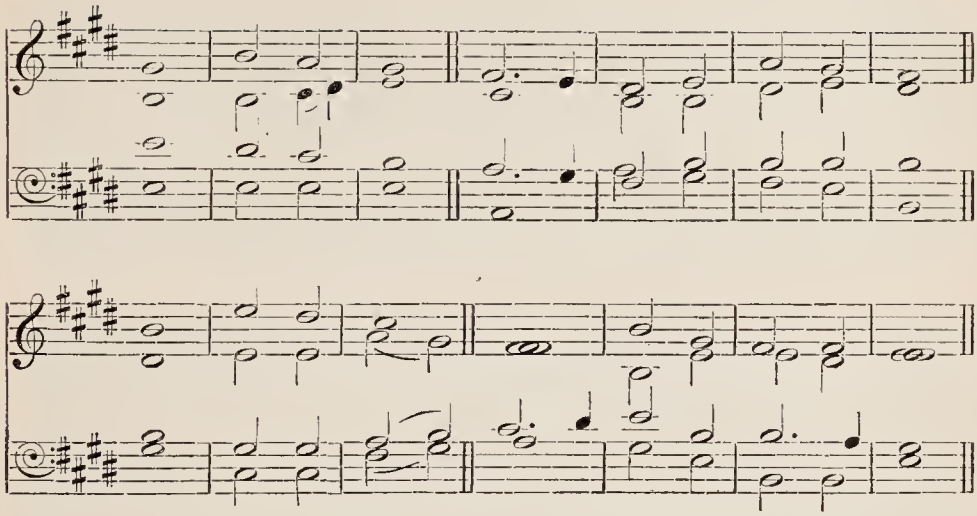
Glory be to the Fáther and | to the | Son : Ánd | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning * is nów, and | ever | shall be : Wórld without | end, — | A- — | men.

276

NUNC DIMITTIS

JOHN GOSS (1800-1880).



LORD, now lettest thou thy sérvant de- | part in | peace : Ác- | cording | to thy | word,

Fór mine | eyes have | seen : Thý | — sal- | va- — | tion,

Which thou | hast pre- | pared : Before the | face of | all — | people,

To be a light to | lighten the | Gentiles : And to be the glóry | of thy | people | Israel.

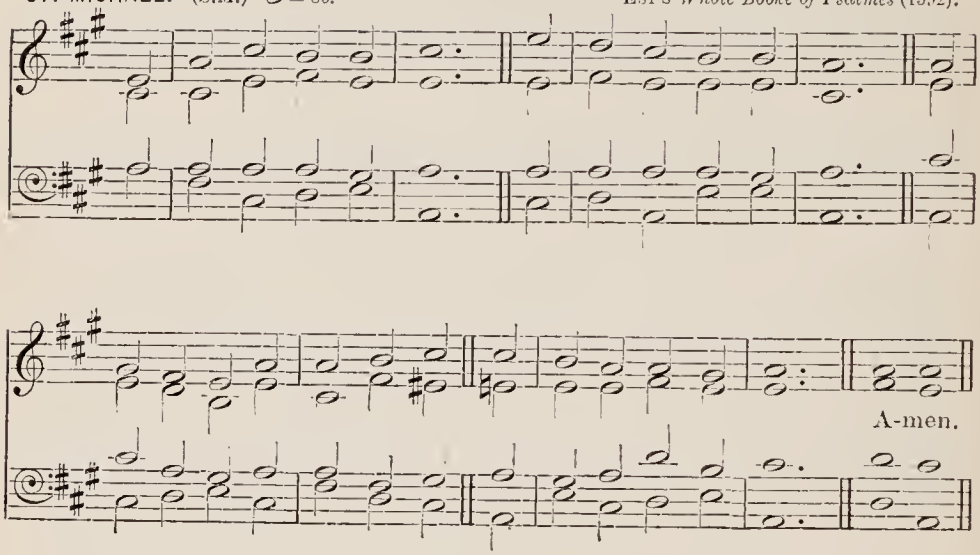
Glory be to the Fáther and | to the | Son : And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;

As it was in the beginning * is nów and | ever | shall be : World without | end, — | A- — | men.

DOXOLOGY.

ST. MICHAEL. (S.M.) ♩ = 80.

Modern version of Old 134th.
EST'S *Whole Booke of Psalmes* (1592).



ISAAC WATTS (1674–1748).

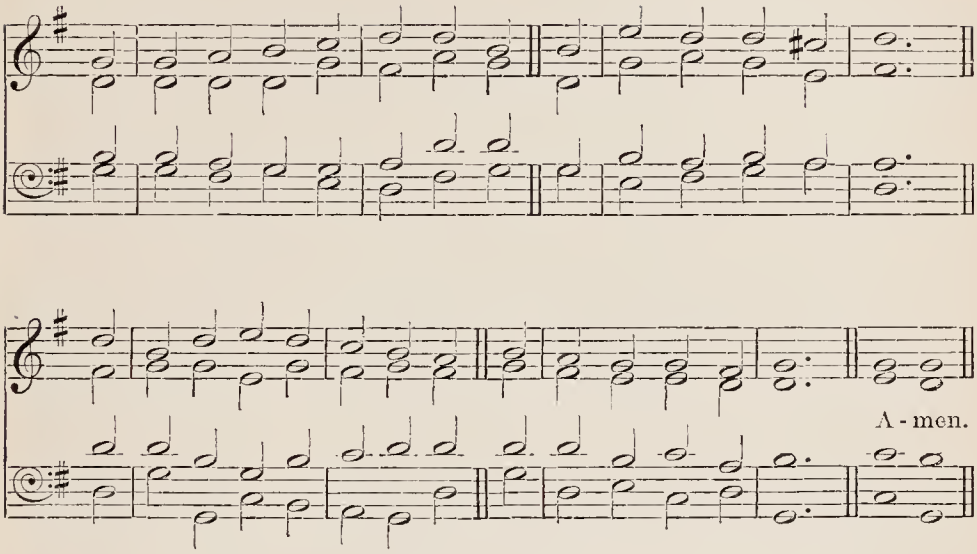
TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

278

DOXOLOGY.

DUNFERMLINE. (C.M.) ♩ = 69. *The cl Psalmes*, Edinburgh (1615).



Scottish Psalter (1650). Ps. lxxii. 18-19.

NOW blessèd be the Lord our God,
The God of Israel,
For He alone doth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.

And blessèd be His glorious name
To all eternity:
The whole earth let His glory fill.
Amen, so let it be.

INDEX OF TUNES

NAME OF TUNE	NO.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE	METRE
Abends . . .	28 . .	Herbert Stanley Oakeley (1830-1903) . . .	L.M.
Abridge . . .	82, 189, 244	Isaac Smith (*c.* 1735-1800)	C.M.
Adeste Fideles .	83 . .	J. F. Wade's *Cantus Diversi* (1751)	Irregular.
Aleester . . .	60 . .	Harmonized by Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876)	7 7. 7 7.
Alleluia . . .	114 . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876) . . .	8 7. 8 7. D.
All Saints (New)	181 . .	Henry Stephen Cutler (1824-1902)	D.C.M.
And didst thou love the race?	111 . .	Alexander Thom Cringan (1860-) . . .	10 10. 10 6.
Angelus . . .	25 . .	Founded on a melody by Georg Joseph (1657)	L.M.
Arcadelt . . .	206 . .	Jacob Arcadelt (?) (*c.* 1514-1560)	7 6. 7 6. D.
Ar Hyd y Nos .	32 . .	Edward Jones's *Relics of the Welsh Bards* (1784)	8 4. 8 4. 8 8. 8 4.
Armageddon . .	185 . .	Arranged by John Goss (1800-1880) . . .	6 5. 6 5. 6 5. D.
Arnsberg . . .	1 . . .	Joachim Neander (1650-1680)	6 6 8. D. 3 3 6 6.
Arthur	46 . .	Ernest Campbell MacMillan (1893-) . .	7 8. 7 8. 7 7. 7 7.
Ascension . . .	108 . .	William Henry Monk (1823-1889)	7 7. 7 7. with Alleluia.
Aurelia . . .	14, 240 .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876) . . .	7 6. 7 6. D.
Austria . . .	53, 241 .	Franz Josef Haydn (1732-1809)	8 7. 8 7. D.
Babylon's Streams	125 . .	Thomas Campion (? 1567-1619)	L.M.
Baden	221 . .	*Nürnbergisches Gesang-Buch* (1690)	8 7. 8 7. 4 4. 8 8.
Beatitudo . . .	158 . .	John Baechus Dykes (1823-1876)	C.M.
Bedminster . .	9 . . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876) . . .	6 6. 6 6.
Belmont . . .	38 . .	William Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies* (1812) .	C.M.
Benedicite, Omnia Opera	87 . .	Ernest Campbell MacMillan (1893-) . .	6 6 10. 6 6 10. 8 12.
Bentley . . .	168 . .	John Pyke Hullah (1812-1884)	7 6. 7 6. D.
Bethany (Crucifer)	253 . .	Henry Smart (1813-1879)	8 7. 8 7. D.
Bethlehem . .	5 . . .	Samuel Wesley (1766-1837)	S.M.
Blanchard . .	268 . .	George Frederick Blanchard (1868-) .	8 8. 8 8. 8 8.
Brandenburg .	36 . .	German Melody	7 7. 7 7.
Bury	32 . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876) . . .	8 4. 8 4. 8 8. 8 4.
Campfields . .	164 . .	Mark James Monk (1858-)	8 6. 8 8 6.
Carrow	171 . .	Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900) . . .	8 4. 8 4. 8 4.
Chalvey . . .	223 . .	Leighton George Hayne (1836-1883) . . .	D.S.M.
Christchurch .	248 . .	Charles Steggall (1826-1905)	6 6. 6 6. 8 8.
Church Triumphant	247 . .	James William Elliott (1833-)	L.M.
Cloisters . . .	242 . .	Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	11 11. 11 5.
Cloisters . . .	194 (Pt. i)	James Turle (1802-1882)	C.M.
Cœna Domini .	162 . .	Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900) . . .	10 10.
Colchester . .	175 . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876) . . .	8 8. 8 8. 8 8.
Colwyn Bay . .	174 . .	Thomas Joseph Linekar (1858-) . . .	8 8 6. 8 8 6.
Come unto me .	138 . .	John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)	7 6. 7 6. D.
Commonwealth .	269 . .	Josiah Booth (1852-)	7 6. 7 6. 8 8 8 5.

NAME OF TUNE	NO.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE	METRE
Corde Natus . .	81 . .	Plainsong Melody (12th cent.)	87. 87. 877.
Crediton . . .	82 . .	Thomas Clark (1775-1859)	C.M.
Croft's 148th . .	10 . .	William Croft (1678-1727)	66. 66. 88.
Cross of Jesus .	101, 176	John Stainer (1840-1901)	87. 87.
Crossing the Bar	225 . .	Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	Irregular.
Crüger	80 . .	Adapted by William Henry Monk from a Chorale by Johann Crüger (1598-1662)	76. 76 D.
Crusaders' Hymn	118 . .	Traditional Melody	568. 108.
Culford . . .	254 . .	Edward John Hopkins (1818-1901)	77. 77. D.
Dalkeith . . .	137, 146	Thomas Hewlett (1845-1874)	10 10. 10 10.
Darwall's 148th .	54, 116 .	John Darwall (1731-1789)	66. 66. 88.
Day of Praise .	165 . .	Charles Steggall (1826-1905)	S.M.
Day of Rest . .	14, 178 .	James William Elliott (1833-)	76. 76. D.
Deerhurst . .	253 . .	James Langran (1835-1909)	87. 87. D.
Deus refugium nostrum	267 . .	Ernest Campbell MacMillan (1893-) . .	11 10. 11 10.
Diademata . .	112 . .	George Job Elvey (1816-1893)	D.S.M.
Dies Irae . . .	124 . .	Solesmes. Modes i and ii. Set by Basil Harwood	888.
Dix	69, 119 .	Conrad Kocher (1786-1872)	77. 77. 77.
Dominus Regit Me	172 . .	John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)	87. 87.
Donne Secours .	97, 217 .	Psalm 12 in *Pseaumes octante trois*, Geneva (1551)	11 10. 11 10.
Dunfermline .	278 . .	*The cl Psalmes*, Edinburgh (1615)	C.M.
Dundee . . .	42 . .	*The cl Psalmes*, Edinburgh (1615)	C.M.
Duke Street . .	51 . .	John Hatton (d. 1793)	L.M.
Easter Hymn .	105 . .	*Lyra Davidica* (1708)	77. 77. with Alleluia.
Eden	212 . .	Oswald Mosley Feilden (1837-)	66. 66.
Ein' Feste Burg	198 . .	Martin Luther (1483-1546). Harmonized by Johann Sebastian Bach	87. 87. 6666. 7.
Eisenach . . .	152 . .	Johann Hermann Schein (1586-1630). Harmonized by Johann Sebastian Bach	L.M.
Ellers	34 . .	Edward John Hopkins (1818-1901)	10 10. 10 10.
Ellingham . .	39, 146 .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876) . . .	10 10. 10 10.
Epiphany . . .	90 . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876) . . .	11 10. 11 10. D.
Eton College . .	35 . .	Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	87. 87. 47.
Evening and Morning	210 . .	Herbert Stanley Oakeley (1830-1903) . . .	10 10. 11. 10. D.
Eventide . . .	30 . .	William Henry Monk (1823-1889)	10 10. 10 10.
Ewing	238 (Pt. iv)	Alexander Ewing (1830-1895)	76. 76. D.
Excelsior . . .	220 . .	Lowell Mason (1792-1872)	64. 64. 6664.
Feniton Court .	201 . .	Edward John Hopkins (1818-1901)	87. 87. 87.
Flemming . .	222 . .	Friedrich Ferdinand Flemming (1778-1813)	11 10. 11 6.
Forest Green .	91 . .	English Traditional Melody	D.C.M.
Galilee	115, 270	Philip Armes (1830-1908)	L.M.
Genevan Psalm 61	227 . .	*Pseaumes octante trois*, Geneva (1551). Set by Harry Ellis Wooldridge (1845-) . . .	847. 847.
Gerontius . .	77 . .	John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)	C.M.
God rest you merry, Gentlemen	89 . .	English Traditional Melody	86. 86. 86. and refrain.
God save the King	266 . .	*Thesaurus Musicus*, 1740 and 1745	664. 6664.

NAME OF TUNE	NO.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE	METRE
Gouda	133 . .	Berthold Tours (1838-1897)	C.M.
Gower's Litany .	132 . .	John Henry Gower (1855-)	7 7. 7 6.
Hanover . . .	55 . .	William Croft (1678-1727)	10 10. 11 11.
Harewood . . .	116 . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876) . . .	6 6. 6 6. 8 8.
Hartland . . .	148 . .	Edward John Hopkins (1818-1901)	5 5. 3 5.
Harvington . .	63 . .	C. E. Kettle (1833-)	6 6. 8 4. D.
Hawarden . .	234 . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810 1876) . . .	6 6. 6 6. D.
Hazel	226 . .	Basil Harwood (1859-)	7 7. 7 7. 8 8.
Helmsley . . .	121 . .	Thomas Olivers (1725-1799). Wesley's *Select Hymns* (1765)	8 7. 8 7. 4 7.
Herbert . . .	13 . .	Richard Robert Chope (1830-)	8 8. 8 4.
Herzliebster Jesu	26 . .	Johann Crüger (1598-1662). Harmonized by Johann Sebastian Bach	11 11. 11 5.
Hesperus . . .	141 . .	Henry Baker (1835-)	L.M.
Hollingside . .	154 . .	John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)	7 7. 7 7. D.
Holy Trinity . .	21 . .	Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	C.M.
Holy War . .	197 . .	Josiah Booth (1852-)	6 5. 6 5. D.
Horsley . . .	20, 98 .	William Horsley (1774-1858)	C.M.
Houghton . . .	55 . .	Henry John Gauntlett (1805-1876)	10 10. 11 11.
Hursley . . .	28 . .	Abridged from melody in *Katholisches Gesangbuch*, Vienna (*c.* 1774)	L.M.
Hyfrydol . . .	122 . .	R. H. Prichard (1811-1887)	8 7. 8 7. D.
Innsbrück . .	23 . .	Heinrich Isaac (d. *c.* 1510). Adapted and harmonized by Johann Sebastian Bach	7 7 6. 7 7 8.
Intercession . .	45 . .	William Hutchins Callcott (1807-1882) (last two lines from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*)	7 5. 7 5. D 8 8.
Irene	130 . .	Clement Cotterill Scholefield (1839-1904) . .	7 7. 7 5.
Irish	74 . .	From *A Collection of Hymns and Sacred Poems*, Dublin (1749)	C.M.
Israel	199 . .	George Clement Martin (1844-) . . .	8 8. 8 8. 8 8.
Iste Confessor .	242 . .	Rouen Church Melody	11 11. 11 5.
Jackson . . .	57 . .	Thomas Jackson (*c.* 1715-1781)	C.M.
Jerusalem . .	235 . .	T. Worsley Staniforth (1845-1909)	C.M.
Jesu Leiden, Pein und Tod	149 . .	Melchior Vulpius (1560-*c.* 1616). Harmonized by Johann Sebastian Bach	7 7. 7 7. D.
Kensington New	255 . .	James Tilleard (1827-1876)	8 7. 8 7. 8 7.
Kilmarnock . .	67 . .	Neil Dougall (1776-1862)	C.M.
Kingsfold . . .	143, 192	From an English Traditional Melody . .	D.C.M.
Laudes Domini .	66 . .	Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	6 6 6. 6 6 6.
Laus Deo . . .	65 . .	Ernest Campbell MacMillan (1893-) . .	12 13. 12 10.
Leoni	63 . .	Hebrew Melody (*c.* 1770)	6 6. 8 4. D.
Les Commandemens de Dieu	186 . .	Original form of melody composed or adapted by L. Bourgeois for the *Genevan Psalter* (1543)	9 8. 9 8.
Llangloffan . .	178 . .	Canon D. Evans's *Hymnau a Thonau* (1865) .	7 6. 7 6. D.
L'Omnipotent	217 . .	Melody composed or adapted by L. Bourgeois for the *Genevan Psalter* (1543)	11 10. 11 10.
London New .	71 . .	*Psalmes*, Edinburgh (1635)	C.M.
Lübeck . . .	245 . .	Freylinghausen's *Gesang Buch* (1704) . . .	7 7. 7 7.
Lucerne . . .	180 . .	Arranged from a German Chorale	8 8 8. 8 8 8.
Luther's Hymn .	8 . . .	*Geistliche Lieder*, Wittenberg (1535) . . .	8 7. 8 7. 8 8 7.
Lux Benigna .	207 . .	John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)	10 4. 10 4. 10 10.
Mainzer . . .	129 . .	Joseph Mainzer (1801-1851)	L.M.
Marion	204 . .	Arthur Henry Messiter (1834-) . . .	S.M., with refrain.
Martyrdom . .	37, 177 .	Hugh Wilson (1764-1824)	C.M.

NAME OF TUNE	NO.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE	METRE
Martyrs . . .	107 . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810–1876) . . .	7 6. 7 6. D.
Maryton . . .	169 . .	Henry Percy Smith (1825–1898)	L.M.
Meditation . .	98 . .	John Henry Gower (1855–)	C.M.
Meiringen . .	261 . .	C. G. Neefe (1748–1798)	8 6. 8 6. 8 8.
Meirionydd . .	238 (Pt. iii)	R. Mills' *Caniadau Seion* (1840). Harmonized by Basil Harwood	7 6. 7 6. D.
Melcombe . . .	16, 128 .	Samuel Webbe the elder (1740–1816) . . .	L.M.
Mendelssohn .	88 . .	Jakob Ludwig Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809–1847). From a cantata *Gott ist Licht*. Adapted by William H. Cummings	7 7. 7 7. D. 7 7.
Miles' Lane . .	113 . .	William Shrubsole (1760–1806)	C.M., with repeat.
Misericordia . .	144 . .	Henry Smart (1813–1879)	8 8. 8 6.
Missionary Hymn	262 . .	Lowell Mason (1792–1872)	7 6. 7 6. D.
Monkland . .	60 . .	Origin unknown. Arranged by John B. Wilkes (1861)	7 7. 7 7.
Monks Gate . .	190 . .	Adapted from an English Traditional Melody	11 11. 12 11.
Monmouth . .	59 . .	G. Davis (*c.* 1800)	8 8 8. 8 8 8.
Monsell . . .	165, 218	Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)	S.M.
Montgomery . .	233 . .	Isaac Baker Woodbury (1819–1858)	D.S.M.
Morecambe . .	6 . . .	Frederick Cook Atkinson (1841–1897) . . .	10 10. 10 10.
Moredun . . .	7 . . .	Henry Smart (1813–1879)	12 10. 12 10.
Morlaix . . .	203 . .	Justin Heinrich Knecht (1752–1817) . . .	7 6. 7 6.
Morning Light .	257 . .	George James Webb (1803–1887)	7 6. 7 6. D.
Moscow . . .	145 . .	John Baptiste Calkin (1827–1905)	7 6. 7 6. D.
Moscow . . .	251, 258, 259	Felice de Giardini (1716–1796). Harmonized by Samuel Sebastian Wesley	6 6 4. 6 6 6 4.
Munich . . .	145 . .	*Meiningisches Gesangbuch* (1693)	7 6. 7 6. D.
Narenza . . .	193 . .	*Catholische Kirchen-Gesäng*, Cologne (1619) .	S.M.
National Anthem	266 . .	*Thesaurus Musicus*, 1740 and 1745	6 6 4. 6 6 6 4.
Neumark . . .	47, 264 .	Georg Neumark (1621–1681)	9 8. 9 8. 8 8.
Newcastle . .	4 . . .	Henry Morley (1875)	8 6. 8 8 6.
Nicaea	3 . . .	John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)	11 12. 12 10.
Noel	86 . .	Arranged by Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842–1900)	D.C.M.
Nun Danket . .	271 . .	M. Rückert. From Johann Crüger's *Praxis Pietatis Melica* (1646)	6 7. 6 7. 6 6. 6 6.
O Quanta Qualia	237 . .	Melody from La Feillée's *Méthode du plain-chant* (1808)	10 10. 10 10.
Old 44th . . .	18 . .	Day's *Psalmes* (1562). Harmonized by Edward John Hopkins	D.C.M.
Old 100th . . .	2, 49 . .	*Pseaumes octante trois*, Geneva (1551) . . .	L.M.
Olives Brow . .	25 . .	William Batchelder Bradbury (1816–1868) .	L.M.
Ombersley . .	58 . .	William Henry Gladstone (1840–1891) . . .	L.M.
Oriel	255 . .	Caspar Ett's *Cantica Sacra* (1840)	8 7. 8 7. 8 7.
Orisons . . .	30 . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810–1876) . . .	10 10. 10 10.
Passion Chorale	96 . .	Hans Leo Hassler (1564–1612). Harmonized by Johann Sebastian Bach. Two Versions	7 6. 7 6. D.
Patmos. . . .	159 . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810–1876) . . .	10 4. 10 4. 10 10.
Pax Tecum . .	162 . .	George Thomas Caldbeck (1852–) . . .	10 10.
Pearsall . . .	238 (Pt. i)	Robert Lucas de Pearsall (1795–1856). St. Gall *Catholisches Gesangbuch* (1863)	7 6. 7 6. D.
Pentecost . . .	183 . .	William Boyd (1847–)	L.M.
Pilgrim Brothers	209 . .	Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848–). Arranged by J. Frederick Bridge	8 7. 8 7. D.
Pilgrims . . .	202 . .	Henry Smart (1813–1879)	11 10. 11 10 9 11.

NAME OF TUNE	NO.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE	METRE
Praise, my soul .	43 . .	John Goss (1800–1880)	8 7. 8 7. 8 7.
Quam Dilecta .	170 . .	Henry Lascelles Jenner (1820–1898) . . .	6 6. 6 6.
Radford . . .	33 . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810–1876) . . .	9 8. 9 8.
Ravenscroft's 104th	50 . .	Anon. Modern form of melody from Ravenscroft's *Psalmes* (1621)	10 10. 11 11.
Ravenshaw . .	134 . .	Melody abridged by W. H. Monk from *Ave Hierarchia* (Weisse's *Ein Neu Gesangbuchlin*, 1531)	6 6. 6 6.
Redhead No. 47.	219 . .	Richard Redhead (1820–1901)	7 7. 7 7.
Redhead No. 76.	99, 153 .	Richard Redhead (1820–1901)	7 7. 7 7. 7 7.
Regent Square .	252 . .	Henry Smart (1813–1879)	8 7. 8 7. 8 7.
Requiescat . .	226 . .	John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)	7 7. 7 7. 8 8.
Rest	164 . .	Frederick Charles Maker (1844–) . . .	8 6. 8 8 6.
Rockingham . .	100 . .	Adapted by Edward Miller (1731–1807). Harmony chiefly from Samuel Webbe (1740–1816) (*A Collection of Psalm Tunes*, 1820)	L.M.
St. Agnes, Durham	167 (Pt. i)	John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)	C.M.
St. Agnes . . .	155, 263	James Langran (1835–1909)	10 10. 10 10.
St. Alban . . .	191 . .	*St. Alban Tune Book* (1867)	L.M.
St. Alphege . .	238 (Pt. ii)	Henry John Gauntlett (1805–1876)	7 6. 7 6.
St. Anatolius .	31 . .	Arthur Henry Brown (1830–)	7 6. 7 6. 8 8.
St. Andrew . .	140 . .	Edward Henry Thorne (1834–)	8 7. 8 7.
St. Anne . . .	181, 265	'Mr. Denby' in Barber's *Psalm Tunes* (1687) founded on Henry Lawes' 136th Psalm in Sandys' *Paraphrase* (1636)	C.M.
St. Asaph . . .	230 . .	Giovanni Marie Giornovichi (1745–1804) . .	D.C.M.
St. Augustine .	211 (Pt. ii)	Johann Sebastian Bach (1685–1750) . . .	S.M.
St. Austin . .	151 . .	Arranged from 'Tonus Peregrinus' for *Bristol Tune Book* (1876)	8 7. 8 7. 4 7.
St. Bees . . .	161 . .	John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)	7 7. 7 7.
St. Bernard . .	92, 194 (Pt. ii)	John Richardson (1816–1879)	C.M.
St. Catharine .	179 . .	Henry F. Hemy (1818–1888) and J. G. Walton (1821–1905)	8 8. 8 8. 8 8.
St. Catherine .	139 . .	Reginald Francis Dale (1845–)	7 6. 7 6. D.
St. Christopher .	156 . .	Frederick Charles Maker (1844–) . . .	7 6. 8 6. 8 6. 8 6.
St. Chrysostom .	231 . .	Joseph Barnby (1838–1896)	8 8. 8 8. 8 8.
St. Clement . .	33 . .	Clement Cotterill Scholefield (1839–1904) . .	9 8. 9 8.
St. Crispin . .	62, 144 .	George Job Elvey (1816–1893)	L.M. and 8 8. 8 6.
St. Cross . . .	103 . .	John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)	L.M.
St. Cuthbert . .	127 . .	John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)	8 6. 8 4.
St Ethelwald .	182 . .	William Henry Monk (1823–1889)	S.M.
St. Flavian . .	135, 215	Day's *Psalmes* (1562)	C.M.
St. Frances . .	48 . .	George Augustus Löhr (1821–1897)	C.M.
St. Fulbert . .	167 (Pt. ii), 194 (Pt. iii)	Henry John Gauntlett (1805–1876)	C.M.
St. Gabriel . .	27 . .	Frederick Arthur Gore Ouseley (1825–1889) .	8 8. 8 4.
St. George . .	211 (Pt. i)	Henry John Gauntlett (1805–1876)	S.M.
St. George . .	84 . .	Traditional: founded on the Chorale *Lobt Gott, ihr Christen, allzugleich*	C.M.
St. George's, Edinburgh	64 . .	Andrew Mitchell Thomson (1778–1831) . .	D.C.M. and Coda.

NAME OF TUNE	NO.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE	METRE
St. George's, Windsor	104	George Job Elvey (1816-1893)	7 7. 7 7 D.
St. Gertrude	184	Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900)	6 5. 6 5. 6 5. D.
St. James	76	Raphael Courteville (d. 1772). From *Select Psalms and Hymns* (1697) (slightly altered)	C.M.
St. John	54	*Congregational Church Music* (1853)	6 6. 6 6. 8 8.
St. Leonard	195	Henry Smart (1813-1879)	C.M.
St. Leonard	29	Henry Hiles (1826-1904)	D.C.M.
St. Magnus	109	Jeremiah Clark (1670-1707)	C.M.
St. Margaret	173	Albert Lister Peace (1844-1912)	8 8. 8 8 6.
St. Martin's New	157	Robert Cooke (1768-1814)	D.S.M.
St. Mary	163	Archdeacon Pry's *Llyfr y Psalmau* (1621)	C.M.
St. Matthew	93	William Croft (1678-1727) (Modern form of tune)	D.C.M.
St. Matthias	75	William Henry Monk (1823-1889)	8 8. 8 8. 8 8.
St. Michael	277	Est's *Whole Booke of Psalmes* (1592)	S.M.
St. Olave	150	Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	6 6. 6 6. 6 6.
St. Oswald	209	John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)	8 7. 8 7.
St. Paul	167 (Pt. iii)	James Chalmers's *Collection* (1749)	C.M.
St. Peter	12, 160	Alexander Robert Reinagle (1799-1877)	C.M.
St. Philip	232	Joseph Barnby (1838-1896)	10 10. 10 4.
St. Stephen	177	William Jones (1726-1800)	C.M.
St. Sylvester	224	John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)	8 7. 8 7. and 8 8. 8 9.
St. Theodulph	94, 239	Melchior Teschner (c. 1615). Adapted and harmonized by Johann Sebastian Bach	7 6. 7 6. D.
St. Thomas	72	J. F. Wade's *Cantus Diversi* (1751)	8 7. 8 7. 8 7.
Salisbury	70	Ravenscroft's *Psalmes* (1621)	C.M.
Salzburg	40	Arranged from J. Michael Haydn (1737-1806)	C.M.
Sanctuary	228	John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)	8 7. 8 7. D.
Sandon	79	Charles Henry Purday (1799-1885)	10 4. 10 4. 10 10.
Sebaste	24	John Stainer (1840-1901)	Irregular.
Seelen-Bräutigam	208	Adam Drese (1620-1701). Harmonized by Johann Sebastian Bach	5 5. 8 8. 5 5.
Seelen-Bräutigam (Rochelle)	208	Adam Drese (1620-1701); the original form of melody. Harmonized by Samuel Sebastian Wesley	5 5. 8 8. 5 5.
Selma	216	R. A. Smith's *Sacred Music* (1825)	S.M.
Skelton	250	Charles L. Naylor (1869-)	Irregular.
Song 1	56, 187	Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)	10 10. 10 10. 10 10.
Spohr	142	From Louis Spohr's *The Crucifixion* (1784-1859)	C.M.
Stella	175	*Easy Hymn Tunes* (1851)	8 8. 8 8. 8 8.
Stowe	17	Charles Henry Morse (1853-)	11 10. 11 10.
Stuttgart	136	*Psalmodia Sacra*, Gotha (1715)	8 7. 8 7.
Submission	214	Albert Lister Peace (1844-1912)	10 4. 10 4.
Supplication	260	George F. Vincent (1855-)	6 6. 6 6. D.
Tallis' Canon	15, 22	Thomas Tallis (c. 1510-1585)	L.M.
Tallis' Ordinal	196, 200	Thomas Tallis (c. 1510-1585)	C.M.
Temple	32	Edward John Hopkins (1818-1901)	8 4. 8 4. 8 8. 8 4.
Thorn	205	Anon. in S. S. Wesley's *European Psalmist* (1872)	L.M.
Triumph	110	Henry John Gauntlett (1805-1876)	8 7. 8 7. 8 7.
Undique Gloria	61	George Job Elvey (1816-1893)	10 4. 6 6 6 6. 10 4.
University	113	John Randall (1715-1799)	C.M
Unser Herrscher	85	Joachim Neander (1650-1680)	8 7. 8 7. 8 7.
Urbs Beata	236	Sarum Plainsong	8 7. 8 7. 8 7.

NAME OF TUNE	NO.	COMPOSER OR SOURCE	METRE
Vater Unser . .	11, 243 .	? Martin Luther (1483–1546), *Geistliche Lieder*, Leipzig (1539)	8 8. 8 8. 8 8.
Veni Cito . . .	123 . .	John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)	8 8. 8 8. 8 8.
Veni Creator .	126 . .	Sarum Plainsong	L.M., with Coda.
Veni Emmanuel	120 . .	Plainsong Melody (13th cent.) from a French Missal in the National Library, Lisbon	8 8. 8 8. 8 8.
Veni Spiritus .	131 . .	John Stainer (1840–1901)	S.M.
Venit Hora . .	95 . .	John Stainer (1840–1901)	7 7. 7 7. 7 7.
Victory . . .	107 . .	Adapted from Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1515–1594)	8 8 8. and Alleluias.
Vigilate . . .	188 . .	William Henry Monk (1823–1889)	7 7. 7 3.
Vox Dilecti . .	143 . .	John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876)	D.C.M.
Walden . . .	166 . .	James Edmund Jones (1866–)	C.M.
Waltham . . .	256 . .	John Baptiste Calkin (1827–1905)	L.M.
Waltham . . .	246 . .	William Henry Monk (1823–1889)	6 6. 6 6. 6 6.
Walton . . .	73, 102 .	William Gardiner's *Sacred Melodies* (1815) .	L.M.
Wareham . . .	78, 117, 129	William Knapp (1698–1768)	L.M.
Warrington . .	115 . .	Ralph Harrison (1748–1810)	L.M.
Westminster .	52 . .	James Turle (1802–1882)	C.M.
Wiltshire . . .	19, 166 .	George Smart (1776–1867)	C.M.
Wimbledon . .	213 . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810–1876) . . .	8 8. 8 4.
Winchester New	41 . .	*Musikalisches Handbuch*, Hamburg (1690) .	L.M.
Winchester Old	249 . .	Est's *Whole Booke of Psalmes* (1592). Adapted from Christopher Tye	C.M.
Winscott . . .	68 . .	Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810–1876) . . .	L.M.
Wroxall . . .	147 . .	Edward John Hopkins (1818–1901)	4 6. 4 6. D.
York	44 . .	*The cl Psalmes*, Edinburgh (1615)	C.M.
Ymdaith Mwngc	229 . .	Welsh Traditional Melody	Irregular.

CHANTS

NAME OF CHANT	NO.	COMPOSER
Lawes in C	272	Henry Lawes (1596–1662)
Cooke in G	272	Robert Cooke (1768–1814)
Davy in C	272	John Davy (1763–1824)
Garrett in G	273	George M. Garrett (1834–1897)
Smart in G	274	Henry Smart (1813–1879)
Mornington in E flat .	275	Earl of Mornington (1735–1781)
Goss in E	276	John Goss (1800–1880)

METRICAL INDEX OF TUNES

Short Metre.

Bethlehem, 5.
Day of Praise, 165.
Monsell, 165, 218.
Narenza, 193.
St. Augustine, 211, Part ii.
St. Ethelwald, 182.
St. George, 211, Part i.
St. Michael, 277.
Selma, 216.
Veni Spiritus, 131.

WITH REFRAIN.

Marion, 204.

Double Short Metre.

Chalvey, 223.
Diademata, 112.
Montgomery, 233.
St. Martin's New, 157.

Common Metre.

Abridge, 82, 189, 244.
Beatitudo, 158.
Belmont, 38.
Cloisters (Turle), 194, Part i.
Crediton, 82.
Dundee, 42.
Dunfermline, 278.
Gerontius, 77.
Gouda, 133.
Holy Trinity, 21.
Horsley, 20, 100.
Irish, 74.
Jackson, 57.
Jerusalem, 235.
Kilmarnock, 67.
London New, 71.
Martyrdom, 37, 177.
Meditation, 98.
St. Agnes, Durham, 167, Part i.
St. Anne, 181, 265.
St. Bernard, 92, 194, Part ii.
St. Flavian, 135, 215.
St. Frances, 48
St. Fulbert, 167, Part ii; 194, Part iii.
St. George, 84.
St. James, 76.
St. Leonard (Smart), 195.
St. Magnus, 109.
St. Mary, 163.
St. Paul, 167, Part iii.
St. Peter, 12, 160.
St. Stephen, 177.
Salisbury, 70.
Salzburg, 40.
Spohr, 142.
Tallis' Ordinal, 196, 200.
University, 113.
Walden, 166.
Westminster, 52.
Wiltshire, 19, 166.
Winchester Old, 249.
York, 44.

WITH REPEAT.

Miles' Lane, 113.

Double Common Metre.

All Saints (New), 181.
Forest Green, 91.
Kingsfold, 143, 192.
Noel, 86.
Old 44th, 18.
St. Asaph, 230.
St. Leonard (Hiles), 29.
St. Matthew, 93.
Vox Dilecti, 143.

WITH CODA.

St. George's, Edinburgh, 64.

Long Metre.

Abends, 28.
Angelus, 25.
Babylon's Streams, 125.
Church Triumphant, 247.
Duke Street, 51.
Eisenach, 152.
Galilee, 115, 270.
Hesperus, 141.
Hursley, 28.
Mainzer, 129.
Maryton, 169.
Melcombe, 16, 128.
Old 100th, 2, 49.
Olives Brow, 25.
Ombersley, 58.
Pentecost, 183.
Rockingham, 100.
St. Alban, 191.
St. Crispin, 62, 144.
St. Cross, 103.
Tallis' Canon, 15, 22.
Thorn, 205.
Waltham (Calkin), 256.
Walton, 73, 102.
Wareham, 78, 117, 129.
Warrington, 115.
Winchester New, 41.
Winscott, 68.

WITH CODA.

Veni Creator, 126.

4 6. 4 6. D.

Wroxall, 147.

5 5. 3 5.

Hartland, 148.

5 5. 8 8. 5 5.

Seelen Bräutigam, 208.
Seelen-Bräutigam (Rochelle), 208.

5 6 8. 10 8.

Crusaders' Hymn, 118.

6 4. 6 4. 6 6 6 4.

Excelsior, 220.

6 5. 6 5. D.

Holy War, 197.

6 5. 6 5. 6 5. D.

Armageddon, 185.
St. Gertrude, 184.

6 6 4. 6 6 6 4.

God save the King, 266.
Moscow (Giardini), 251, 258, 259.

6 6. 6 6.

Bedminster, 9.
Eden, 212.
Quam Dilecta, 170.
Ravenshaw, 134.

6 6 6. 6 6 6.

Laudes Domini, 66.

6 6. 6 6. 6 6.

St. Olave, 150.
Waltham (Monk), 246.

6 6. 6 6. D.

Hawarden, 234.
Supplication, 260.

6 6. 6 6. 8 8.

Christchurch, 248.
Croft's 148th, 10.

Darwall's 148th, 54, 116.
Harewood, 116.
St. John, 54.

66.84. D.

Harvington, 63.
Leoni, 63.

668. D. 33.66.

Arnsberg, 1.

6610. 6610. 812.

Benedicite, Omnia Opera, 87.

67.67.66.66.

Nun Danket, 271.

75.75. D. 88.

Intercession, 45.

76.76.

Morlaix, 203.
St. Alphege, 238, Part ii.

76.76. D.

Arcadelt, 206.
Aurelia, 14, 240.
Bentley, 168.
Come unto Me, 138.
Crüger, 80.
Day of Rest, 14, 178.
Ewing, 238, Part iv.
Llangloffan, 178.
Martyrs, 107.
Meirionydd, 238, Part iii.
Missionary Hymn, 262.
Morning Light, 257.
Moscow (Calkin), 145.
Munich, 145.
Passion Chorale, 96.
Pearsall, 238, Part i.
St. Catherine (Dale), 139.
St. Theodulph, 94, 239.

76.76.88.

St. Anatolius, 31.

76.76.8885.

Commonwealth, 269.

76.86.86.86.

St. Christopher, 156.

776.778.

Innsbrück, 23.

77.73.

Vigilate, 188.

77.75.

Irene, 130.

77.76.

Gower's Litany, 132.

77.77.

Aleester, 60.
Brandenburg, 36.
Lübeck, 245.
Monkland, 60.
Redhead No. 47, 219.
St. Bees, 161.

WITH ALLELUIAS.

Ascension, 108.
Easter Hymn, 105.

77.77.77.

Dix, 69, 119.
Redhead No. 76, 99, 153.
Venit Hora, 95.

77.77. D.

Culford, 254.
Hollingside, 154.
Jesu Leiden, Pein und Tod, 149.
St. George's, Windsor, 104.

77.77. D.77.

Mendelssohn, 88.

77.77.88.

Hazel, 226.
Requieseat, 226.

78.78.77.77.

Arthur, 46.

847.847.

Genevan Psalm 61, 227.

84.84.84.

Carrow, 171.

84.84.88.84.

Ar Hyd y Nos, 32.
Bury, 32.
Temple, 32.

86.84.

St. Cuthbert, 127.

86.86.86.

WITH REFRAIN.

God rest you merry, Gentlemen, 89.

86.86.88.

Meiringen, 261.

86.886.

Campfields, 164.
Newcastle, 4.
Rest, 164.

87.87.

Cross of Jesus, 101, 176.
Dominus Regit me (Iambic), 172.
St. Andrew, 140.
St. Oswald, 209.
Stuttgart, 136.

87.87. and 88.89.

St. Sylvester, 224.

87.87.44.88.

Baden, 221.

87.87.47.

Eton College, 35.
Helmsley, 121.
St. Austin, 151.

87.87.6666.7.

Ein' feste Burg, 198.

87.87.87.

Feniton Court, 201.
Kensington New, 255.
Oriel, 255.
Praise, my soul, 43.
Regent Square, 252.
St. Thomas, 72.
Triumph, 110.
Unser Herrscher, 85.
Urbs Beata, 236.

87.87.877.

Corde Natus, 81.

87.87. D.

Alleluia, 114.
Austria, 53, 241.
Bethany (Crucifer), 253.
Deerhurst, 253.
Hyfrydol, 122.
Pilgrim Brothers, 209.
Sanctuary, 228.

87.87.887.

Luther's Hymn, 8.

886.886.

Colwyn Bay, 174.

888.

Dies Irae, 124.

WITH ALLELUIAS.

Victory, 106.

8 8. 8 4.

Herbert, 13.
St. Gabriel, 27.
Wimbledon, 213.

8 8. 8 6.

Misericordia, 144.

8 8. 8 8 6.

St. Margaret, 173.

8 8 8. 8 8 8.

Lucerne, 180.
Monmouth, 59.

8 8. 8 8. 8 8.

Blanchard, 268.
Colchester, 175.
Israel, 199.
St. Catharine (Hemy and Walton), 179.
St. Chrysostom, 231.
St. Matthias, 75.
Stella, 175.
Vater Unser, 11, 243.
Veni Cito, 123.
Veni Emmanuel, 120.

9 8. 9 8.

Les Commandemens de Dieu, 186.
Radford, 33.
St. Clement, 33.

9 8. 9 8. 8 8.

Neumark, 47, 264.

10 4. 6 6 6 6. 10 4.

Undique Gloria, 61.

10 4. 10 4.

Submission, 214.

10 4. 10 4. 10 10.

Lux Benigna, 207.
Patmos, 159.
Sandon, 79.

10 10.

Cœna Domini, 162.
Pax Tecum, 162.

10 10. 10 4.

St. Philip, 232.

10 10. 10 6.

And didst thou love the race? 111.

10 10. 10 10.

Dalkeith, 137, 146.
Ellers, 34.
Ellingham, 39, 146.
Eventide, 30.
Morecambe, 6.
O Quanta Qualia, 237.
Orisons, 30.
St. Agnes, 155, 263.

10 10. 10 10. 10 10.

Song 1, 56, 187.

10 10. 11 10. D.

Evening and Morning, 210.

10 10. 11 11.

Hanover, 55.
Houghton, 55.
Ravenscroft's 104th, 50.

11 10. 11 6.

Flemming, 222.

11 10. 11 10.

Deus refugium nostrum, 267.
Donne Secours, 97, 217.
L'Omnipotent, 217.
Stowe, 17.

11 10. 11 10. D.

Epiphany, 90.

11 10. 11 10. 9 11.

Pilgrims, 202.

11 11. 11 5.

Cloisters (Barnby), 242.
Herzliebster Jesu, 26.
Iste Confessor, 242.

11 11. 12 11.

Monks Gate, 190.

11 12. 12 10.

Nicaea, 3.

12 10. 12 10.

Moredun, 7.

12 13. 12 10.

Laus Deo, 65.

Irregular.

Adeste Fideles, 83.
Crossing the Bar, 225.
Sebaste, 24.
Skelton, 250.
Ymdaith Mwnge, 229.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

FIRST LINE	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE	TUNE
A few more years shall roll . .	223	Horatius Bonar (1808–1889) . .	Chalvey.
A safe stronghold our God is still	198	Martin Luther (1483–1546). *Tr.* Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881)	Ein' Feste Burg.
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide	30	Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847) .	(1) Eventide. (2) Orisons.
All glory, laud, and honour . .	94	Theodulph (d. 821). *Tr.* John Mason Neale (1818–1866)	St. Theodulph.
All hail the power of Jesu's name	113	Edward Perronet (1726–1792) and others	(1) Miles' Lane. (2) University.
All people that on earth do dwell	2	Psalm c. William Kethe (d. c. 1608)	Old 100th.
All praise to thee, my God, this night	22	Thomas Ken (1637–1711) . . .	Tallis' Canon.
Alleluia, sing to Jesus	114	William Chatterton Dix (1837–1898)	Alleluia.
And didst thou love the race that loved not thee?	111	Jean Ingelow (1820–1897) . . .	And didst thou love the race?
And looke what pitie parents deare	67	Ps. ciii. 13–18. 'John Knox's' *Psalter* (1564)	Kilmarnock.
Angels, from the realms of glory	85	James Montgomery (1771–1854) .	Unser Herrscher.
As pants the hart for cooling streams	142	Psalm xlii. Nahum Tate (1652–1715) and Nicholas Brady (1659–1726). New Version (1696)	Spohr.
At even, ere the sun was set . .	25	Henry Twells (1823–1900) . . .	(1) Olives Brow. (2) Angelus.
Before Jehovah's awful throne .	49	Ps. c. Isaac Watts (1674–1748). *Altd.* by John Wesley (1703–1791)	Old 100th.
Behold us, Lord, a little space .	12	John Ellerton (1826–1893) . . .	St. Peter.
Behold the Bridegroom cometh .	192	*Horologion* (c. 8th cent.). *Tr.* Gerard Moultrie (1829–1885)	Kingsfold.
Beneath the cross of Jesus . .	156	Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane (1830–1869)	St. Christopher.
Blessed be the Lord God of Israel	273	Luke i.	Garrett in G.
Blessèd city, heavenly Salem . .	236	Anon. (6th cent.?). *Tr.* John Mason Neale (1818–1866)	Urbs Beata.
Break, day of God, oh break . .	248	Henry Burton (1840–) . . .	Christchurch.
Breathe on me, Breath of God .	131	Edwin Hatch (1835–1889) . . .	Veni Spiritus
Brief life is here our portion . .	238 Pt. ii	Bernard of Cluny (c. 1145). *Tr.* John Mason Neale (1818–1866)	St. Alphege.
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	90	Reginald Heber (1783–1826) . .	Epiphany.
Bring, O morn, thy music . . .	65	William Channing Gannett (1840–)	Laus Deo.
By what means shall a young man learn	135	From Psalm cxix. *Scottish Psalter* (1650), *slightly altered.*	St. Flavian.
Christ for the world! we sing .	259	Samuel Wolcott (1813–1886) . .	Moscow.
Christ in his heavenly garden walks all day	137	Francis Turner Palgrave (1824–1897)	Dalkeith.
'Christ the Lord is risen to-day'	104	Charles Wesley (1707–1788) . . .	St. George's, Windsor.

FIRST LINE	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE	TUNE
Christ, whose glory fills the skies	119	Charles Wesley (1707–1788) . . .	Dix.
Christian! dost thou see them .	197	Andrew of Crete. *Tr.* John Mason Neale (1818–1866)	Holy War.
Christian! seek not yet repose .	188	Charlotte Elliott (1789–1871) . .	Vigilate.
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire	126	From the Latin (9th cent.?). *Tr.* John Cosin (1594–1672)	Veni Creator.
Come, let us to the Lord our God	38	John Morison (1749–1798) . . .	Belmont.
Come, O thou Traveller unknown	199	Charles Wesley (1707–1788) . . .	Israel.
Come, thou Almighty King . .	258	Whitfield's *Leaflet* (1757) . . .	Moscow.
Come, thou long-expected Jesus	122	Charles Wesley (1707–1788) . . .	Hyfrydol.
Come to our poor nature's night	130	George Rawson (1807–1889) . . .	Irene.
Come unto me, ye weary . . .	138	William Chatterton Dix (1837–1898)	Come unto me.
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	107	St. John Damascene (d. 780). *Tr.* John Mason Neale (1818–1866)	Martyrs.
Comes, at times, a stillness as of even	210	Isaac Gregory Smith (1826–)	Evening and Morning.
Commit thou all thy griefs . .	211 Pt. i	Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676). *Tr.* John Wesley (1703–1791)	St. George.
Crown him with many crowns .	112	Matthew Bridges (1800–1894) . .	Diademata.
Days and moments quickly flying	224	Edward Caswall (1814–1878) . .	St. Sylvester.
Dear Lord and Father of mankind	164	John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892)	(1) Rest. (2) Campfields.
Dies irae, dies illa	124	Thomas of Celano (d. 125). . .	Dies Irae.
Eternal Light! eternal Light!	4	Thomas Binney (1798–1874) . .	Newcastle.
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round	56	John White Chadwick (1840–1904)	Song 1.
Fairest Lord Jesus	118	From the German.	Crusaders' Hymn.
Father, again in Jesus' Name we meet	39	Lucy Elizabeth Georgina Whitmore (1792–1840)	Ellingham.
Father, let thy kingdom come .	245	John Page Hopps (1834–1912) . .	Lübeck.
Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow	217	Frederick Lucian Hosmer (1840–)	(1) Donne Secours. (2) L'Omnipotent.
Fight the good fight with all thy might	183	John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811–1875)	Pentecost.
Fling out the banner! let it float	256	George Washington Doane (1799–1859)	Waltham.
For all the saints who from their labours rest	232	William Walsham How (1823–1897)	St. Philip.
For ever with the Lord	233	James Montgomery (1771–1854) .	Montgomery.
For the beauty of the earth . .	69	Folliott Sandford Pierpoint (1835–)	Dix.
For thee, O dear dear country .	238 Pt. iii	Bernard of Cluny (c. 1145). *Tr.* John Mason Neale (1818–1866)	Meirionydd.
From Greenland's icy mountains	262	Reginald Heber (1783–1826) . . .	Missionary Hymn.
From ocean unto ocean	257	Robert Murray (1832–1910) . . .	Morning Light.
Give to the winds thy fears . .	211 Pt. ii	Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676). *Tr.* John Wesley (1703–1791)	St. Augustine.
Glorious things of thee are spoken	241	John Newton (1725–1807) . . .	Austria.
Go to dark Gethsemane . . .	95	James Montgomery (1771–1854) .	Venit Hora.
God moves in a mysterious way	71	William Cowper (1731–1800) . .	London New.
God of our fathers, known of old	268	Rudyard Kipling (1865–) . .	Blanehard.

B

FIRST LINE	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE	TUNE
God of the living, in whose eyes	231	John Ellerton (1826–1893) . . .	St. Chrysostom.
God rest you merry, gentlemen .	89	English Traditional	God rest you merry, gentlemen.
God reveals his presence . . .	1	Gerhard Tersteegen (1697–1769). *Tr.* F. W. Foster and others	Arnsberg.
God, that madest earth and heaven	32	Reginald Heber (1783–1826) and Richard Whately (1787–1863)	(1) Ar Hyd y Nos. (2) Temple. (3) Bury.
God save our gracious King . .	266		National Anthem.
God the Lord is King—before him	72	Psalm xcix. George Rawson (1807–1889)	St. Thomas.
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah	201	William Williams (1717–1791). *Tr.* Peter Williams (1722–1796)	Feniton Court.
Hail, gladdening Light	24	From the Greek. *Tr.* John Keble (1792–1866)	Sebaste.
Hail the day that sees him rise .	108	Charles Wesley (1707–1788) . . .	Ascension.
Hail to the Lord's Anointed . .	80	James Montgomery (1771–1854) .	Crüger.
Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling	202	Frederick William Faber (1814–1863)	Pilgrims.
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord .	161	William Cowper (1731–1800) . .	St. Bees.
Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes	82	Philip Doddridge (1702–1751) . .	(1) Abridge. (2) Crediton.
Hark! the herald angels sing .	88	Charles Wesley (1707–1788) and others	Mendelssohn.
Hark! the sound of holy voices	228	Christopher Wordsworth (1807–1885)	Sanctuary.
Help us, O Lord! behold we enter	264	Johann Rist (1607–1667). *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth (1829–1878)	Neumark.
Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face	263	Horatius Bonar (1808–1889) . .	St. Agnes.
Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty	3	Reginald Heber (1783–1826) . . .	Nicaea.
How bright these glorious spirits shine	230	Isaac Watts (1674–1748), *altd.* . .	St. Asaph.
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds	160	John Newton (1725–1807) . . .	St. Peter.
I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be	214	Adelaide Anne Procter (1825–1864)	Submission.
I heard the voice of Jesus say .	143	Horatius Bonar (1808–1889) . . .	(1) Vox Dilecti. (2) Kingsfold.
I lay my sins on Jesus	145	Horatius Bonar (1808–1889) . . .	(1) Munich. (2) Moscow.
I love thy skies, thy sunny mists	20	George MacDonald (1824–1905) .	Horsley.
I to the hills will lift mine eyes.	42	Psalm cxxi. *Scottish Psalter* (1650)	Dundee.
I'll praise my Maker with my breath	59	Isaac Watts (1674–1748)	Monmouth.
Immortal Love, for ever full . .	194 Pt. i	John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892)	Cloisters.
Immortal Love, within whose righteous will	159	Stopford Augustus Brooke (1832–)	Patmos.
In the cross of Christ I glory .	101	John Bowring (1792–1872) . . .	Cross of Jesus.
It came upon the midnight clear	86	Edmund Hamilton Sears (1810–1876)	Noel.
Jerusalem, my happy home . .	235	F. B. P. (16th cent.) and James Montgomery (1771–1854)	Jerusalem.

FIRST LINE	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE	TUNE
Jerusalem the golden	238 Pt. iv	Bernard of Cluny (*c.* 1145). *Tr.* John Mason Neale (1818–1866)	Ewing.
Jesus calls us : o'er the tumult .	140	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–1895)	St. Andrew.
Jesus Christ is risen to-day . .	105	Anon. (14th cent.?). *Tr.* Anon. (1708 and 1816) and Charles Wesley (1740)	Easter Hymn.
Jesus, Lord of life and glory . .	151	James John Cummins (1795–1867)	St. Austin.
Jesus, Lover of my soul . . .	154	Charles Wesley (1707–1788) . . .	Hollingside.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun	115	Isaac Watts (1674–1748)	(1) Galilee. (2) Warrington.
Jesus, still lead on	208	Nicolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf (1700–1760). *Tr.* Jane Borthwick (1813–1897)	Seelen-Bräutigam (Two Versions).
Jesus, the very thought of thee .	167 Pt. i	Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153). *Tr.* Edward Caswall (1814–1878)	St. Agnes, Durham.
Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts	169	Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153). *Tr.* Ray Palmer (1808–1887)	Maryton.
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear my cry	155	John Jenkins	St. Agnes.
Jesus, thy mercies are untold .	167 Pt. iii	Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153). *Tr.* Edward Caswall (1814–1878)	St. Paul.
Just as I am—without one plea .	144	Charlotte Elliott (1789–1871) . .	(1) Misericordia. (2) St. Crispin.
Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee	270	Rudyard Kipling (1865–) . .	Galilee.
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom	207	John Henry Newman (1801–1890)	Lux Benigna.
Lead me, almighty Father, Spirit, Son	187	William Stubbs (1826–1901) . .	Song 1.
Let all the world in every corner sing	61	George Herbert (1593–1632) . .	Undique Gloria.
Let us with a gladsome mind .	60	Psalm cxxxvi. John Milton (1608–1674)	(1) Monkland. (2) Alcester.
Lift up your heads, rejoice . .	260	Thomas Toke Lynch (1818–1871) .	Supplication.
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass	249	James Montgomery (1771–1854) .	Winchester Old.
'Lift up your hearts!' We lift them, Lord, to thee	6	Henry Montagu Butler (1833–)	Morecambe.
Lo, God is here! let us adore .	11	Gerhard Tersteegen (1697–1769). *Tr.* John Wesley (1703–1791)	Vater Unser.
Lo! he comes with clouds descending	121	Charles Wesley (1707–1788) and John Cennick (1718–1755)	Helmsley.
Look, ye saints! the sight is glorious	110	Thomas Kelly (1769–1854) . . .	Triumph.
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing	35	Henry James Buckoll (1803–1871)	Eton College.
Lord, in the fullness of my might	189	Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819–1906)	Abridge.
Lord, it belongs not to my care .	215	Richard Baxter (1615–1691) . .	St. Flavian.
Lord, now lettest thou thy servant	276	Luke ii	Goss in E.
Lord of all being, throned afar .	58	Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894)	Ombersley.
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation	242	Philip Pusey (1799–1855) . . .	(1) Iste Confessor. (2) Cloisters.
Lord of the worlds above . . .	10	Isaac Watts (1674–1748)	Croft's 148th.
Lord, thy word abideth	134	Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877)	Ravenshaw.
Lord, when we bend before thy throne	44	Joseph Dacre Carlyle (1758–1804).	York.

FIRST LINE	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE	TUNE
Love Divine, all loves excelling .	176	Charles Wesley (1707–1788) . . .	Cross of Jesus.
Love, unto thine own who earnest	227	*Yattendon Hymnal*, No. 92 (1899) .	Genevan Psalm 61.
Maker of the human heart . .	46	Arthur Penrhyn Stanley (1815–1881)	Arthur.
Mine eyes have seen the glory .	250	Julia Ward Howe (1819–1910) . .	Skelton.
My God and Father, while I stray	213	Charlotte Elliott (1789–1871) . .	Wimbledon.
My God, how wonderful thou art	52	Frederick William Faber (1814–1863)	Westminster.
My God, I thank thee, who hast made	171	Adelaide Anne Procter (1825–1864)	Carrow.
My God, is any hour so sweet .	13	Charlotte Elliott (1789–1871) . .	Herbert.
My Lord, my Master, at thy feet adoring	97	*Tr.* from the French of Jacques Bridaine (1701–1767) by Thomas Benson Pollock (1836–1896)	Donne Secours.
My soul doth magnify the Lord	275	Luke i	Mornington in E flat
My soul, praise the Lord . . .	50	Psalm civ. *Yattendon Hymnal*, No. 63 (1899)	Ravenscroft's 104th.
My times are in thy hand . . .	218	William Freeman Lloyd (1791–1853)	Monsell.
Nearer, my God, to thee . . .	220	Sarah Flower Adams (1805–1848).	Excelsior.
New every morning is the love .	16	John Keble (1792–1866)	Melcombe.
Not for our sins alone	150	Henry Twells (1823–1900) . . .	St. Olave.
Not so in haste, my heart . . .	216	(?) Bayard Taylor (1825–1878) . .	Selma.
Now God be with us, for the night is closing	26	Petrus Herbert (d. 1571). *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth (1829–1878)	Herzliebster Jesu.
Now may he who from the dead	36	John Newton (1725–1807) . . .	Brandenburg.
Now thank we all our God . .	271	Martin Rinkart (1586–1649). *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth (1829–1878)	Nun Danket.
Now the labourer's task is o'er .	226	John Ellerton (1826–1893) . . .	(1) Requiescat. (2) Hazel.
O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands	274	Psalm c.	Smart in G.
O come, O come, Emmanuel . .	120	From the Latin. *Tr.* John Mason Neale (1818–1866)	Veni Emmanuel.
O day of rest and gladness . .	14	Christopher Wordsworth (*altd.*) (1807–1885)	(1) Aurelia. (2) Day of Rest.
O for a closer walk with God .	177	William Cowper (1731–1800) . .	(1) Martyrdom. (2) St. Stephen.
O God of Bethel, by whose hand	40	Philip Doddridge (1702–1751) and John Logan (1748–1778)	Salzburg.
O God, of good the unfathomed Sea	180	Johann Scheffler (1624–1677). *Tr.* John Wesley (1703–1791)	Lucerne.
O God, our help in ages past . .	265	Isaac Watts (1674–1748)	St. Anne.
O God, the Rock of Ages . . .	206	Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825–1906)	Arcadelt.
O God, whose daylight leadeth down	21	George MacDonald (1824–1905) .	Holy Trinity.
O happy band of pilgrims . . .	203	John Mason Neale (1818–1866) .	Morlaix.
O Jesus, I have promised . . .	178	John Ernest Bode (1816–1874) . .	(1) Day of Rest. (2) Llangloffan.
O Jesus, King most wonderful .	167 Pt. ii	Bernard of Clairvaux (1091–1153). *Tr.* Edward Caswall (1814–1878)	St. Fulbert.
O Jesus, thou art standing . .	139	William Walsham How (1823–1897)	St. Catherine.
O Light! whose beams illumine all	75	Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821–1891)	St. Matthias.

FIRST LINE	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE	TUNE
O little town of Bethlehem . .	91	Phillips Brooks (1835–1893) . . .	Forest Green.
O Lord and Master of us all . .	194 Pt. ii	John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892)	St. Bernard.
O Lord of hosts, all heaven possessing	47	Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821–1891)	Neumark.
O Lord of life, thy quickening voice	19	George MacDonald (1824–1905) .	Wiltshire.
O Lord, thou art my God and King	51	Psalm cxlv. 1–7. *Scottish Psalter* (1650)	Duke Street.
O Love Divine, how sweet thou art	174	Charles Wesley (1707–1788) . . .	Colwyn Bay.
O Love Divine, that stoop'st to share	152	Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–1894)	Eisenach.
O Love that casts out fear . . .	170	Horatius Bonar (1808–1889). . .	Quam Dilecta.
O Love that wilt not let me go .	173	George Matheson (1842–1906) . .	St. Margaret.
O North, with all thy vales of green	261	William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878)	Meiringen.
O quickly come, dread Judge of all	123	Lawrence Tuttiett (1825–1897). .	Veni Cito.
O sacred head, surrounded . .	96	Paulus Gerhardt (1607–1676). *Tr.* Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877)	Passion Chorale.
O Source divine, and Life of all	62	John Sterling (1806–1844) . . .	St. Crispin.
O Spirit of the living God . . .	128	James Montgomery (1771–1854) .	Malcombe.
O splendour of God's glory bright	15	St. Ambrose (340–397). *Tr. Yattendon Hymnal*, No. 29 (1899)	Tallis' Canon.
O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord	57	Psalm ciii. 1–10. *Scottish Psalter* (1650)	Jackson.
O thou not made with hands. .	246	Francis Turner Palgrave (1824–1897)	Waltham.
O thou, the first, the greatest Friend	70	Psalm xc. 1–6. Robert Burns (1759–1796)	Salisbury.
O thou, who as our knowledge grows	48	Francis Turner Palgrave (1824–1897)	St. Frances.
O thou, who earnest from above .	191	Charles Wesley (1707–1788). . .	St. Alban.
O what their joy and their glory must be	237	Peter Abelard (1079–1142). *Tr.* John Mason Neale (1818–1866)	O Quanta Qualia.
O with thy tender mercies, Lord	37	Psalm xc. 14–17. *Scottish Psalter* (1650), *altd.*	Martyrdom.
O'er those gloomy hills of darkness	252	William Williams (1717–1791) . .	Regent Square.
Of the Father sole begotten . .	81	Aurelius Clemens Prudentius (348–413). *Tr.* John Mason Neale (1818–1866)	Corde Natus.
Oh come, all ye faithful . . .	83	From the Latin (18th cent.). *Tr.* Frederick Oakeley (1802–1880)	Adeste Fideles.
Oh come and mourn with me awhile	103	Frederick William Faber (1814–1863)	St. Cross.
Oh worship the King, all-glorious above	55	Ps. civ. William Kethe (d. c. 1608) and Robert Grant (1785–1838)	(1) Hanover. (2) Houghton.
One Lord there is, all lords above	68	William Brighty Rands (1823–1880)	Winscott.
Onward! Christian soldiers . .	184	Sabine Baring-Gould (1834–).	St. Gertrude.
Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed	127	Harriet Auber (1773–1862) . . .	St. Cuthbert.
Our Father, thou in Heaven above	243	Martin Luther (1483–1546). *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth (1829–1878)	Vater Unser.
Peace, perfect peace	162	Edward Henry Bickersteth (1825–1906)	(1) Cœna Domini. (2) Pax Tecum.

FIRST LINE	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE	TUNE
Praise, my soul, the King of heaven	43	Psalm ciii. Henry Francis Lyte (1793–1847)	Praise, my soul.
Praise the Lord, ye heavens, adore him	53	Psalm cxlviii. Anon. (1801) . .	Austria.
Praise to the Holiest in the height	77	John Henry Newman (1801–1890)	Gerontius.
Rejoice, the Lord is King . .	116	Charles Wesley (1707–1788) . . .	(1) Harewood. (2) Darwall's 148th.
Rejoice, ye pure in heart . . .	204	Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821–1891)	Marion.
Ring out, ye crystal spheres . .	87	John Milton (1608–1674)	Benedicite, Omnia Opera.
Rock of Ages, cleft for me . .	153	Augustus Montague Toplady (1740–1778)	Redhead No. 76.
Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise	34	John Ellerton (1826–1893) . . .	Ellers.
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	253	Arthur Cleveland Coxe (1818–1896)	(1) Deerhurst. (2) Bethany (Crucifer).
Saviour, when in dust to thee .	149	Robert Grant (1785–1838) . . .	Jesu Leiden, Pein und Tod
Say not, the struggle naught availeth	186	Arthur Hugh Clough (1819–1861) .	Les Commandemens de Dieu.
See how great a flame aspires .	254	Charles Wesley (1707–1788) . . .	Culford.
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve	200	John Wesley (1703–1791) and Charles Wesley (1707–1788)	Tallis' Ordinal.
Show pity, Lord	147	David Thomas (1813–1894) . . .	Wroxall.
Silent, like men in solemn haste	205	Horatius Bonar (1808–1889) . .	Thorn.
Soldiers of Christ, arise . . .	182	Charles Wesley (1707–1788) . . .	St. Ethelwald.
Sometimes a light surprises . .	168	William Cowper (1731–1800) . .	Bentley.
Son of Man, to thee I cry . . .	99	Richard Mant (1776–1848) . . .	Redhead No. 76.
Souls of men, why will ye scatter	136	Frederick William Faber (1814–1863)	Stuttgart.
Speak to our hearts, O Father, say	158	George MacDonald (1824–1905) .	Beatitudo.
Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them	255	Thomas Kelly (1769–1854) . . .	(1) Kensington New. (2) Oriel.
Spirit of God, that moved of old	129	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–1895)	(1) Mainzer. (2) Wareham.
Spirit, strength of all the weak .	132	Thomas Benson Pollock (1836–1896)	Gower's Litany.
Stand up, and bless the Lord .	5	James Montgomery (1771–1854) .	Bethlehem.
Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh	17	Harriet Beecher Stowe (1812–1896)	Stowe.
Strong Son of God, immortal Love	78	Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892) . .	Wareham.
Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear	28	John Keble (1792–1866)	(1) Abends. (2) Hursley.
Sunset and evening star . . .	225	Alfred Tennyson (1809–1892) . .	Crossing the Bar.
Supreme in wisdom as in power .	74	Isaac Watts (1674–1748) (*altd.*) .	Irish.
Sweet is thy mercy, Lord . . .	165	John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811–1875)	(1) Monsell. (2) Day of Praise.

FIRST LINE	NO	AUTHOR OR SOURCE	TUNE
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said	141	Charles William Everest (1814–1877)	Hesperus.
That day of wrath, that dreadful day	125	Walter Scott (1771–1832)	Babylon's Streams.
That man hath perfect blessedness	196	Psalm i. *Scottish Psalter* (1650) (*altd.*)	Tallis' Ordinal.
The Church's one foundation .	240	Samuel John Stone (1839–1900) .	Aurelia.
The day is past and over . . .	31	Anatolius (8th cent.). *Tr.* John Mason Neale (1818–1866)	St. Anatolius.
The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended	33	John Ellerton (1826–1893) . . .	(1) St. Clement. (2) Radford.
The days that were, tho days that are	195	Howell Elvet Lewis (1860–) .	St. Leonard (Smart).
The duteous day now closeth .	23	Paul Gerhardt (1607–1676). *Tr. Vattendon Hymnal*, No. 83 (1899)	Innsbrück.
The God of Abraham praise . .	63	Thomas Olivers (1725–1799). A Christian paraphrase of the Hebrew Yigdal or doxology	(1) Leoni. (2) Harvington.
The Head that once was crowned with thorns	109	Thomas Kelly (1769–1854) . . .	St. Magnus.
The King, O God, his heart to thee upraiseth	267	*Vattendon Hymnal*, No. 74, based on F. R. Tailour (1615)	Deus refugium nostrum.
The King of love my Shepherd is	172	Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877)	Dominus regit me.
The Lord is King! lift up thy voice	73	Josiah Conder (1789–1855) . . .	Walton.
The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want	166	Psalm xxiii. *Scottish Psalter* (1650)	(1) Wiltshire. (2) Walden.
The radiant morn hath passed away	27	Godfrey Thring (1823–1903) . .	St Gabriel.
The shadows of the evening hours	29	Adelaide Anne Procter (1825–1864)	St. Leonard (Hiles).
The Son of God goes forth to war	181	Reginald Heber (1783–1826). . .	(1) All Saints (New). (2) St. Anne.
The strife is o'er, the battle done	106	From the Latin (18th cent.?). *Tr.* Francis Pott (1832–1909)	Victory.
The thing my God doth hate . .	157	Charles Wesley (1707–1788). . .	St. Martin's New.
The world can neither give nor take	163	John Mason (*c.* 1645–1694) . . .	St. Mary.
The world is very evil	238 Pt. i	Bernard of Cluny (*c.* 1145). *Tr.* John Mason Neale (1818–1866)	Pearsall.
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower	179	Johann Scheffler (1624–1677). *Tr.* John Wesley (1703–1791)	St. Catharine.
There is a blessed home . . .	234	Henry Williams Baker (1821–1877)	Hawarden.
There is a green hill far away .	98	Cecil Frances Alexander (1823–1895)	(1) Meditation. (2) Horsley.
These things shall be! a loftier race	247	John Addington Symonds (1840–1893)	Church Triumphant.
Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old	93	Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821–91)	St. Matthew.
Thou art the Way: to thee alone	76	George Washington Doane (1799–1859)	St. James.
Thou hidden Love of God, whose height	175	Gerhard Tersteegen (1697–1769). *Tr.* John Wesley (1703–1791)	(1) Colchester. (2) Stella.
Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known	41	Psalm cxxxix. Nahum Tate (1652–1715) and Nicholas Brady (1659–1726)	Winchester New.
Thou, whose almighty word . .	251	John Marriott (1780–1825) . . .	Moscow.
Through the night of doubt and sorrow	209	Bernhardt Severin Ingemann (1789–1862). *Tr.* Sabine Baring-Gould (1834–)	(1) Pilgrim Brothers. (2) St. Oswald.

FIRST LINE	NO.	AUTHOR OR SOURCE	TUNE
Throw away thy rod	148	George Herbert (1593–1633). . .	Hartland.
Thy hand, O God, has guided .	239	Edward Hayes Plumptre (1821–1891)	St. Theodulph.
Thy home is with the humble, Lord	133	Frederick William Faber (1814–1863)	Gouda.
Thy kingdom come—on bended knee	244	Frederick Lucian Hosmer (1840–)	Abridge.
Thy way, not mine, O Lord . .	212	Horatius Bonar (1808–1889) . .	Eden.
Unto the hills around do I lift up	79	The Duke of Argyll (1845–) .	Sandon.
Veni, Creator Spiritus	126	Anon. (9th cent.?).	Veni Creator.
We come unto our fathers' God .	8	Thomas Hornblower Gill (1819–1906)	Luther's Hymn.
We faintly hear, we dimly see .	194 Pt. iii	John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892)	St. Fulbert.
We love the place, O God . . .	9	William Bullock (1798–1874) . .	Bedminster.
We praise thee, O God	272		(1) Lawes in C. (2) Cooke in G. (3) Davy in C.
We sing the praise of him who died	102	Thomas Kelly (1769–1854) . . .	Walton.
Weary of earth and laden with my sin	146	Samuel John Stone (1839–1900) .	(1) Dalkeith. (2) Ellingham.
What are these that glow from afar	229	Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830–1894)	Ymdaith Mwnge.
What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone	92	Edward Denny (1796–1889). . .	St. Bernard.
Whate'er my God ordains is right	221	Samuel Rodigast (1649–1708). *Tr.* Catherine Winkworth (1829–1878)	Baden.
When I survey the wondrous Cross	100	Isaac Watts (1674–1748)	Rockingham.
When morning gilds the skies .	66	From the German (*c.* 1800?). *Tr.* Edward Caswall (1814–1878)	Laudes Domini.
When on my day of life the night is falling	222	John Greenleaf Whittier (1807–1892)	Flemming.
When our heads are bowed with woe	219	Henry Hart Milman (1791–1868) .	Redhead No. 47.
When the weary, seeking rest .	45	Horatius Bonar (1808–1889) . .	Intercession.
When wilt thou save the people	269	Ebenezer Elliott (1781–1849) . .	Commonwealth.
Where high the heavenly temple stands	117	Michael Bruce (1746–1767). Scottish Paraphrase of Heb. iv. 14–16	Wareham.
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	84	Nahum Tate (1652–1715)	St. George.
Who is on the Lord's side . . .	185	Frances Ridley Havergal (1836–1879)	Armageddon.
Who would true valour see . .	190	John Bunyan (1628–1688) . . .	Monks Gate.
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness	7	John Samuel Bewley Monsell (1811–1875)	Moredun.
Ye gates, lift up your heads on high	64	Psalm xxiv. 7–10. *Scottish Psalter* (1650) (*altd.*)	St. George's, Edinburgh.
Ye holy Angels bright	54	Richard Baxter (1615–1691) and Richard Robert Chope (1830–)	(1) Darwall's 148th. (2) St. John.
Ye servants of the Lord . . .	193	Philip Doddridge (1702–1751) (*altd.*)	Narenza.
Ye that have spent the silent night	18	George Gascoigne (? 1525–1577) .	Old 44th.

OXFORD: HORACE HART
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

Springbank School Dist. No.
Keatley
Sask.

Date Due

FEB 12 1962			
APR 3 1970			

M 2133 .U5
010101 000
The University hymn book / com
0 1999 0016133 2
TRENT UNIVERSITY

M2133 .U5
University of Toronto.
The university hymn book /

DATE	ISSUED TO 328819

328819